

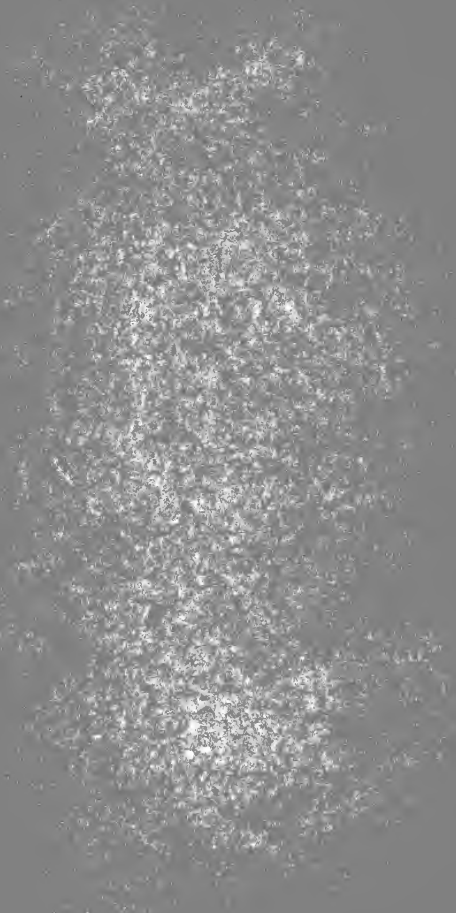
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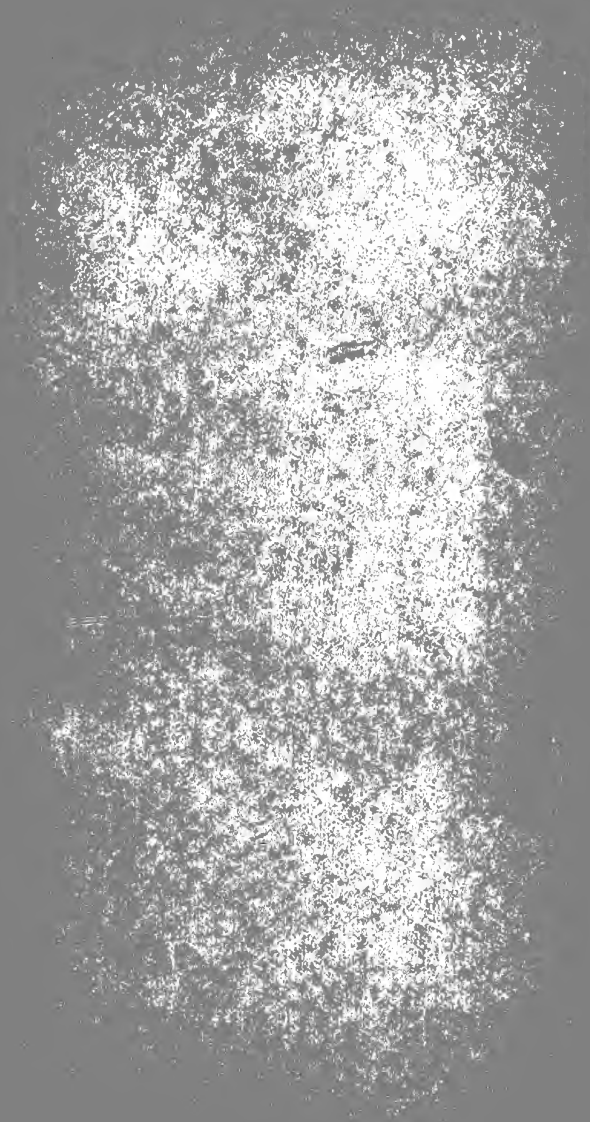
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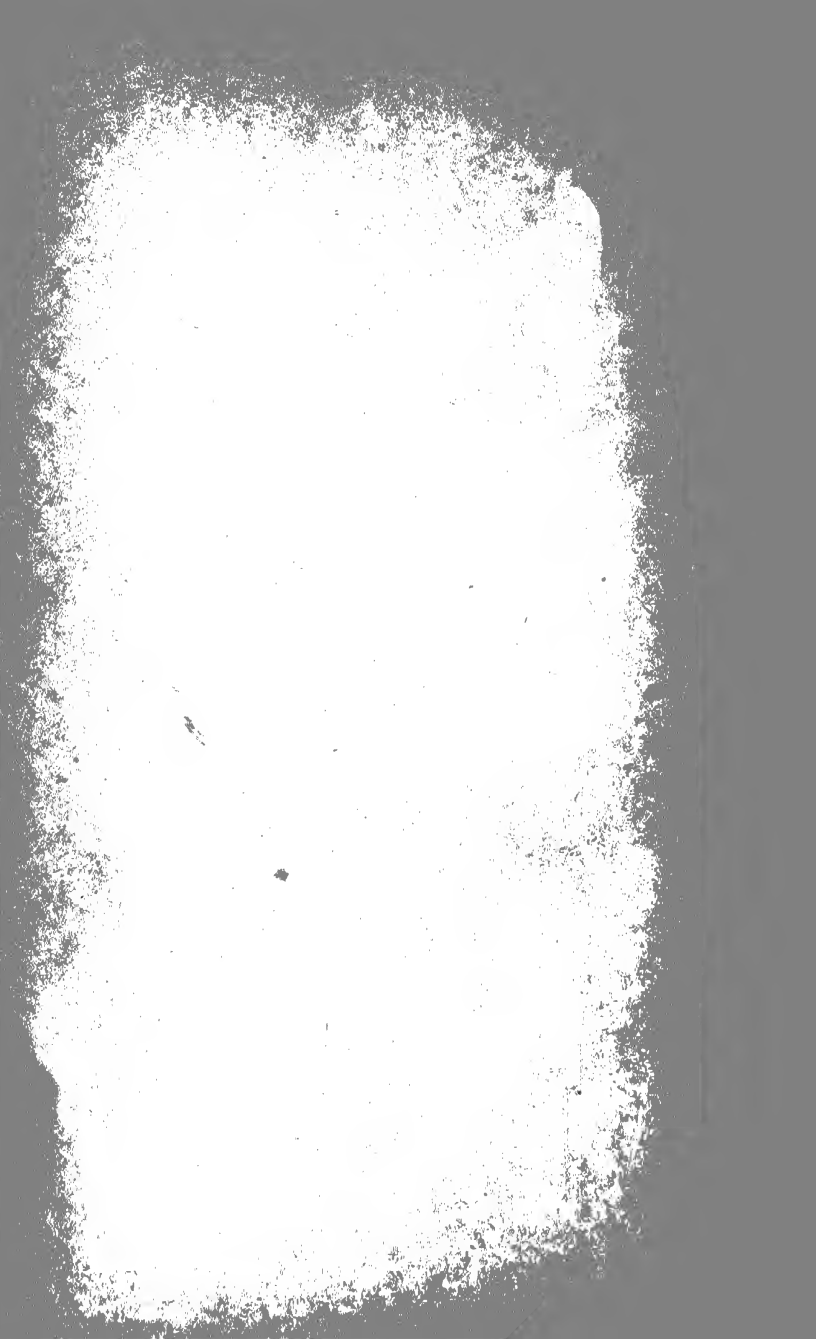
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







MORE "COPY"

A SECOND SERIES OF

ESSAYS FROM AN EDITOR'S DRAWER

ON

Religion, Literature and Life

BY ✓

HUGH MILLER THOMPSON, D.D.

Bishop of Mississippi

NEW YORK

THOMAS WHITTAKER, 2 & 3 BIBLE HOUSE

1897

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

IN 1872—now a quarter of a century ago—some essays from an editor's drawer on religion, literature, and life, written by Hugh Miller Thompson, were gathered in book form. The title "Copy" was given to the volume. In explanation it was said: "An editor writes under spur. The printer cries 'Copy!' and 'copy' must come." Confession was made as to hasty *writing* sometimes when the call for "copy" was urgent, but there was an absolute refusal to plead guilty to hasty *thinking*.

The book was received with warmest appreciation. Its sturdy good sense was commended, as well as the directness and brilliancy of its style. The book has lived; it is read to-day, and will be read through many coming years.

For some time past there has been a call for "More copy." The question has been asked, "Are there not in existence other essays of Bishop Thompson, which are equally valuable, equally full of vigorous life?" It has been found that there are such essays, and the publisher has been made glad by this knowledge.

For "More 'Copy'" indebtedness is chiefly due to Mrs. W. T. Howe, a daughter who lives with the good bishop and has access to his drawers. It has been humorously suggested that "Robbing a Bishop," or "A Daughter's Larceny," would be an appropriate title for the present volume; but, on the whole, "More 'Copy'" has been preferred.

There are thousands who valued the first "Copy" so much that they want more, and as much as they can get. This "More 'Copy'" is herewith given.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHURCH AND SECTS—I.	17
CHURCH AND SECTS—II.	24
TEMPTATION: ITS MEANING	31
A BIT OF THOUGHT	37
THE ENGINEER	39
SLAVERY OF SIN	42
THE USE OF RITUALISM	48
RESTITUTION	50
A HOUSE DIVIDED	55
IGNORANCE AND THOUGHTLESSNESS	58
MAKESHIFTS	62
THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL IDEA	66
"O YE OF LITTLE FAITH!"	72
EUTHANASIA AND THE SCIENTISTS	75
EXCLUSIVENESS OF THE CHURCH	81
RELIGION LEFT BEHIND	85
THE CHURCH AND WORKING PEOPLE	89
THE POWER OF DULLNESS	94
OBSCURE MILLIONAIRES	99
A TIME OF WORK	102
A PASSED FASHION	108
THE POPE AS AN INSURANCE COMPANY	113
FIFTY MILLIONS	116
SERVICES IN HOUSES	121
BITS OF THOUGHT	124

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE NEW TIME	126
ABOUT SOME POINTS IN THE PASTORAL CARE	130
WORTH CONSIDERING	134
GIVING	136
THE DRIFT	137
ABOUT DISCIPLINE	141
PRAYING FOR THE WORLD'S CONVERSION	146
CHURCH AND SECTS AGAIN	151
DO WE NEED IT?	157
ARTIFICIAL MORALITIES	163
"LAWYERS AND CHRISTIANITY"	167
PASTORAL WORK	170
THE SERMON TRADE	177
A DANGER AND A WEAKNESS	182
THE TENEMENT-HOUSE	189
"HOW SHALL WE REACH THE MASSES?"	195
FRANKENSTEIN	202
THE QUADRENNIAL SPASM	208
PARROTS AND PHRASES	213
A DUTY SHIRKED	217
BUILDING AND ARMING FORTS	221
RECOVERY	228
RELIGION AND GODLINESS	235
COMMON SENSE NEEDED	240

I.

CHURCH AND SECTS.

WHAT price is Christian Unity worth?

Any price, we answer, short of the sacrifice of principle.

That is the measure to guide us.

Any Churchman, who knows the nature of the Church and her business here, will answer as we have—anything for Christian Unity short of the sacrifice of Christian Truth.

For so shameful are our divisions, so utterly disgraceful and disgusting in the face of rampant worldliness and sin, and especially in the face of a world four to one heathen yet, that it is no longer possible for any man, not sold to some deluding cheat (like John Calvin's "Invisible Church," which is all one, though split into two hundred fragments, a greater contradiction than even Leo the Third's Transubstantiation Invention!), to hope for any progress in Christianity, any advance in the Kingdom of Heaven, till the curse is removed.

We have said there are two things—they are distinct enough—the Faith and the Church's methods of propagating and teaching the Faith—Doctrine and Discipline.

The first is out of the Church's hands. It is the deposit from above. She is only a trustee for it.

The other is absolutely, under the guidance of the Divine Wisdom which she has the right always prayerfully to claim, in her own hands to deal with as she sees best for her needs.

We put the first, therefore, out of the question. Indeed, it does not come practically into the question at all. The mass of sects are not heretics. They hold the deposit of the Faith; at least they mean to. The few who do not may practically be counted out of the question. They are not numerous enough to *suggest*, if all the rest were one, a division among Christians.

It remains then that *discipline* is the matter on which we have the right and power to propose terms of reunion. That is the Church's own department to conduct according to the exigencies of times and occasions. The forms and modes of worship, the outward guise and manner of the priesthood, the ceremonial services which clothe the Sacraments—all these are in the Church's power.

She may love them and prize them. She may consider them wisest and best. They may be so without a question. She may enforce their observance on those within her with all the might of her authority, because she has deliberately established them, and her children should submit, for the wisdom of the whole is wiser than the conceit of one, or a score, or even *seventy and two*. But, should the question come in the shape of a relaxation, or abrogation even, of some of them, that schism may be healed and the knots of peace and love be knit among Christian people, we humbly submit that "too much stiffness in refusing" is not wisdom.

Such stiffness, now at least, is a little out of place in the American Church. Her purpose is to conciliate, heal and unite. Stiffness and strong refusals are means to that purpose. She is pledged, by the demands of her place, to gentleness and the temper that yields in all things but truth.

We do not know that the time has come for any marked influence yet upon the outside. We are certain, however, that such time will come, and perhaps, so rapidly do events march, sooner than we expect. But our purpose in writing is to set ourselves inside to considering, to prepare our own minds for the exigencies of the future.

We submit our opinions with deference. We speak under correction, and desire them to have only the weight that attaches from the reasons given.

That millions in the land are strongly prejudiced against Liturgic forms is the fact. They prefer to pray *extempore*. They consider, rightly or wrongly, that there is more of unction and prevailing earnestness in such prayers. We do not believe it. We are perfectly sure they are entirely mistaken, and that an acquaintance with the better way would disgust them with *extempore* deliverances for good.

But certainly, whether a man pray with a book or without a book, is no part of the Faith. It is, after all, a matter of disci-

pline, and though all ancient writers, and the Holy Scriptures themselves, are on the side of the discipline of a Liturgy, we do not doubt that the strongest Churchman will admit that the Church was just as much a Church before its elaborate Rituals were formed as it was afterward.

While, therefore, we would not give up or seriously change our Liturgy, while the "Book of Common Prayer" would still remain as the standard and model of worship, and while it would be used in all Churches regularly served, as it is now, would it be any sacrifice of principle to allow those who might come to us from without, provided they so desired, to use, at other times, in prayer meetings, missionary meetings, and such like, their own *extempore* gifts till the influence of the Prayer Book, working on them quietly, taught them a better way?

We instance this question because it has been largely the fashion to represent the Church as a sect, one of whose "distinctive doctrines" is to pray by a book. The Churchman understands that the Prayer Book was made for the Church and not the Church for the Prayer Book, and that if the question is between dividing Christianity or allowing *extempore* prayers, there should be no long hesitation.

Prizing the Book of Common Prayer as we do, as the next book to the Bible in the English tongue, we are not Prayer Bookolators, and would compromise even on that most precious jewel of the Church's crown, for the sake of unity with our brethren.

But if there are those who are prejudiced in favor of *extempore* prayers, there are those more prejudiced in favor of coat-tails. At present the surplice is a good deal of a stumbling block to the sectarian mind.

It thinks "the Episcopal sect" has a distinctive doctrine about wearing a piece of white linen! Of course, it admits its right to have such a distinctive doctrine. It is quite according to sectarian experience that it should have. On about such issues have sects been formed before now, and will possibly continue to be. It would be news to the sectarian mind to tell it that we have no law about wearing the surplice at all!

If the surplice should turn out to be an objection we would make no sacrifice of principle in conforming with our brethren, anxious to unite, and allowing them to be officiated for in black coats, or even brown ones, should that color be more convenient.

In good time they would, as we have, without any law, take the surplice from a natural sense of the fitness of things. But we should certainly make no difficulty with them on that ground. The Kingdom of God consists not in garments. We Churchmen confess that as freely as anybody. And though we have a taste for fit and appropriate vestments in the House of God, we will not divide Christians, or give occasion to schism, by forcing our tastes on people whose education has been different.

We have instanced these two things because they are striking and palpable as distinctions peculiar to us. They are in the Church's hands to deal with as she may wisely judge in the face of the question of uniting brethren, and if it depended on her to heal the divisions which are our burning shame, she would allow no taste or preference of hers to stand in the way.

A Catholic Church must be large and liberal. She must allow free room for individual preferences *under the law*, not only for individual preferences in the matter of doctrinal appreciations, but for them also in that of Christian activities and works.

It was so originally. It must be so again. In the early Church, as we know, such freedom existed. A sect cannot allow it. It is the very purpose of a sect to destroy individuality, to make every man cut his coat after the sect pattern. And as soon as anybody wants to cut his garments after another fashion, he must leave the sect and organize another whose coats shall all be like the model he has invented. The Primitive Church contained expressions and manifestations of individuality enough to furnish a couple of hundred modern sects with an outfit of distinctive principles "to last them each a century!" And yet that individuality and personal preference lived and worked in the great bosom of the Catholic Church and created no division.

It is one of the most noticeable characteristics of Catholicity in the American Church that she allows such large liberty of private preference under law. Herein is one broad difference between her and the denominations about her.

And yet she may, and, perhaps, ought to, carry this much further than she has yet ventured. She must allow, in matters indifferent, the widest latitude of individual choice, and must be very liberal in what she is prepared to consider indifferent. A true Catholic Church will never try the preposterous absurdity of making all men think alike or act alike. She will be large enough

to find place for the most divergent tempers and opinions, so that all live beneath the law of Faith and Charity.

Why, then, should it be impossible to permit, yea, even to welcome, into the Church the different forms of activity and the different methods of the Christian life which men find outside to be of use and good, and for the lack of which they misjudge the Church, as though her essential character consisted in refusing or forbidding them? Why should they not all be allowed if people find them good, or even if they have but the good of old custom?

Is it any essential of Catholicity to refuse the social "prayer meeting," a means of spiritual growth dear to many, and which the experience of good men in thousands has found a blessing? Is the Church not large enough and strong enough and controlling enough to welcome this or any like form of the development of the Christian life as a legitimate thing? The Methodist need not stay out to have his "class meeting." We must not forget that the class meeting was organized and worked for half a century in the Church by Churchmen, and the highest sort of Churchmen known. May we not assure our brethren outside when the time comes, that their class meetings need not be abandoned if they find them good for their souls?

"But," we shall be answered, "with extempore prayers, with class meetings, with prayer meetings, with conferences, etc., what will become of the Church?" We answer, she will be just where she was before, holding the same Creeds, teaching the same Faith, having the same order, administering the same discipline. These things are all of the accidents. They are not of the essence of the Church. And the Church should be a field large enough to allow all right methods of cultivation and all forms of work which effect any good for the souls of men.

"But if you would allow *Prayer Meetings* and *Classes*, must you not also allow *Retreats* and *Oratories*?" Why not, we ask again? What is there in a name to frighten men? Why should not all these be allowed and kept for good uses by the strong, controlling influence and spirit of the Church? If men find themselves the better, if these things evidently sanctify men and bring them nearer to God, if they enkindle devotion and influence zeal, and save souls, why not?

Again we reach the fact that it is of the nature of the sect to train the plants in God's garden after one artificial fashion. It is

the nature of the Church to offer as large a variety in the kingdom of grace as God gives in the kingdom of nature.

The oak is needed, so, also, is the lily. They may both grow together. We must not insist on making the oak a lily or the lily an oak.

To change the figure, it is sectarianism pure and simple, to insist that God can be served in only one artificial method. It is of the essence of Catholic Christianity to see that He can be served acceptably in scores of methods, that even "they also serve who only stand and wait;" that the variety of service, as different as are those who serve, joins at last and makes the perfect harmony.

Must we not grow up to see that it must come to this at last if unity ever comes at all? That the unity meant, the unity alone possible, is a unity in diversity, a unity made out of multiplicity, and that the attempt to make a unity in sameness is just the rock on which Christianity has struck and broken?

We do believe that whenever the Church grows up to see this, and to take the broad ground, of which she is terribly afraid, there are waiting for her returning thousands, who in their secret hearts have been longing and waiting for this very thing, and have been unable, so far, to find it.

We need to-day a variety of services which we do not possess. The need has been felt for long, and often expressed, and will be more and more expressed until we get it supplied. We need scores of methods and activities which we do not have. They should grow spontaneous from the life of a living Church. They did grow so, some of them, in the Church of England, and she threw them over the wall as weeds, and they rooted themselves in the best soil they could find. Is it not time that we unlearned the narrowness of the Establishment, and began to seek the free life and development of a free Church? "But for what good?" For the good of unity, the one good for which the world waits, and without which we are seeking to convert it without the Lord's promise.

To bring it to the Christianity of America is our business. We sincerely believe we have been providentially put here for that work, and that in due time we shall see it, and set about it as the one thing, without which all other works are mere makeshifts. To see it and do it, we must get far away from the sectarianism of mere "Protestant Episcopalism," whether of the "low" type

or the "high" type, and must rise to something like faith in the American Church Catholic.

But in the question of unity it may be said that, after all, these matters are not the main trouble. The difficulty, after all, lies in the position of the clergy of the various denominations, and how in any proposed step to unity we could deal with them. Even this is not so difficult as it may at first seem. We shall state our opinion of how that difficulty may be met in another paper.

II.

CHURCH AND SECTS.

THE most difficult question to deal with in the matter of any possible unity between the Church and the denominations is the question of the ministry.

The Church holds that "it is evident unto all men diligently reading Holy Scripture and ancient authors, that there hath always been these three Orders." That is to say, she holds to the Apostolic succession, as it is commonly called, that any man claiming to act for men in things pertaining to God must have a valid commission from the Lord Himself, who has sole right to give such authority; that no man can take office of himself or exercise it on his own authority; that it originated from above and not from below; that it was conferred, once for all, personally by the Lord; and that unless a man can trace his authority to that first and only commission, he has no business to take on himself or admit the authority of others to put on him the duty of preaching the Gospel and administering the Sacraments.

And this doctrine lies, as we can see, at the root of the doctrine of unity, and is its essential complement and safeguard. If the power to act for men, in things divine, is a power which any body of men, self-appointed, can give him, then unity is at an end at once, and the notion that all Christians are to be *one* is a dream.

They who hold this theory of ministerial appointment have been compelled, from the logic of their position, to deny that the Lord ever intended to, or ever did, found a Church which was to be *one*. They are compelled to accept the present disrupted state of Christianity, as we see it in America, as the normal and intended state, and make what defence of it they can.

The Church, as the foundation of unity, has been forced, therefore, to dwell, perhaps in too pertinacious a way, on what has

appeared, to many, a matter of mere order. The "Apostolic succession" has appeared to be *her* "distinctive doctrine." She has, as it seems to them, chosen this, of her own accord, as her sect standard. Perhaps it has not been thoroughly understood, by those within, that "the Apostolic succession" is only another name for Christian unity; that it is simply another expression of the doctrine that the Church is divine and not human; that men cannot make a Church any more than a Gospel or an Atonement; that *Christ's* Kingdom is not of this world, and that authority in that Kingdom is conferred solely by Him; that, therefore, there can never be but one Church, and that any body claiming to be a part of that Church must link itself historically to the Church He founded.

But, indeed, so strong is the natural feeling in favor of the Church's view and doctrine, that all bodies, let their theories be what they may, act upon it, and take for granted some sort of "succession," and insist on some form of ecclesiastic descent.

The Congregationalists, of all kinds, *theoretically* hold that the people's choice and recognition make a minister. *Practically*, the people have nothing to do with the matter, and accept the minister sent them without pretence that they have given him his authority. Their clergy are ordained as ours are, by other clergymen, and the congregation never dream that they have the right to reject that ordination; indeed, that they *ought* to reject it, and make a true Congregational one of their own.

Now any body that adopts the practice of allowing or requiring the ordination of one clergyman by others; that refuses to accept a man among the clergy unless other clergymen have laid their hands upon him, is, we need scarcely say, as much bound to *some* Apostolic succession as we are. For, manifestly, if A is not a valid minister unless B, already a minister, lays hands upon him, then B is not unless C laid hands on *him*, nor C unless he was ordained by D, and so on to the end of the alphabet. If there is ever a breach till one gets to the Apostles, then the line is snapped, and we have X ordained by Y, a layman, who had no authority to ordain at all, and the line comes to nothing.

The Presbyterians are plainly bound, by their standards and their practice, and all bodies of Lutherans, to the doctrine and principle of Apostolic succession in some shape. Indeed we believe they differ only from the Church in claiming that the

succession comes through Presbyters and not through Bishops, and therefore they are called Presbyterians.

The Methodists are quite as strict about their "succession," such as it is, as we are ourselves. They ordain Deacons, Elders and "Bishops" by separate ordinations, and the man that ordains is always a "Bishop." Ordination is one of his reserved functions.

They trace their "succession," as is well known, to Dr. Thomas Coke, an ambitious and restless and rather untrustworthy man, who came over to America and set up for a Bishop, and afterwards, frightened at what he had done, wrote to Bishops White and Seabury, begging them to ordain him a real Bishop. So miserable was the condition of discipline in the Church of England at the time, that this man, who would now be tried and degraded for his impostures, was allowed to die a presbyter of that Church, intriguing to the last to be made, if possible, a genuine Bishop somewhere. Nevertheless, our Methodist brethren, as their "*Discipline*" shows, are very strict on the matter of the "succession," and have taken great pains to keep it as genuine as it was when they first made it.

But all these "successions," Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregational, or what not, the Church ignores. They are all alike breaches of unity, sprung of schism and division, and set up to justify them.

Clergymen coming to her from any of these bodies she treats as laymen. She admits them to no office of the ministry without ordination. If they seek her ministry she begins the whole matter *de novo*, and ordains the oldest of them, after due probation, a deacon, and, in due time, a priest. We have received a large number of the ministers of various denominations in this way, some who have done good service, and some who, perhaps, did the body they left far more good by the change than they did the Church. We shall receive, in time to come, many more. It is natural enough that our most frequent accessions, proportionately from the ranks of our brethren outside, should be from their ministry. The clergy are, of course, the most reading and intelligent class among them, theologically. Their studies lead them to test their own ground most frequently, and they are led, by study, to doubt the validity of their position. We should be ready to welcome them if they are fit, to encourage their tendency toward us by all proper means. Every time one of them comes among us there is a stride toward unity, one wound of schism is healed.

Perhaps we have not considered what these men have to give up, how great the sacrifice they have to make.

The Church preserves a rigid and unbending attitude. She makes no movement, takes no step, removes no obstacle. Is it quite right? Is it just the position for a body that prays and works for unity among Christian men?

In what we are going to say we scarcely think it possible we shall be misunderstood. None can hold more firmly than ourselves to the doctrine of the Preface to the Ordinal. None can be more convinced of the essential need of an Apostolic authority to qualify a man for the ministry of Christ's Church. And it is just because we so hold and are so convinced, that we think it high time the American Church made the conferring of that authority, upon such as desire to have a ministry about whose validity they are in doubt, less hard and bitter.

Here is a man who has exercised his ministry in some denomination five, ten, or twenty years, perhaps a quarter of a century. He has seen the fruits of that ministry, men brought to repentance and faith and the profession of *Christ's* name. He has known souls blessed by his ministry, not a few, and he thanks God for it. Divine Grace has evidently worked with his efforts. God has blessed the words of his lips and the meditations of his heart to the salvation of men. He has had, through all those years, the witness of the Holy Spirit, to the efficacy of his ministry. It has, indeed, not been all he wished.

Towards the last, perhaps, he has been disturbed by doubts, and is now looking in a Churchly direction for something of assurance and stability. But his work, as scores can testify whom God has blessed, has not been in vain. He has brought comfort to the afflicted. He has blessed the house of mourning by his ministry. He has pointed the dying to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. He has led the burdened soul to its Saviour. And in all he has seen that the Spirit of God accompanied and blessed his ministrations.

Firmly as we hold the essential necessity of Apostolic authority to the existence of a valid ministry, who, of us all, will compare our labors, and God's blessing on them, as shown by their fruits, with those of many a man who has served God sincerely (and shall we dare to say *not* acceptably?) in the ministry, which we hold to be without that authority? Shall we not thank God

that such ministries are blessed to those they serve; that albeit, irregularly, and of merely earthly assumption though it be, God does bless, by His grace, the Word so preached to the salvation of men?

Now we set aside all the common and apparent difficulties in the way of those who come to us from the ministries of the various sects—the severing of old ties of friendship and brotherhood, the odium of change, the humiliation of the confession that one has been wrong, and the pecuniary losses, which are the smallest. We set these aside altogether, and they are by no means obstacles to be despised or made light of. They are very serious difficulties, and are sufficient to hold many men, indeed all men but those of toughest fibre or most transparent conscientiousness, where they are even under distrust and doubt.

This other matter is far beyond these, a difficulty that one wonders is ever overcome. We demand that the man whose ministry (albeit unauthorized, as we claim,) has been thus blessed, thus certified to by the life-giving Spirit of God, shall come forward and confess before all men, and before God, that he has been a rash and sacrilegious profaner of the Divine treasures, of the Gospel and the Sacraments! We insist that he shall confess that he has laid profane hands on sacred mysteries, that he ran before he was sent, that he has taken upon him holy functions which he, unauthorized, has performed! And yet, all the time, he has the testimony that the Spirit of God accompanied and blessed his work!

Is not the Church harder than her Master? Is she not more righteous than the Lord? Stricter than the Spirit of God?

But what shall she do? Give up the claim to the necessity of a valid ministry? Surrender her demand of Apostolicity, her witness for the One Church, and the One Order, and its historic continuity? Admit these men to be regular ministers, or even valid members, though irregular?

Clearly, nothing of the sort can be done. The Church can take no ground of this sort, nor can she bate one jot of her demands, one word of her testimony.

But she *can*, as she does, pass light judgment on the matter, or refuse to pass any judgment at all. She can be as merciful as her God. She can smooth away all stumbling-blocks that are not absolutely necessary, that do not rest on the ground of doctrine.

What can she do?

She can change her Ordinal in a way which does not touch the validity of the Orders or the essence of that ceremonial, and can thus save the deep humiliation and pain which many an honest man must feel at the branding as a lie and an imposture all his past life, which, nevertheless, he honestly led in the service of God, and was entirely sincere and guiltless in, before God and men. She can thus smooth the way, for the return to the bosom of Christianity, of a large number of sincere and conscientious men.

"Take thou authority to execute the office of a deacon in the Church of God now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands."

"Take thou authority to execute the office of a deacon *in this Church*, now committed," etc.

Why not? Is there any *less* in the one case than in the other? As an alternative form, or a form which is to be used in the admission of "ministers of other denominations," is it not as full in conferring the Order, as valid and perfect, as the other? The words changed are no essential words in conferring Orders. "Take thou authority to execute the office of a deacon" are the only words essential. It may be in "this Church," or "the Church of God," or simply "in the Church," or there may be no mention of the Church, the thing being understood.

It is in the hands of the Church, as a matter of discipline, to make such a slight alteration in the Ordinal as would in no degree compromise any doctrine or lower any testimony, and would yet greatly smooth the road into historic unity with the Catholic Church by saving us from making a man condemn what God has not condemned.

We are fully aware that the idea may be a somewhat startling one. Nevertheless, it is no more startling than the proposition made some time ago, that our English or American Bishops join regularly hereafter in the consecration of each new Danish Superintendent, so that, in a generation, with no word of debate about validity or invalidity, the Danish Church would secure the succession—a proposition favored by Bishops and Clergy on both sides of the Atlantic.

Neither is it as radical as the course pursued in giving the Episcopate to Scotland, in Charles' time, when Presbyterian clergymen

were ordained Bishops at a jump, without any repudiation of their former Orders or any demand that all *then* recognized as clergymen should be re-ordained. It was a healing measure, and was intended to work an imperceptible and natural change in the future.

We believe that if the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States is to rise to the measure of her duty as the Catholic Church of the country, she must be ready to listen to, and consider, a great many ideas which will seem startling at first.

If she is to heal the sad divisions of this sect-torn land it must not be by sitting still, and saying: "Here I am, come to me, and be members of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and all will be well." It must be done by rising up and asking herself what she can *do*—how she can make the unification of Christianity about her in any degree easier to men.

TEMPTATION : ITS MEANING.

TEMPTATION is the normal condition of men.

One place may be more exposed than another, and the temptations of each place may differ from those of another, but there is no escape from temptation itself.

The man who undertakes to live the Christian life, or indeed to conduct his life on any fixed principle whatever, must face the facts. He can surround himself with no walls high enough to wall out temptation. He can put no guards watchful enough to drive it away.

And yet there has always been the wish to make the attempt. It was the motive that led men by thousands into the desert or the cell, only to find that in escaping the temptations of the world, they had rushed into the no less seductive temptations of solitude.

It is better to know, to begin with, that there is no escape, that, in one form or another, temptation is, for all men, the condition of life.

We naturally strive to hedge our children in from temptation. We do so by keeping them as long as possible from the knowledge of evil. Ignorance, we trust, will be the guard to protect them in their young days. How anxiously do we watch them ! How carefully do we shield them ! And yet we know well that some time this must end. We would wish it to last as long as it may, but we know there is a limit. Some day we are startled at finding the child has already eaten of the fruit of the evil tree, which, since Adam, all have tasted sooner or later. The innocence of ignorance is gone. On that ground it is no longer able to stand.

We accept the discovery, if we be wise, in the spirit of wisdom. We know that the world and life are so arranged that innocence can only stand on ignorance in the earliest days. We consider, too, that such innocence has no moral value ; that it is really worth nothing, beautiful though it be, and fearless ; that the only innocence which in this world will do, is the innocence which

knows guilt but can resist guilt, which discerns wrong and discerns it to hate and loathe, which stands on principle, and may be trusted in the face of trial.

It is good that God's ordering takes the matter out of our weak hands, for certainly there is no father that would not keep his son, and especially his daughter, in the weak innocence of ignorance if he could.

This fact of temptation, which meets all men that live, nevertheless loses nothing of its strangeness by its commonness. Why does not God save us without it? Why are we exposed, by infinite wisdom, love and pity, to the chance of ruin every hour. Why do we hear the tempting voices luring us to destruction without us and within? Since it is God's will that all men should be saved, why is it also God's will that all men should stand in hourly danger of being lost?

There are strange things, and things apparently contradictory, spoken of temptation in the Word of God. Our Lord instructs us to pray, "Lead us not into temptation," and St. James bids us, "Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations." These apparent contradictions must be but two sides of the same truth. We must find place for the prayer, and place, too, for the joy. There must be that, in the nature and purpose of temptation, which makes both true.

In speaking of the uses of pain, we have said that they grow out of the fact that this life is but a training for another. In that fact, too, we find the meaning of temptation.

Men are in training for another life and another service. The world is worth just the training they get out of it—that, and no more. When a man comes to lie down at his work's end, it is not how much money he has made, nor how much fame he has acquired, nor what places he has filled, that is the question. The question is, "What has the man made of *himself*?—in heart, conscience, intellect, will; what does *he* come to?" When you answer that, you tell just the amount of use the man has got out of his life. All that he carries away with him. It is so much capital to enter on a new existence with. All else he leaves behind. It has no value where he is going. He takes his manhood with him, and nothing else. The clothing of his manhood, the masks and concealments of it, all drop off and leave him bare when he enters the land of realities.

These are old truths, and they are preached in the streets of every city often enough by hearse and funeral train, one would think, to make them easily remembered. And yet they are the truths which are continually obscured and forgotten by those to whom they are of sole importance.

We restate them here because they are in our line of thought, and essential to our argument.

The purpose of the world is to *make men*. The process is a complicated one, and could have been arranged only by infinite wisdom. But being so arranged, all the details fit, and each thing is adequate to its end.

There is no way to train human nature except by exercise. It must *do something* to grow. That is the case with it physically and intellectually, equally. Bodily muscles and mental muscles alike grow only under strain. It is so, too, with the spiritual powers, with conscience, and with will. Now all exercise argues *resistance*. It is force meeting force which makes exercise. *Doing something* always involves resistance against the doer. There is some dead weight to be raised, resisting blindly by its inertia, or some living and opposing force to be overcome, or there is nothing done. In the moral region this is equally the case. Moral growth comes by exercise, moral strength is acquired by doing, and the exercise and the doing involve the meeting of force with force, the overcoming of resistance.

If this world be a place of training morally, and men a race of beings that require such training, it simply follows that doing right must not be easy. There must be difficulty about it, resistance, opposition. Without these there could be no exercise, and therefore no growth.

But while exercise is essential to growth, and resistance essential to exercise, neither must be too hard. The exercise which gives health and strength to the body, made more intense, or too prolonged, may fatally injure the body. The resistance to overcome which is to make the muscles strong, if increased too far, strains and lames and destroys the muscles. The man yields—that is, instead of making the resistance yield—and is conquered instead of conqueror.

So, too, with moral exercise. The resistance overcome, the force met and mastered, gives moral growth increased and increasing power. If the resistance be too great, the labor too hard for the

strength, the exercise beyond the powers, the man falls and is morally overcome—"Lead us not into temptation."

The resistance and difficulties in the way of moral action are called temptations. They are the things upon which the moral powers are exercised. Without them there could be for men, as we know them, no moral growth. There is care taken that they shall come, in due degree, to all men, that every man shall have the facilities for moral growth and strength which temptations furnish. Therefore, "count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations." Consider them as what they are, means of spiritual exercise and helps to spiritual training.

There is this to be said about them, too, that a man has no right to choose his own temptations. He has no right to throw himself voluntarily in the way of any temptation. While he stands where God has put him, in his own place and station, he finds the temptations which he can resist, and grow strong by resisting. No temptation takes him *there* "which is not common to man." To him there come the ordinary difficulties which the good God will have him exercise himself upon, difficulties which are apportioned to his strength and his necessities. In faith and with prayer he can resist effectively all that meet him there. He has then the promise of help, and he is there on his own ground, and can work like one who knows his ground and who fights for his own.

But when one leaves that post and is self pleasing, chooses one for himself, he runs into strange temptations which were not intended for him. He does not understand them. They are not suited to his strength. He has volunteered for a warfare for which he was not chosen. He is off his own ground of vantage and stands in deadly danger. The slightest tampering will be his ruin. In the first case his wisdom is to stand and work the thing through with faith in his heart and prayer on his lips, for, at all hazards, he must hold the trust committed to him. In the other case, his business is to run away just as fast as he can, for he is out of his place, on ground of his own choosing, has lost the vantage of position and let Satan choose the place of attack. He is at such a fearful disadvantage that he is almost sure to fall.

And there is also another thing to be considered in the philosophy of temptation.

Men fail and yield all about us. The temptation met and mas-

tered this one or the other. We judge harshly and rashly often. We blame bitterly. We visit with fierce condemnation the man and the world, especially the woman who has failed.

But we are to remind ourselves that no two of us are tempted alike. The temptation which would be a small thing to one, is the ruin of another. By natural temperament, by education, by circumstances, one person may be utterly free from a whole class of temptations. He may be unable to understand how they are temptations at all. They are not so to him. He tramples right over them with scarcely a consciousness that the road is not perfectly smooth, and when he sees some one fall under a temptation of this class he is naturally shocked and amazed. He cannot understand it. He condemns bitterly. It was so small a trial, a difficulty so insignificant from his point of view that he concludes the moral depravity must be horrible which would induce a sin on so small a ground.

It would mitigate these harsh and often wicked judgments if we were to remember that our temptations *are* our own; that the thing which tests another may be no test for us, and that we may fail by what would seem no cause at all to him.

Natural temper inclines one man to kindness and gentleness. There is no temptation to him at all to be harsh or cruel. He deserves no credit at all for benevolence or forgiveness. It is in his blood to give them. He is never harsh, this man, except when he sees a man fall through bitterness, hatred, malice, or revenge.

Another man finds no temptations at all connected with money, its loss or gain. He has been so made that it is utterly incomprehensible to him how men should damn themselves for lucre. *His* temptations come not from that, nevertheless he has them, different in kind, but not in degree of intensity.

Another man finds no temptation in pleasure or its enjoyment. A man of self-contained temper and high thought, dwelling in the regions of light and among the elder truths of existence, the mere pleasures and shows of the world pass him by as childish or unmanly. He wonders how such trifles can tempt any man. His temptations are stronger far, it may be, but they are as different from these as the North Pole from the South.

Still another, sensitive in thought, clean and clear in fancy, with innate reverence for human nature in man or woman, and

for his own body and soul, cannot understand the temptations which are against personal purity. That whole class, which is the ruin of thousands about him, contains no temptation to him. But he can take no credit to himself. There are those made and trained with such sensitive souls that an impurity, instead of being a temptation, is simply a horror and a loathing. These cannot understand why a man risks hell for the high satisfaction of first being a swine.

It is this which makes our judgments so wretched and so unjust. It is this which condemns them. We do not know what we are talking about. God alone knows the man's frame, all his make-up, all his circumstances. God alone can judge him fairly when he falls.

The sum is, that such temptations are necessary in such a world and to such a race. They have been transmuted by Divine love and wisdom into means of good. By them, as by stairs, hard and painful, rough and steep let them be, a man climbs, step by step, to the serene heights where they come not, because they are no longer needed.

Men stumble and fall and go to ruin in the climbing. There is danger of this always in going *up*. But there is no other way to climb.

And while a man stands on God's ground at his appointed work, the work laid on him by the order of life, he, leaning on God's hand, can "count it all joy" when his faith, his courage, his constancy, his truth, are tried. And, meanwhile, he prays, lest forsaking his post and recklessly giving up his vantage and choosing for himself by meeting what he is not called to meet—he prays, "Lead us not into temptation."

A BIT OF THOUGHT.

THERE is no man so important as he seems. It is wonderful how well the world gets on without any of us.

Somebody, on whose shoulders seems to rest the weight of a State, dies, and we all cry out: "How shall we do, now he is gone? Who can take his place and bear his burdens? Alas! the fixed stars are all dying out in our sky. We have only farthing candles left to light the darkness of the world."

We bury him, and say our say over him, and in a few months we have ceased to miss him. The world goes on just as usual.

Somebody dies in the Church. He has been a leader for long. We have all looked upon him as a fixture. His place and work have been a part of our lives for years. We feel a blank sense of loss, which nothing can fill. We look about and decide that no one can do what he has done.

He is buried, amid our lamentations, and the Church goes on just the same. In a few weeks' or months' time we scarcely miss the man we mourned. Somehow his place is filled, and things go on just as they always have.

The generations are long. The single life is short. The ages have their long story to tell. The largest life is but an episode.

There is a lesson of humility here and a lesson of wisdom. The best of us will not be much missed. The work is of more consequence than the worker. We do our small share better or worse, but the world, and the ages, and the great God, can get on satisfactorily without us. After all, we are personally more interested than they in seeing that we do our day's work well.

There is a lesson also of hope. The work will be done by somebody. We need never fear of that. Our lives may seem failures, our feeble efforts of little worth. Let us not fret. It is ours to do what we can. The great business will prosper, no matter what becomes of the single doer.

Meanwhile, if a man wants the conceit taken out of him, let

him, no matter how large a space he fills, withdraw from the work and get into some corner, under the delusion that everything will come to a dead-lock without him.

It will not be long before he finds how small a cipher he is in the great result, which is summed up just as well without him as with him.

The truth is, there was never the man yet that the world could not do without. There was never the man yet that the Church, if necessary, could not spare.

THE ENGINEER.

FEW of the many thousands who travel on our numerous railroads know, or give a thought to, the men to whose care and skill they are mainly indebted for safety in their journey.

It is not to the "gentlemanly" conductor, neatly dressed, smiling and polite, that you, madam, or you, sir, owe the care of life or limb.

The conductor is very useful in his place, and a great deal depends upon him to make your journey pleasant. On our Western and Southern roads he usually spares no pains in that respect, and looks after the welfare of ladies and children travelling alone—with as much solicitude as if they were of his own family. Indeed, we know no nobler and more kindly men than a dozen of the conductors on the roads on which we travel. We never pass over the roads that we do not see some instance of real kindness and consideration on the part of one or more of these friends—for some of them *are* long time and valued friends, indeed.

But, as we say, your life and limbs, madam, are not entrusted to the conductor. Look up the platform before you start, and you will possibly see, standing by the engine, an ordinary looking working man, his hands blackened, and perhaps his face; his clothes stained with oil, his greasy cap drawn over his eyes. That is the engineer—the man into whose hands you and five hundred other people, as far as men can, are going absolutely to commit your lives. He steps upon the "foot-board," and you draw in your head and quietly settle on your cushioned seat, and for two hundred miles you depend on the nerve, the skill, the soberness, of that slovenly looking man, whom you never saw before, and to whom, out there in the forefront, you never give a thought.

It has been our lot, in missionary service, or otherwise, to travel many thousands of miles. We have come to know the railroad people, from the superintendent, whose autograph has been so often welcome to us, to John, the brakesman, who greets us with

a "Good day, sir." And our verdict is, that the men who build and run our railroads are about as large-hearted, kindly, and noble a set of gentlemen (we include John especially in the word gentlemen) as can be found in the world.

And yet we did not know, almost alone of all the men that man our usual trains, one to whom we, and the thousands who pass over the miles of iron, owe so much of the sense of security which we enjoy on a well-ordered road—we did not know the *engineer*.

The other day our friend, the conductor, led us up to a stalwart, frank-looking, rather greasy personage standing by the engine and introduced us to the engineer. The engineer greeted us cordially and invited us to try a ride on *his* "conveyance." We accepted the invitation with pleasure, remarking: "You have a fine engine here." "Well," was the reply, "she's not a showy engine—I've seen handsomer—but she's steady and does her work well." Exactly, sir, as you might speak of a *horse*!

We stepped on the foot-board, and our friend stowed us away conveniently, giving a warning about *oil*. The signal was given, and we started. We could not but note the engineer's bearing, as he mounted his steed. He grasped the shining lever as one might seize the reins of a fiery team. He patted the glittering brazen knobs, here and there, as a man might a favorite animal. His figure rose erect; the lips compressed themselves; the eye lightened. He evidently felt the enormous trust reposed in him—to guide that tremendous mass of power safely across from lake to river, with five hundred precious lives behind him. It was the captain on the quarter-deck; the same fixed lookout ahead, the same firm pose of command.

We threaded our way slowly among the maze of switches out of the depot grounds. Beyond, the engine warmed to her work. Farther back came the lever, and we were soon thundering along the iron parallels which looked ahead like an enormous V, whose apex was forever running into distance.

It was glorious. The fresh air, the swift fields scudding by, the whole broad outlook over lake and forest; and the panting engine throbbing as if it were living, as it dashed onward and seemed *to suck the distance in*! We could understand the excitement which keeps men driving these enormous horses of fire through night and darkness, through sleet and storm and hail, and makes them love their most laborious life.

We do not know what the English "engine-driver" is; but judging from Dickens's stories he is no such man as the American engineer.

There was small chance for speech, of course, except when the train stopped a moment. But we found our new friend a man who thoroughly understood the enormous power he controlled. The whole theory and practice of the steam engine was at his fingers' ends.

The truth is, some of the very noblest qualities of manhood are called into daily exercise by the occupation of the railroad engineer. There must be faithfulness, calmness, set purpose, firm nerve, clear eye, ready hand and assured courage. A moment's tremor, a false movement, a single lack of confidence in himself, and the engineer and half a thousand men, women and children are hurled to destruction.

It is impossible that a man can carry this vast sense of responsibility, and feel this vast trust, without developing, under his burden, many things that do human nature honor.

We never enjoyed such a ride before; we never made a chance acquaintance from which we derived more pleasure. We stepped off at our own station, and thanked the engineer heartily for the pleasure he had given us, making up our mind, at the same time, to tell you, sir, and you, madam, that when it comes in your way you cannot do better than to show some consideration for "the engineer;" and that when you see an "accident," and "nobody killed but the engineer," you, at least, may know that the chances are ten to one that no braver and nobler heart than "the engineer's" is left beating still.

SLAVERY OF SIN.

THERE is nothing more wonderful in the experience of human nature than the power which a sin committed has over its doer.

The sinner creates a monster in his sin. He might have refused had he chosen, but he did not choose. He exercised this terrible prerogative of human nature, the power of creating a wrong—a thing the Great God Himself cannot do—and behold, the work of his own hands makes him henceforth its *Slave*.

The fearful fascination which a crime exercises over its doer is well known to those who have to deal with criminals. The murderer feels an overpowering desire to talk about the murder. He is drawn to listen wherever men speak of it. His memory and imagination are always going back to it, reproducing the circumstances, recounting all the details. He sees the spot, the victim, the instrument of death, the scuffle, the blow, the fall, the dead face, the hasty bloody grave. He sees all and hears all. He goes back in fancy to that grave which conceals his crime. It lies in his mind as the centre point of the universe. He wants to inquire about it, to watch it, to ask everybody if anything is known about it, if anybody suspects *him*. It is with the greatest difficulty he can hold back from bursting in and crying out that he can explain it all.

It is because of this fascination the crime once done, exercises over the criminal, that the old proverb, "Murder will out"—is so frequently proved true. It is because human nature is made as it is that the words of wisdom are the words of experience, "Be sure your sin will find you out."

A man may forget, or at least think he forgets. He may try new scenes, new friends, new occupations, but there is no escape. Back in the past lies that creation of his, the child of his own soul. He cannot disown it. It looms darkly through the haze at times, and at times is lighted with the lurid light of hell, but there

it is, named with his name, bearing his sign manual, a thing of his doing, there it is with all its belongings of time and place, of words and looks, of thoughts and passions, and it insists on recognition. He shall not disown it. The hideous thing demands that its creator shall face it and confess, "this thing is mine."

This power of doing, of creating and making, is the most awful prerogative possessed by man. The thing done has an existence of its own from the time it is done. It cannot be annihilated. It cannot be blotted out. It may be repented of, it may be mourned over, but there it is. Tears may fall like rain upon it, but they cannot wash it out. It is *done*. Time and the world, and all they hold, must take it as it stands, and the doer must be content to see his deed pass utterly beyond his power, and be just as eternal as himself.

When the bad thing is created, when the sin, the crime, the evil deed is done, it has passed utterly beyond the control of its doer. He cannot recall it. Sometimes he can do something to prevent its evil. Just as often he can do really nothing. But that is not all. Not only has he ceased to have any control over it, having once created it, it now begins to control him. It remains in memory and dominates memory. He is brought back to it from any distance of time, compelled to look at it and acknowledge it. The mean bad thing, done years ago in boyhood perhaps, or in early manhood, sorrowed over, prayed over it may be, will call back the gray-headed man to look upon and confess it, and shudder over a hideous thing he had dreamed had been sleeping quietly under the clover, forgotten of all men for years. It dominates imagination as well as memory. It will repeat itself over and over again, and call back the thought to consider, "What if I had done differently, what if I had said this instead of that, if I had done this and not the other, if such and such a thing had only happened instead of the reverse." It is a perpetual problem—an unsolved problem. The fancy goes all over it, looks upon it from all sides, wonders "how *could* I have done it?"—and finds no answer satisfactory, though it tries hundreds. There is that hideous guest standing in the centre of the consciousness. He insists on due attention. He speaks, and he must be heard. "He is *here*, and how came he here?"—is the question he forever asks, and the question that forever leaves the unhappy soul bewildered. It rules by *fear*, too. There is the never

ceasing dread that it may be discovered. That it *will* sometime be discovered, is a possibility that is always present. The hideous guest not only asks, "How came I here? why did you bring me?" He also asks, "How are you to hide me now I am here?" He cannot be shown to others. He must somehow be concealed, and under this necessity of concealment also the sinner becomes his slave by another chain.

The need of hiding the thing not only usurps the conduct of life, it keeps up perpetually the sense of its presence and reality. To keep others unconscious the sinner must himself be conscious. *He* must make up to his guest for the lack of all other acquaintances. He must listen to him, study him, serve him, wait upon him, alter his whole life and bearing, and change the color of the world at his bidding, *and never forget.*

The Apostle wrote, "Whosoever committeth sin is the *slave* (so in the Greek) of sin." He wrote not only revelation but ordinary human experience. There are such sins as will claim a man to their service head and foot. Single sins will do it in many a life. They will stand, year in and out, as the masters of that life, coloring it, controlling it, guiding it, while they ruin it.

But no sins are single. They propagate in any life very rapidly, and almost any breach of one commandment is virtually a breach of the whole. The necessity of concealment at once makes the sinner at least a liar, and usually an habitual liar. He has to lie in word, and lie in act, and lie in look, to make himself a living lie, perhaps to those nearest him and who love him most, that he may conceal the vile thing that is his master. Lying of the meanest, deceit to the dearest, cheating and trickery at the very fireside, at lying down and rising up, hypocrisy before all he loves and reverences, are at once the result of any sin which must be concealed. The road to hell is travelled very fast, and it often happens that one single sin may so rot out the heart of the sinner by the other sins that it brings as its necessary companions, that a fair and honorable life is at one step made foul with all the foulness of hell, and false as the father of lies. We are often startled at the strange sight of a life, in all respects upright, pure and honorable, becoming at one stride, as it were, shameless, dishonorable and vile.

It seems impossible to understand how such a stride could have been taken, how such a horrible change could have been made so

suddenly. And it is strange if we do not understand this terrible power of sin to enslave, and to load the slave down at once with an hundred other sins as soon as he has sold himself to one.

Nobody expects to go to ruin at one step. No man ever thought to walk so fast that he could not turn. He would go a few paces down the road to ruin just to see what the road is like, but would come back at once, and no harm would be done to anybody.

But another curious thing about sin and its slaves is that it does not take big sins to kidnap the slaves. As a matter of fact, the big sins would be usually the least lucky. They are ugly, truculent, coarse, and they frighten the victims. Few men could be found to travel down the road any distance in company with one of these. There are little, smiling, innocent, harmless looking sins in hundreds. It is with one of these the journey is always begun. "They are so weak looking, of no importance anyway, one can just turn his back upon them and walk away, it is not worth while being alarmed."

It is just these harmless little sins that do all the capturing.

Their slaves are writhing in the lowest depths in thousands. They get hold of the soul gently. They do not frighten it. Step by step they lead it by the hand, till all at once there starts up on the road beside it or before it the strong, coarse, hideous outspoken sin that has been waiting for its coming and demands it for its own.

The soul starts back in horror, often to retreat, and discovers the other horror that it cannot retreat, that it has lost the way, that there is, as it thinks at least, no return, and beaten down and despairing it yields.

A man is led by promising ventures which just tremble on the edge of strict integrity, by little transactions which, if not exactly according to rule, are, at least, not in intention dishonest, by small stretches of permitted management he is led to take at last the step which makes him a forger or a thief.

A woman is led by vanity, by love of admiration, by things small and harmless in themselves, concealed where, however, they should be known, by things apparently trifling and not worth mentioning or considering, till one day she finds the meshes tangled about her and she is helpless and lost. Shuddering at the hideous thing whose slave she henceforth is, and vowing she never dreamed of expecting it.

In either case there was no intention, and no belief that there was the slightest danger of an ending which was so shocking that it was supposed impossible, that if ever looked for was on the instant scouted as a thing preposterous. And yet in each case the end is reached by a logic as strong as an iron chain. There was no point in the progress where return was easier than at another, and if we follow up the links we find that the first link determines the whole. From the first small, trifling aberration to this end, wretched and vile as it may be, there was one straight unswerving path.

We have nothing to say here about habit, and the slavery it puts on those who have submitted. There are cases all about us where men are taken from our sides bound hand and foot in the links of vile habit, are carried away shrieking out prayers for deliverance, carried away and down to a ruin clearly seen from the first. But these cases do not startle us, after all. We saw the steps by which the habit was formed. We knew it was daily growing stronger. We well knew what the end would be. Perhaps we warned the unhappy soul of the result. Now that it has come, terrible as it is, it is something we fairly expected. We can understand easily enough in these cases how a man is the slave of sin.

But it is the other class that shock us and bewilder us, the cases where a fair life suddenly turns foul in a night, where an honorable name in a day becomes a shame, where a goodly structure of character, erected by years of care and patience, goes to ruin in a moment.

These cases are all explainable on the knowledge of the peculiar power of wrong over its doer. The ruin was carefully prepared for after all. The building was patiently undermined. The unhappy slave, who never dreamed he was a slave, from the first has been quietly working on under his unyielding master, and here, to-day, is the *end*. There is adequate cause for it if we could but see. No man ever jumped into hell at one bound. The merciful Lord has so arranged our mortal life that there is a long, slow road to be travelled first, with warnings at the entrance and warnings at every turn. The thing is sudden, only because we have not seen all the steps.

We have spoken of repentance in connection with sin. It cannot remove it. It cannot make it as if it had not been. Oceans

of tears from the murderer will not restore the life that is taken. No repentance can check the overflowing tide of evil from an evil deed, much less destroy out of existence the evil deed itself.

By repentance, by faith, by prayer, by confession and amendment of life, a man may be delivered from the slavery of his sin, but never, in this world at least, can he annihilate the sin or destroy the scars of his slavery. He is marked with the stripes of a slave for life. The stripes may heal. Christ, the great Physician, will heal them with the balms of heaven, but the scars remain. The converted and restored sinner is not as the man who never sinned. He may be a more wonderful instance of God's love and grace which reach all depths to deliver, but he is a different work. This much, even as Christ's freeman shall remain to him as a memorial of the pit out of which he was digged, that he shall bear till he dies the scars of the chains.

THE USE OF RITUALISM.

A FACETIOUS correspondent at last tells us what is the *use* of "Ritualism." He has discovered that it is just the thing for the *Negroes*!

He says: "Their imagination (the *Negroes*') must be touched, their *æsthetic tastes* gratified, by splendid vestments, gorgeous ceremonies, thrilling music, working upon them in the dim religious light from colored pane, and burning candle, struggling through rising clouds of incense."

It has been a question with many just *what sort* of tastes it was sought to gratify by the barbaric glitter of crimson, green and gold embroidered copes, and the cheap gilding of tinselled altars. The answer of our correspondent is, "The *æsthetic tastes*" of the Southern *Negro*!

Also it has been a question, *how far we are to go* in "Ritualism." That is, the Rev. Copely Monotone begins to introduce green copes, yellow tippets, blue slippers and gilt candlesticks; and to convert the decent and solemn altar of the Church into a show stand of lacquer ware, on the ground that there is "no law" to prevent him.

Now, perhaps, we have no objection, so far. But where is it to end? Since the Rev. Copely has taken that track, and there is "no law" to stop him, where *will* he bring up? What guide has he?

This very important question our correspondent also answers. He is to go where the "*æsthetic tastes*" of the *Negro* lead him. According to those "*tastes*" he is to conduct his ritual!

The correspondent has stated in seriousness, however, a philosophic principle. As a fact, the people who were first furnished with the "dresses" and "ceremonies" which "the Ritualists" call "Catholic," were just about in the condition of the Southern *Negro* at present. A ceremonial which grew up among the serfdom of the Middle Ages, may possibly please even the more civilized *Negro* of Georgia for a while.

The correspondent goes on: "Many of them (the Negroes) who have been baptized, and brought up within the Fold, are swallowed up by Romish propagandists and strolling Methodist or Baptist preachers. And why? Simply because *the Church* does not give them what the Negro nature craves, and *will have*—animal excitement, or richness and grandeur in forms of worship. These are offered elsewhere—excitement in the howlings and revivals of Methodists and Baptists; and pomp and splendor in the worship of the Church of Rome."

The Negro is, unfortunately, not the only person who insists on being saved in his own way, who *will have* certain fancies of his own at all costs. Whether the Gospel is to accommodate itself to the Negro's self-will, more than to other people's, is the question.

But, granting his "æsthetic taste" is to be the measure of fitness, reverence and dignity in public worship—granting we are to accommodate ourselves to his wants and instincts—it seems there are two plans to choose—either "the howlings" and "the revivals," or Romish "pomp" and splendor.

Now, so far, the "howlings" have had rather the best of it. There are vast masses of Methodist and Baptist Negroes, and not many Romish. Evidently, on this argument, it will be best for us to go to "howling" at once. The Negro's "æsthetic taste" is thus best suited. And as that is the standard of ritualistic fitness, the Rev. Copely should begin at once to practice. And, by the way, that may be what he is about, in certain intoning which we have heard sometimes, from gentlemen with very little music, *in their voices*, at least.

We commend the matter to the Commission. The choice lies between "howlings" and red copes. For the obstinate Negro *will have* one or the other. "Howlings" or "rising clouds of incense;" the autocratic Freedman insists that we adopt the one or the other.

RESTITUTION.

TO true repentance, forgiveness is at once granted—full and free forgiveness.

There can be no doubt of God's action. The only doubt is about the human action. Is the repentance *true*?

Manifestly every repentance is *not* true. Few people are so far gone in sin that they do not at times feel sorrow for their sin, and make strong resolutions to sin no more. People do this while they still go on sinning. They are sorry for each sinful act after it is done, determine to repeat it no more, and then go straight on and repeat it at the next temptation.

Every sorrow for sin then, every sorrow soon accompanied with strong resolutions to sin no more, is not true repentance. Repentance, to be of any value, must work a total reformation, an entire change from sin to holiness, and neither the sinner himself, nor anybody else can be certain that his repentance is true, until it has been crystallized into holy living. Emotions, aspirations, mental exercises, are of value, solely as they change the life. We know nothing of their quality until they are put into practice. Often they pass away and come to nothing. Often men go on sinning and repenting to their utter ruin, paving their road to hell with the very best resolutions. We never know of any repentance, of any good resolution, whether it is not an addition to this pavement until it has taken shape in life.

And here is the reason of the fearful uncertainty that, in this world, hangs over death-bed repentances. It can never be known whether they are true or sham repentances. The opportunity of testing them was not given.

While, therefore, the sinner should never doubt that to true repentance pardon will be given, he should take care to be certain that his repentance *is* true. Death and life to him hang on that issue. The divine part in the transaction is certain. The human

part is that in which uncertainty comes in, that which should cause all the anxiety.

Now there is nothing about which men are more apt to delude themselves, than about the sincerity of their repentance. They are very apt to put up with a delusive and cheating and half-way repentance. They do not test it, perhaps they dare not. They content themselves with assurances of God's mercy, as though that were the point in doubt, and leave untested the only thing about which there is doubt, their own sincerity. There is one thing by which the truth of repentance can be tested better and more universally perhaps, than by anything else, and that is *by the making of restitution*.

It requires but a moment's thought to see that restitution is an essential part of repentance, and the Church so puts it in her warning before the Holy Communion.

We should have but little faith in the repentance of the thief who refused to return what he had stolen, in the repentance of the dishonest man who still retained his ill-gotten gains, in that of the slanderer who refused to undo the ill-effects of his slander. It is not enough that the thief cease to steal for the future. He must restore what he has stolen in the past. It is not enough that the dishonest man cease his dishonest tricks for the future, he must disgorge his already acquired plunder. He must, if necessary, work hard, live hard, and suffer if need be, to do it. It is not enough that the slanderer cease his slandering hereafter. He must set himself patiently to work to undo the effect of his slander, and remedy, as far as he can, his grievous wrong.

Common-sense recognizes the principle as soon as it is stated, that the sincerity of repentance is measured by the earnestness and completeness of the effort to make restitution.

Our sins wrong others. These others suffer. They suffer undeservedly and guiltlessly. Our repentance is a delusion of the devil if it do not lead us to make it the first purpose of our lives to right our wrongs.

And yet into a great deal that goes under the name of repentance, repentance on which men stake their salvation before God, this never comes. The man who thinks himself repentant, and who cheats himself with the devil's lie that he is forgiven, considers that he is doing very well to cease from sinning, though the wrongs of all his past life lie behind him. There is nothing to

which the devil is readier to help men, than to a half-way repentance of this sort. He will help them to bury the past, and cheat them with the hope that that blackened and accursed past will never rise again to condemn them.

We emphasize the fact that the past at least is sure. A man cannot rid himself of *that*. It is *his* whatever be the future. He must do *something* with it. If it be an accursed, blackened and vile past, he cannot annihilate it by forgetting it, ignoring it, or burying it out of his sight. It will not be forgotten, will not be buried. It will rise to blast and wither him at the last.

He must mend it, he must even *destroy* it, if it may be, in the future. The meaning of true repentance is that it sets him to doing this. He turns to make restitution to God and man, to right the wrongs he has done, to turn aside the curses he has brought down, to think, and plan and toil for the sweeping away of the evils he has caused. Merely to do nothing of the sort hereafter, if that were possible, is neither to repent nor to reform. His life deals with the past as it deals with the future, and his future is given him to redeem his past.

The devil's lies are blinding men in thousands even in the Church and at the altar, and are sending them, so blinded, on the primrose path to everlasting fire. A man will cheat and overreach and make his fortune so, and will consider it, and be allowed to consider it, a satisfactory repentance if some day he stops cheating, and hereafter lives "honestly" on the gains of his cheating!

The best pew in the Church, and the highest consideration in a Christian community will be his!

A man will conduct a disreputable, knavish business, or will conduct an honest calling in a disreputable and knavish way, till he has amassed a competence, and will then "repent" and retire from the business, be baptized or confirmed, and count himself a very good Christian thereafter, with his whole past life lying un-mended behind him, ready to rise up and claim him at the last.

A man will lead a libertine life, and kill souls as well as ruin earthly lives, and some day when he is tired of this will "repent," will marry, "settle down" and become the father of a family, and enjoy the sweet satisfaction of believing himself a changed man, while his whole accursed past with all its victims lives to claim him for its own, to blast and wither him in some dark day of God.

Men all about us are making repentances of this sort, and painfully cheating themselves with the delusion that they are repentances which secure forgiveness. Sometimes, in this world, the delusion is exploded in terror and shame. Oftener they go on cheating to the end, vaguely hoping that God will work a miracle in their case and save them in spite of themselves.

A man's business in this world is to do no wrong. If he has been tempted to do wrong, his business is to repent of the wrong and to devote himself to the undoing of it. The wrong ought not to last at all. It is a thing that never ought to have been. But owing to his sin it is now, and he must devote himself to making it cease to be.

Wrongs done to God He can forgive. Wrongs done to man, God and man both must forgive. While a single unrighted wrong, done to any human being, lies on a man's conscience, he is cheating himself if he dares to dream that God forgives him. We say it with reverence, but with full knowledge of what we are saying, that God *cannot* forgive the man who allows wrong which he has done his neighbor to remain unrighted. It is a blasphemous mockery to ask Him. With the curses of those he has wronged weighing his soul to the Pit, a man makes a strange appearance at the mercy-seat of God.

But it may be said there are wrongs which a man cannot right. He has done them, and those who have suffered them have passed out of his knowledge, or beyond his reach, or they are dead. Or the wrongs are such that they cannot be atoned for; so bitter, so deep, so demonlike, that a dozen lives, if the doer had them, would not atone for the ruin he has wrought.

What is to be done *then*?

We answer it is one of the burdens laid on the sinner often, a burden he must bear till he dies, a deserved burden, this, that the conviction comes to him some day when his conscience is truly wakened, that he can only undo a part of his ill-doing, that his sins are too many for him, that they have overwhelmed him, and that he must stagger on with prayers and cries, and drink the wormwood and the gall all the days of his life, if so be, the Almighty One will help him to his deliverance.

It is the fact that many and many a man cannot right the wrongs he has done, or eradicate a tithe of the evil he has caused, toil as he may. But none the less is he to be faithful in mending

his own past as far as it may be mended. That he cannot do all is no reason why he shall not do what he may.

In the old days, men burdened with the sense of the evil and the ruin their sins had caused, devoted themselves for life to works of charity, put themselves in the forlorn hope in the ranks of mercy, nursed the fever stricken or the plague struck, or buried the dead in the pestilence, or sold all they had and fled to the cell or the hermitage to spend a life in prayer, or went on pilgrimages to far lands to lay their heavy burden down.

In our selfish comfort-seeking age it is the fashion to sneer at all this. We take our repentance easier now. *Our* evil livers are troubled by no pangs of conscience. They "repent" as they call it, and live as luxuriously, eat, sleep, drink and dress as well as if they had never helped to curse God's world and people hell.

We are not going to advocate the old way of putting repentance into life, though there might be worse ways than that. The manner of it is perhaps of no consequence. But one thing we say, and it cannot be impressed too strongly on the shallow thought of the time, shallow in the Church as in the world, that the value of repentance depends upon the degree in which it seeks to mend in the future the wrongs of the past, in which it strives to make restitution for all injuries, amendment for all evils, in which it works and toils to obtain man's forgiveness as well as God's.

And if in the earnest and true striving to mend the evils of an evil life, a man finds there are evils he cannot right, wrongs that his victims have carried into eternity and beyond his power, let him devote himself then to the restitution of others not yet lost but in danger from like temptation, let him in short work, give, pray, do anything save settle down into a respectable self-indulgent life after a course of evil living, and allow the devil to cheat him with the notion that his repentance is anything but an insult to man, and a blasphemous pretence before God, or his course anything but a course that leads to ruin everlasting. And none the less a course that leads there, though it go by the way of the font and the altar.

A HOUSE DIVIDED.

LONG ago the Lord of all Light and Truth, declared that "a house divided against itself cannot stand." He was speaking for all time, and His words are the announcement of a fact as plain now as it was then.

We all bewail the feebleness that results from Christendom's divisions. We have practical demonstrations of them every day we live. The world remains the devil's to this day because Christianity is a house divided against itself. To this day we pray with no answer, because we make the answer impossible, the old prayer *Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven*. The law of that Kingdom, and the clearest utterance of that will, "That they may be *one*"—we resist, while we make a faithless repetition with the lips.

It has seemed to many of us that a main duty of the Church in this land was to testify to the old truth of unity, that her mission is, especially now and here, to bear witness against the folly and wickedness of dividing the house which the Lord builded. By her presentation of the old Order as well as the old Faith, by her principle, on which she never falters, that the Church is of divine and not human making, that there can be no tampering with the Lord's building by human fancy or self-pleasing, we have seen that she is the appointed witness, as for all truth, so here and now especially, for those truths, forgotten or denied, which are essential to Christian unity.

But the value of her testimony is lessened by her own deficiencies. As Christianity fails to advance because it is so greatly "a house divided against itself," so the Church, which is especially appointed in the over-ruling providence of God to bear witness against that division, fails in her work because she also is "a house divided against itself."

She is inconsistent with herself and all about her see the inconsistency. She preaches unity to others, and is herself, they think, an example of division. They exaggerate, it is true. They mis-

apprehend things which, to us, are plain. Nevertheless their opinion is natural and has, we must sadly confess, good grounds for its existence.

The Church which is organically one, which preserves its outward order unbroken, is not that loving family which that organization and order was intended to create and conserve. Having the outward unity unbroken, we appear to be content with that, and patiently to endure any amount of isolation, and unbrotherliness inside.

The evils which our lack of unity produces are incapable of exaggeration. They stare us in the face at every turn. They are a shame and disgrace to us before all men, and a double shame and disgrace in the face of our high professions of the value and necessity of unity.

We confess they make us sick. When men will do more for party than for the Church of God, when they will be at pains to sow distrust, to vilify brethren, to misinterpret motives, when they will support presses and societies for the purpose of creating suspicion of brethren, when by tongue and pen, openly and secretly, they will labor to embarrass and confuse brethren engaged in their divinely appointed duties, when Christian men in the same communion are divided into small parties and smaller cliques, each jealous and suspicious of the other, it is a sight to make any honest man sick at the heart.

The work before us is plain. Thousands of us see it. It lies as a burden upon conscience. It is ours and we cannot shirk it or deny it. It lies undone, and will lie undone, until we learn that houses divided against themselves cannot stand. Till the man who sows distrust in a parish is looked upon as the enemy of Christ and His Church, till the man who confuses and distracts the Church is taken by all honest men for the worst sort of an apostate, till then there will be, for us, no peace and no progress such as the world has the right to expect at our hands.

First of all, we must learn to call things by their right names. There are things for which abhorrence and detestation are the only healthy emotions. And in a Church like our own, with such a work before her, hinderers within are the worst of foes. To call out a healthy Church sentiment on this subject, a sentiment which will keep no measures with such crying evils, a sentiment which will not hesitate to speak out its honest convictions

and denounce what cries to heaven for denunciation is one of the first bits of work before us.

We must learn to endure no selfish isolation in any parish or any clergyman, in the large family of the diocese, and no such isolation in the larger family of the Church.

The men or the organization that stands alone, that refuses help and coöperation, must be allowed to gratify that idiosyncrasy somewhere else than in a body of which the charter is "all ye are brethren," and where the command is "bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ." The spirit which guides to such isolation and individual self-pleasing, call itself what it may and pretend what motive it may, is a spirit that does not come from the direction of heaven.

The spirit of the Church is the spirit of brotherliness and mutual help. It is open, manly, and above board in all its works and plans. Whatever goes against it, come whence it will, and from whom it will, it is our bounden duty to denounce and destroy. The unhappy men who are led by an opposite spirit we may pity, and should try to bring to repentance, but there should be no mistake in giving them to understand that in all honest men's opinion they are the foes of Christ and His Church.

To gather up the ravelled threads of unity, to bring all the members of the Church to stand together as one household, to allow men honestly to hold, and openly to express their opinions on matters which the one Faith leaves indifferent, to insist on openness and honest dealing as the method of intercourse between all members of the Body, and as the method on which all its business must be conducted, to demand the abolition of all selfish isolation in parishes or individuals, all withdrawal from sharing the cares and burdens of the whole; in short to realize our theory of a brotherhood *in life*, and not merely in talk and preaching, is one necessity which, in fact, embraces all other necessities, and which, if supplied, would supply all the rest.

We are not the largest body in the country, but if we were the united body we ought to be, frankly, openly brethren of one family—we should find our effectiveness, without one more addition, multiplied by ten.

Can't we clasp hands like Christians and like Churchmen all, and make ourselves something like our professions?

IGNORANCE AND THOUGHTLESSNESS.

HOW far is ignorance an excuse for wrong?
How far does thoughtlessness excuse sin?

That a sin done knowingly, with full understanding of its nature and its consequences, done presumptuously and defiantly, entails greater guilt, and does deeper moral wrong to the doer, the common sense of all men will admit.

To blunder into evil, is surely not so bad as to march into it with open eyes. To be enslaved by sin through thoughtlessness is not so great a depravity as to choose sin deliberately, knowing it and seeing it.

And yet those who sin boldly, defiantly, knowingly, who take evil to their hearts because it is evil and not good, are very few. Of the hosts that fall before the tempter, very few fall with their eyes open to the full meaning of the temptation. It is rare indeed that the wrong-doer cannot enter in plea of abatement, either ignorance or thoughtlessness.

How far do these pleas avail? They are often offered as if they were quite sufficient for the removal of guilt. It is easy to see that they do not go to that length. The common sense of mankind refuses to condone a crime in a grown up and rational human being, merely because he or she was ignorant that it was a crime. Much less does it condone it merely because it was done thoughtlessly or carelessly.

And the ground on which the common conscience acts in this matter is plain enough when one considers.

Take the plea of thoughtlessness. "I have done wrong," says the guilty party, "but I did not mean to do it. I did not consider or weigh the act or its consequences. I blundered into guilt unintentionally. Had I seen it as I do now, had I known what I know now, I should never have done the wrong."

The answer to this is, "You had no business to be thoughtless. Your carelessness was in itself an antecedent wrong. Judgment, conscience, reason, sense are given you in this world to use, to

guide your actions by, to direct your steps by. They are here on probation, here to be trained, strengthened, developed. You are responsible for their possession and their use. You are inexcusable if you did not use them, if you threw them away when you most needed them."

That was the first sin, the other followed as a consequence. God does not mean that men shall be thoughtless or careless. He holds them responsible for their actions, and that responsibility binds them over to both thought and care.

Unless they watch, unless they consider, they fail in worldly things. Thoughtlessness and carelessness work ruin in business, bringing a man to bankruptcy and beggary. He is bound by every consideration to be both thoughtful and careful. His whole prosperity and security in life depend upon his being so. A man's prudence and forethought are put on trial by the needs of life all the time, because both of these qualities are excellent, manly, moral qualities and necessary for human well-being. If a man waste his fortune thoughtlessly, if he ruin his business recklessly or carelessly, if he destroy his worldly well-being by lack of self-control, the ruin and the wrong are just as bitter as if all had been done by deliberate malice and of set purpose. The fear of the ruin was the very thing that should have trained him in prudence, forethought, and self-restraint.

Just so with sin or moral wrong. A man is likely to fall into sin, to go to moral ruin from rashness or carelessness. The fear of that result should hold him back, and is intended to hold him back from both. Because there is danger of moral ruin, a man should take heed to his steps; should be wary and watchful and self-restrained, should think before he speaks, and have his wits about him before he acts.

Instead, therefore, of making carelessness and thoughtlessness an excuse for sin, we make them sins themselves. In this solemn life, with all its solemn issues, the man who is careless, thoughtless, reckless, is living in sin. He stands already condemned because of his condition. He is held responsible at any equal bar.

Take ignorance in the same way. A man is given eyes to see and ears to hear and a brain to think. Close about lie things which affect his dearest interests. His life, in all that makes life valuable, depends upon his knowing those things, upon his full and clear understanding of those facts. He is under bonds to be

well informed. It is at his peril if he fails to know all there is to be known of what so closely concerns his life.

If through laziness or stupidity he is content to be ignorant, his ignorance will be no excuse for his failure. When his ignorance wrecks his own fortune and the fortune of others, he is not excused, he does not get off free because of it. His ignorance was, itself, his first wrong. He is already condemned for *that*. He was bound to know the responsibilities he carried, bound to understand his business, bound *not* to blunder ignorantly in conducting it, and the common sense of mankind holds him to a strict accountability.

If, indeed, the ignorance be unavoidable, if a man could not overcome it, had no means of setting himself right, then, though he will still suffer loss all the same, we do not blame him for a moral lapse. We pity him rather.

Now, in the moral guiding of a man's life, in the interests that are most permanent and most personal, a man is under bonds to know what he is about. He is pledged by the responsibilities of life, to be neither reckless nor ignorant. He has the means of information and is bound to be informed. He is walking a road beset with danger and is bound to walk warily.

But he sins. He says he did not know it was a sin, at least not so great a sin as he sees it. He was ignorant of the meaning and effect of his act.

The answer to him is that it was his business not to be ignorant. He is putting in a plea that is worthless. He is confessing himself a traitor to the obligations of his place.

If, indeed, his ignorance was invincible, an ignorance which no study or thought of his could remove, an ignorance imposed and bound upon him by unconquerable circumstances, that is another matter. But such ignorance, when it comes to right and wrong, is rare. The ignorance that does not know a sin to be a sin is an ignorance with which we will seldom be called to deal in a Christian country.

The truth is ignorance, which is so often pleaded an excuse for sin, is often an ignorance of choice, as a thing a man works for, and sometimes works hard for.

Tampering with conscience, excusing wrong, veiling moral evil, making it a slight thing, arguing with oneself that the act is not so bad after all, that at least in these circumstances, and at this time

it is different from what it would be otherwise—these are the things which produce moral ignorance. A man takes the devil's part against himself, turns tempter to himself, puts lies on his own judgment and sophisticates his own conscience, and then finds that he does not know a sin to be a sin, or recognize a wrong for a wrong.

That sort of ignorance is itself an aggravation of the sin, a result of a moral degradation which makes possible all sins.

And yet it is the common ignorance, this, which comes from deliberately confounding everlasting distinctions, from putting darkness for light, and curses for blessings, from voluntarily surrendering conscience to the devil, and making a compact with evil that it may rule.

It is the last state of spiritual ruin, this in which a man is content to cheat himself wilfully. He is far on the downward road, and fast travelling it to its end. Ignorance! His ignorance, instead of excusing his sin, is proof that he is now capable, and willing to be capable, of all sins, because he chooses darkness and not light.

The one thing which a soul wants to do, if it has any desire to go up and not down, is to stand by the facts of the case at all hazards. If a man chooses to do wrong, let him be honest to his own soul, not trying to cheat himself into a belief that *his* wrong is right. Let him accept his wrong and the consequences. If a man *will* go the road to the pit, let him not lie himself into the notion that he is going to heaven. Since he has chosen *that* road, let him be honest and confess its ending.

The most imbecile thing we can imagine is for a man to serve the devil faithfully, and then when caught, by way of excuse, with a surprised look of innocence and simplicity to cry out, "Oh! I was ignorant, a helpless innocent, I thought he was God all the time."

It is about what the plea of ignorance usually amounts to.

MAKE-SHIFTS.

IT is wonderful how little downright honesty men have in dealing either with themselves or others, how hard it is for men to face the facts and meet them as they are.

We are forever concealing, covering up, explaining away. We refuse to see the thing just as it is. We give it another name if we can do no better, and imagine that the new name has, somehow, conferred a new nature. The laborious way in which people lie to themselves is one of the saddest things we know.

Did ever a sinner actually face his sin honestly and call it by its honest name? Surely never, unless led by the grace of God. Till he is so led to real self-knowledge and downright, real repentance, he is always excusing, always making apologies, always, if he can do no better, inventing softer names for it, and baptizing the foul birth of hell with an *alias*.

It might be supposed that if honesty were to be found anywhere it would be found in religion. And yet, possibly, nowhere are men more dishonest, nowhere do they less face the fact, nowhere are they more deluded by make-shifts than in matters religious.

Take the whole mass of men who are living lives whose only end is spiritual ruin, men who are devoted to the world, their own flesh, or the devil, men who have voluntarily chosen one of these for their master and are zealously serving the lord of their choice. How seldom will you find one of these men who will be honest with himself and look to the master he serves for his reward.

He has always some excuse, some prevarication, some cheating make-shift to make him think that he may serve the devil and yet look for his pay from God. It may be some childish talk about God's mercy which denies God's justice, it may be some special excuse which he fancies in his own case, but we have yet

to meet the man who is honest enough to look to the devil for his full pay for faithful devil's service and be content!

But it is not only in the matter of their personal action that men are cheating themselves in religion; they do it just the same in matters not personal, in points of belief and points of practice which belong to the Church as a body.

There are difficulties in the way of the working of Christianity, both practical and theoretical, there are difficulties in the way of the working of the Church. We all meet them. We are all troubled by them. We are all, or we ought to be, anxious to remove them. How do we deal with them generally? As a rule we meet the difficulty with a make-shift. Instead of facing it honestly and squarely, and refusing to pass it by until it is righted, we invent some contrivance which shall tide us over it, which will do for the moment, which shall blind us to its existence and leave the real difficulty to stand and work increasing evil for the future.

Take the fact of a divided Christendom. We suppose no sane Christian can help seeing that this is not what the Lord wills, that He made provision for a totally other state of things than this, that He prayed against it, warned against it, as did His Apostles after Him, that the thing is evil, wasteful, paralyzing, that it is the thing which, to-day, stands in the way of the world's conversion. What do we with it? We invent the make shift of "invisible unity," and excuse the whole thing by talk of an "invisible Church!"

There stands the hard, bitter, evil fact. There stand our Lord's prayers and warnings against it. There stand the burning words of His great apostle. Men refuse to face the fact, refuse to do any honest thing to mend it, refuse to stand as they ought to stand, self-condemned, before it, praying for pardon, help and light; cheat themselves by the delusion of a fine phrase, and go on their road imagining that they have removed the evil because they have given it a new name.

In the old days the Lord Himself called that sort of thing "making the word of God of none effect through your traditions." We are not aware that He would call it anything other in modern days.

Or, again, we have the plain command to carry the Gospel to all people. We are plainly told that our Lord redeemed all, that

the message of His Church is to all. How do we meet this? We build churches and rent out or sell out their floors, to a select few.

We keep the Gospel for these select few—a private luxury—and practically, sometimes intentionally, by the very arrangement itself, shut out the people to whom we are sent.

That is the evil. The thing is plain and distinct before our eyes. It is one of the greatest and most serious practical difficulties that stand in our way in this country, one which, as long as it remains, bars the way against the footsteps of right advance.

What do we do with it? We shut our eyes to it; generally. We say there is no other way of supporting a parish. We remark that our time and country are peculiar and that this is the only method for us. Or we build here and there a pauper church, or set apart a half-dozen free pews at the door. In some way, we make a compromise with the difficulty, and put our faith in a make-shift, and hope the thing will last our day, and “after us the deluge.”

Here is another illustration of precisely the same spirit. We have been so miserably penurious, or so wilfully blind, that it is impossible, in our larger cities, to perform the Burial Service over our dead. We have provided no cemeteries, no mortuary chapels, and the parish clergy, in the cities, simply cannot go to the public cemeteries situated six or eight miles from the church, to commit the body to the ground.

So, instead of facing the difficulty, confessing our own failure in this matter, like men, and turning about to remedy it, we content ourselves with a make-shift, make a supposititious committal, and leave the undertakers’ men and grave-diggers to do the rest!

Sponsors, parents and pastors, in the intention of the Church are held responsible, solemnly made so, for the Christian education of baptized children. But all fail in the duty, one from pure neglect and sinful carelessness, and the other because we require so much of other wasteful work from the pastor, that he has no time to attend to the children.

And here, also, instead of facing the hard, unpleasant fact, instead of confessing, and seeking honestly to remove our own carelessness and failure, we content ourselves with the make-shift of the Sunday school; and transfer our children to the hands of irresponsible volunteers. Carrying out the same system of make-shift, we let our boys, especially, slip out of our hands, when they are just entering manhood, because the same make-shift of the

Sunday school blinds us to the lack of real honest schools under our own care, parish schools, and such like, where religion is taught, as if it were really a matter of some consequence.

So everywhere, and in a dozen instances, we are content to live from hand to mouth, using temporary expedients, cheap palliatives, poor make-shifts, thinking that if we have concealed an evil or postponed a difficulty, we have as good as removed it.

Now, the evil of make-shifts cuts deeper in religion than anywhere else. In the first place it introduces an element of unreality and insincerity where, above all, all things should be real and sincere. It vitiates religion all through, in a man or in a church. It is a covenant with lies, and makes one uncertain of all truth and reality.

And, in the second place, it postpones, indefinitely, any real reformation. We become content with the make-shift.

We get on with it after a fashion, and forget the existence of the evil which we have so carefully cloaked and concealed.

There is only one course here for an honest man or an honest church, and that is boldly and honestly to face an acknowledged failure or an acknowledged wrong, stubbornly refuse to call it by anything but its right name, resist all inducements to cloak it with a pretence, and all attempts to disguise it by any make-shift, no matter how ingenious.

This is a very serious sort of world, after all, and it is a very serious bit of business to live and do one's duty in it. It is all that, for a church or a man. Above all things, it is necessary to see things as they are, to be clear-eyed and clear-brained, that one may know his friends and know his foes, and consequently know his work and warfare.

Make-shifts are a delusion and a snare of the devil, everywhere. They are emphatically so in matters of personal religion or in the line of churchly duty, and every honest Christian should hate them cordially, and express his hatred, as we do here, at all fit times and in all fit places.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL IDEA.

THE Church, like her neighbors, has Sunday schools. Whether they are the best arrangement for doing her work or not, we shall not here discuss. We take the fact that she has them, and finds, of course, some use in them. As far as they go she is working just as her neighbors work, with an institution which is just like theirs.

We inquire what her purpose is in its use? What does she propose to effect with the Sunday school? Is her aim the same as that of the denominations? In short, what is *her* "Sunday school idea."

We confess we think these questions important. It is surely desirable to have a clear idea of our purpose in the use of any instrument. And we are far from certain that there is a very clear idea about the purpose of this one. It has seemed to us that Sunday schools are conducted as if they themselves were their own sufficient excuse. Our parishes have Sunday schools because other people have them, because it is the right thing to have them, because Sunday schools are good things in themselves. It has not seemed to us that the Sunday school is worked with a definite purpose for a definite result, and is to be held valuable only according to the extent in which it reaches that result.

Therefore comes the vagueness about the manner of conducting Sunday schools, the experiments in methods of instruction, the copying of plans from this side and that, the uncertain feeling about all plans at last, and the more and more certain feeling that the Sunday school is more or less a failure.

Were there a clear and reasonable understanding of the purpose sought, were the Sunday school worked for that purpose, and were it felt to be successful where that purpose is attained, were it used for what it can do and not for what it can not do, there would be less disappointment and more consistency.

We have said the Church, like her neighbors, has Sunday schools. Her purpose, however, cannot be theirs—in their use. Their theory of Christian training is one thing, and hers is quite another. It would seem that this consideration ought of itself to rule out the inconsiderateness which we observe in some quarters, and which leads our Sunday school managers to copy the methods and even adopt the lessons of other people's Sunday schools.

Our theory about the position of our children and their relation to the Church and Christianity is one thing. The theory of our neighbors is quite another thing. We start from one principle in the training of children, and they from another. Now if we use the Sunday school for the purpose of that training we must manage our Sunday school, it would seem, quite differently from what they do theirs.

For no matter what be the statements of their standards or their more conservative and scientific theologians, the popular, practical and accepted principle is that children are *not* members of the Church. Whether they are baptized or unbaptized is all one. Before becoming members of the Church they must be "converted." A certain process, which takes place usually, if it takes place at all in adult years, must first be gone through with, and it is this process which in the opinion of "the Evangelical denominations" makes one a member of God's Church, and so entitles him to be received as a member in any sect of man's.

The Baptist alone accepts this principle in its full logical results, and, in consequence, refuses to baptize children. He rightly, therefore, instructs a child on the distinct understanding that he is not, and cannot be a Christian as yet. He is consistent in this. But his humanity gets the better of his divinity, and instead of holding, as he is logically bound to do, that since the child cannot be a Christian, therefore he cannot be saved, he makes an exception in his case and generally concedes that while a *man* cannot be saved without being a Christian, a *child* may be. To be sure, it seems very queer that a soul good enough to go to heaven is not also good enough to be a member of the Baptist church. But that is only another instance of what we see so commonly, the refusal to carry out principles to unpleasant consequences. Human nature is, very often, better than its creeds, and effectually protests against the logic of those creeds when they outrage it too bitterly. At all events the result is the very remarkable one that, on their

own principles, there are but two places in the universe whence children, because they are children, are hopelessly excluded—hell, and the Baptist church. Other “Evangelical denominations” are not even so logical as our Baptist friends, and while nominally they accept children as members of *their* churches, and generally hold them fit to go to heaven when they die, nevertheless, practically deny them membership in God’s Church, because they are not yet converted. Indeed, the results, logically, of fragmentary bits of Calvinism are very queer and inconsequential generally. It is a system which must be taken as a whole or not at all. And, taken as a whole, while it is not a thing to fall in love with, it is something for which one cannot help having high respect.

In the “Evangelical denominations” then “the Sunday school idea,” if there be any clearness or consistency about it, is that the Sunday school is a place to help a child to get “converted.” We question whether this is distinctly set forth as the aim in all cases. Generally we suspect it is not. Christianity is taught, as much of it as is taught at all, as an intellectual matter. Personally it does not concern the child yet because he is not a Christian. It may concern him sometime, when he becomes a Christian as it is hoped he will. But now he is outside the covenant, outside of its privileges, and outside of its duties as well. He looks at it from the outside and his teachers teach him to do so.

He is, as the final end, preparing to be “converted.” A “revival” is sought in the Sunday school for that purpose. Emotional hymns form a large part of the exercises. There is, in many Sunday schools, more singing than teaching. Emotional preachers are sought to address him, and they address him in the dialect of the system. When he has “met with a change” or “experienced a hope” or “got religion,” he is fit to be taken out of the outer court of the Sunday school and introduced, in full membership, into the Church.

The Sunday school, therefore, on this idea, is no part of the Church at all. The two things are quite distinct. In the Sunday school she is dealing with those outside the covenant, as really as when she preaches to the heathen. Her purpose is to persuade the children to become Christians.

But, here, to embarrass the matter still further, comes in the little scrap of Calvinism, “the effectual call,” under another name, teaching all concerned that there is no certainty in the

result, that God alone makes men or children Christians in His own good time, and that human help can neither seriously advance nor retard that consummation. At best we can only increase the chances.

Now the Church, on the other hand, boldly and plainly teaches that children may be, and ought to be, members of the Church, that all baptized children are so, that they are inside the covenant, with all its duties and all its privileges.

Her children, therefore, have the right to Christian teaching, because they *are* Christians. Her instruction begins on the principle that they are children of God, and not of the devil. Christianity is something which personally and particularly concerns each one of them.

Moreover it is something which the Church owes them. She cannot withhold it on her peril. It was pledged to them at their baptism. The Church's honor is engaged in the contract. She would be just as right in closing her churches, in suspending her sacraments, in ceasing the preaching of the Gospel as in ceasing to instruct her children. It is a work with her, inside and not outside, a work among her own members for her own sake.

She has provided for this work by providing a course of instruction for her children, and laying on sponsors, parents and pastors the duty of seeing it fulfilled. The public catechising in the Church is a venerable institution. It existed, and did its work ages before Sunday schools were thought of. We are by no means sure that Sunday schools have quite succeeded in filling its place, or that it might not be made, to-day, an exercise of the greatest profit and interest to the children and the grown people as well.

To the Church with these principles and this provision comes the Sunday school. What must be the "idea" of it? Manifestly it must be one which works harmoniously with her other ideas and with her principles.

If it be considered a help to parents and pastors and sponsors in the fulfillment of their duty to the children, or if it be considered an institution to which they surrender that duty, it is still the same in its purpose. It still has a definite work before it. That work must be the one which the Church pledges her honor at the font for—the teaching the child the principles of the Christian faith because the child is a Christian.

There can be nothing plainer than the course laid down by the

Church. It is definite and straightforward, and its end is clear from the beginning. "Ye are to see that this child be brought to the bishop to be confirmed by him," etc., that is the end. The child is a member of the Church. His age prevents his performance, even his understanding, of the full duties of his position. But those full duties and full privileges, too, are his when the time comes. He is under training to perform those duties and use those privileges rightly. Confirmation is set out as the solemn rite which shall put him under both. He is therefore in training for confirmation.

Now, whatever place we give the Sunday school, its "idea" with us is, that it is helping to prepare children for confirmation. When the child has the bishop's hands laid upon him the Sunday school has done its work for him, and not before.

We must remember, indeed, that it is an institution we are using at our own risk. The responsible parties are parents, sponsors and pastors. On them the Church lays the duty of caring for the children. If they see fit to transfer this duty or any part of it to irresponsible volunteers, they do so at their own risk. The Sunday school, with us, can only be considered as the assistant of these responsible parties. But manifestly whatever be their work that also must be the work of the Sunday school. There is only one kind of work which the Church demands shall be done for her children. The Sunday school cannot change it.

If we are right in all this it would seem to follow that there is no need of experimenting. The business of our Sunday school is not to amuse the children, delight them or entertain them. It is not to teach them hymns or keep them singing, marching or reciting. The Creed, the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments—to believe as Christians, to worship as Christians, to live as Christians—to teach these is the one business in our Sunday schools. Other things may come in, helpful, illustrative, but *our* Sunday school is a catechetical school, a school to teach definite doctrine, definite faith, a definite line of duty to those who are under obligations to them all.

Now, just so far as our Sunday schools are training children for confirmation and first Communion, so far and no farther, are they fulfilling the only possible end for which they are justified in existing. Their numbers will not tell us their prosperity, neither will the amount of their offerings, nor the glory of their festivals,

picnics and Christmas trees. Those things, we fear, are often taken as the end in themselves. Instead of being of any use, they may be of positive harm. And mistake here is the cause of much of the unfruitfulness of these schools.

Here is something which the pastor must answer for. Is his Sunday school regularly sending a well-instructed class of young people to the bishop? Is it definitely training children up as Christians because it believes they *can* be so trained, and God means they should be? Is it really doing the work which he and the sponsors and the parents of his parish are bound for taking care, namely, that these children be brought to the bishop to be confirmed by him?

If it be not doing this, he may be keeping up a Sunday school for custom's sake, or because others do it, or to interest the children, but he is not keeping it up on the only idea which justifies its existence among us as a substitute for parental and sponsorial teaching and the bounden duty of public catechising by the pastor.

“O YE OF LITTLE FAITH.”

A MAN may be *in* a body and not *of* it. He may be a member to the eye, and yet have no part of the body's spirit.

There is a class of people in the Church who are objects of real pity. They are “Episcopalians.” They “love the Church.” They “admire her beautiful liturgy,” etc. But they are unhappy in their position. They enjoy their good things with fear and trembling. They are in a chronic state of blind terror and suspicion. They are afraid of the body of which they are members.

We all know this unhappy class. We trust it is growing smaller by degrees, but, it would seem that, as it grows smaller it grows noisier. Its wailings were never louder, shriller and more persistent than at present.

Every step the Church takes in advance draws a cry from these fearful souls. Every new movement is, to them, another step on ruin's downward path. Every new diocese organized is an instance of our rapid decay. Every new church built, is, in some of its arrangements, a cause of suspicion and fear. Every missionary meeting or convocation is attended with an accompaniment of dirges and misereres from these trembling souls, who see nothing but danger anywhere.

They stand round the Church with white terror in their eyes, with blanched cheeks and quivering lips. The Church lifts her hand and they forthwith cry: “She *moves*! She is crazy! Bring a rope somebody. Tie her fast. Tie her quick. Oh dear, what *shall* we do?”

She opens her mouth and speaks. There is another scream of fear: “Gag her quickly. Choke her, somebody! We shall all be ruined. Don't you see she is actually going to *say something*? Alas, alas, how shall we avert this ruin?”

She lifts her foot and steps forward. Then the writhing agony almost turns to dead horror. “She is actually *walking*. This wild Church—this terrible unruly Church. She is loose and

travelling! Oh, what *shall* we do? Ropes, fetters, handcuffs, padlocks, bring them all, and quickly! She is *going*, don't you see? She will soon be *gone*. To Rome?—(whisper it low). Who knows? She is *going* anyway, and nobody knows where she will stop. Knock her down quickly, tie her hand and foot; and if they ask you what you are doing, tell them she *was* certainly going to that awful place."

The existence of this unhappy class has been the greatest drawback, we know, upon the Church's progress—the alarmists, the shrieking terrorists, that have made a business of frightening men and women, as they are frightened themselves, at their own shadows.

One gets naturally indignant with them, and yet they are really rather to be pitied. How unhappy must be their lives! They are in a body in which they have no faith. They are in chronic fear of the body's tendencies, temper and spirit. They go with it because they are *dragged*. They protest against themselves and their own position every day, and yet find no means of deliverance.

We certainly know no class of people more deserving of pity and forbearance than this.

If a strong man found himself in a body whose purposes he distrusted, whose aims he feared, he would, of course, leave the body, and find another where he could work in peace and hope. But these brethren are *not* strong. They are very weak. They have just "love" enough for the Church to make them compromise with fear. They have just "attachment" enough to some of her qualities to induce them to cling to their uneasy and unhappy position.

They have no *faith* in the Church of which they are members. They have, on the other hand, downright distrust. They do not comprehend her spirit or her character. She is a riddle too hard for them to read; and the thing we do not know is always terrible.

So it becomes the struggle of their lives to keep her just where she is, to prevent any step or movement, to cry out that all is lost, if they detect the slightest sign of any tendency to go forward. And, in these days, they are finding cause enough for alarm. Their lives must be indeed unhappy. There are so many things said, and so many things done, such evidence of teeming life, such a disposition to snap all fetters and stride onwards, such an irresistible impulse to do the day's work given with both hands, the

Church is so clearly showing herself too large for sect clothing, too Catholic for sect measures, that these souls of little faith are having a very restless time of it. Their small cries of alarm are rising on all sides; and now, alas, nobody heeds them!

We counsel quietness and confidence. The Church is very sure of her position and of her course. We have only to commit ourselves fearlessly to the body and work *with* it. Let the alarmists have their little shriek if it brings them any comfort. Only let the rest of us go quietly on and *do our duty*. We have no time now to attend to their unreasonable fears. We are all in motion. That is just what *we* want. The Church is striding forward. We have perfect confidence in the road she will take. She has travelled it for a great many years, and knows it pretty well. She walked it before our terror-stricken brethren were born, and will go on walking it when their timid souls are comforted, for all life's fears, in the joys of Paradise.

Put faith in the Church of God, and work *with* her, not *against* her. *Help* her, do not obstruct her. Be sensible, practical and courageous as she is, and the race of the alarmists will find their occupation gone.

EUTHANASIA AND THE SCIENTISTS.

THE world has been perhaps more amused than shocked at the proposal, seriously made, however, by some philosophical gentlemen in England, that in certain cases of hopeless disease, or imbecile old age, physicians should be authorized to put a quiet end to the patient with a dose of morphine or chloroform.

The business, of course, is to be conducted under proper guards and restrictions. All securities are to be taken, that the case is hopeless, or that the victim's usefulness is over, and we believe it was even proposed to ask his consent, that is, if he still retained his faculties, we suppose. But when the preliminaries are all complied with, in the presence of the sorrowing wife and weeping children, the doctor is to give his powder of forgetfulness to the beloved husband and father suffering with softening of the brain, or stricken with paralysis, and get him quietly ready for the undertaker according to appointment. The clergyman also would be present to pray for the dying and to comfort the stricken and sorrowing family.

When a man's father becomes toothless and childish the son will lovingly give him the happy despatch and enter on possession of his estates. When the mother becomes feeble and old the loving daughter, with her own gentle hands, will drop into the spoon and carry to the lips that kissed her baby face, the precious dose that will put the dear old soul out of the way of troubling her longer. The tender mother will carefully prepare the drops for poor little crippled Charlie, whose careless nurse let him fall down stairs while his dear mother was at the opera, and the same dear mother will gaze, with tears in her eyes, at the last shudder of the dear child's body before he ceases to be a worry to her any more.

In fact, the most tender pity and love will stand by all sick-beds, and as soon as the doctor says "the case is hopeless," or, "if he recover he will be a burden, a cripple or weak-minded,"

they will tearfully administer the gentle drug and put the sufferer out of his pain.

We shall have no more cripples, no more imbeciles, no more old people. The law of "the survival of the fittest" will be in full operation. It will be a world of strong, young, hearty people who enjoy life to the fullest. Hospitals and asylums will be things of the past, and we do not see but that in the end the doctors themselves will have nothing to do except preside over the affectionate poisoning of their patients.

This is what is called *Euthanasia*—which is Greek for Happy Despatch, Filial Poisoning or Connubial Execution.

The grotesque horror of the proposition is what seems to have struck everybody. The fact that it is a serious proposition and grows naturally out of the prevailing "philosophy," has not attracted the attention that such a startling fact deserves.

It has been and is, perhaps, still the custom in various savage tribes, to practice just this *Euthanasia*. Where a man's grandfather or grandmother becomes a burden, subject to that most incurable of all diseases, old age, it is the custom to knock the old gentleman or lady on the head, and in some tribes, we believe, to give a supper afterward, and invite the friends and relatives to eat the defunct. In Sparta they used to strangle all the children who were not robust and well-formed.

The proposal by the English philosophers is therefore not original, and need not be startling. The plan has been tried, and with more or less success in the opinion of those who tried it. The curious thing about it is that a savage and pagan custom should be advocated seriously in England at the close of the nineteenth century. We may concede that there is much to be said for it. From the point of view of the materialists, there is everything to be said for it. The proposal is a logical result of what has been calling itself "science" for the last few years, and on the basis of that science its wisdom is unassailable.

If man be a development from the primeval slime, an improved oyster or ape, we fail to see where there is any room to talk about "the sacredness of human life." There is *nothing* "sacred" in nature. Certainly she treats life with very scant reverence, be it vegetable or animal. In no "law of nature" do we find a hint that there is any sacredness in mere existence. Nature's forces ruthlessly trample out and trample down life in all its forms. She

is the bloodiest handed of all murderers. She ravens beak and claw.

Man esteems his own life highly. But it is a delusion to transfer his own estimate of himself to nature. She wipes him out with as little sense of his dignity, as little feeling of pity for him, as if he were a bit of sea-weed or an insect. Material nature, and it is of that we speak, and from that the scientists of whom we speak insist we shall get all our "science," has no more regard for human life than for the life of the mushroom or of the gnat. If man be the product only of material nature, an outgrowth of the everlasting ooze, there is no ground for esteeming his life more sacred than the ooze from which he springs, more valuable than any other of its products. Things can rise no higher than their source, and if man be but an expression of nature's force, he must take his chances with the rest of such expressions. To esteem it any moral wrong to deprive him of life, is but a superstition derived from an obsolete faith in the supernatural. To value his life beyond what material results it produces, is to act most unscientifically. To esteem it a gift worth preserving, when the man's active work is over, and he is a burden on other men, is a delusion that still lingers from the influence of a Christianity which all scientific men have agreed to consider effete.

Christianity set men on building hospitals to cure disease, asylums to nurse till they died those who are given up as incurable. It has exhorted men and women to the care of the old, the helpless, the suffering, the imbecile, as a most humane as well as Christian work. It has sought to mitigate the sore distress of hopeless pain and slow disease by patient devotion and tender nursing.

Philosophically, all this has been a gross mistake. Every hospital is a breach of "natural law." Every asylum for hopeless human disease of mind or body is in direct violation of the great enactment, "Survival of the fittest"—the grand discovery of our time. What right have we to complain of anything that has gone wrong with us, when we have been ruthlessly trampling on the great foundation laws of life, as patiently explained to us by Mr. Spencer and Mr. Darwin? How can we expect to prosper if we continue obstinate in our rebellion, insisting that the weakest shall *not* go to the wall, that the most unfit *shall* survive, if skill and care can make him? That the cripple shall live, the imbecile shall be fed, cared for, taught as far as may be, and helped to live?

That the hopelessly insane even shall be nursed with the tenderness a mother gives a child? That the blind shall not be straight-way poisoned, but shall be helped to grope his poor, dark way as long as possible?

Our entire Christian civilization needs reconstruction. It has no "scientific" basis. It is, on the other hand, opposed to every so-called "scientific discovery" of our speculative materialists. They have been warning us for some time now and we have hitherto refused to be warned, and the penalty we endure for our breach of "law" is a population largely composed of weak, unhealthy, wretchedly poor and suffering people whom we have persisted in keeping alive. If we had but taken the more scientific method of the savage and drowned our cripples, or at least let them die, if we had allowed the lame and the blind, the imbecile and the insane, to come under the action of the "law," what a happy and healthy community we should this day be! "Natural selection" would have preserved alive only the types that are best and noblest, and as it has developed us up so far from the mollusk to the man, if we had only let it work without our superstitious interferences, it would by this time have developed us, if not into angels, at least into Modocs. The beneficent law has been outraged and we have built temples to the honor of the outrage. In every Christian land those relics of a superstitious and unscientific age, hospitals, asylums, refuges and the like, insult the scientific understanding and proclaim our rebellion against "law."

The matter is perhaps too serious for jest. And yet it is not jest. That is the message to humanity which naturalism announces. If we confine ourselves to what calls *itself* "science"—that is knowledge solely of material nature about us—we can find no other conclusion. There is nothing in it for man except coldness, cruelty and savagery. The strong have a right to live. The weak are born to be trampled out. The sooner the trampling out takes place, the more effectually it is done, the better is it for all concerned.

Euthanasia is thoroughly "scientific." It is based on the "laws" which the "scientists" have been preaching as supreme. To that end mere naturalism leads at last. If there be no *supernatural* basis of life, if man be of the earth earthy, if he be merely an outgrowth of the dumb forces of matter, as scores of "scien-

tists" have been telling us in language more or less plain, if he be governed by inexorable material law, which is the highest and the only law, then it is wise and merciful to put him out of the way when he becomes a burden to himself or others.

If our naturalism be true, then the blind, the lame, the hopelessly sick, the old, the feeble, the imbecile, are most miserable. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," becomes the height of wisdom for men.

What right has an old, worn-out man to exhaust the freshness and the energy of some young life? What right has a poor, sick, helpless creature to weary out the strong in demanding that its life shall be cared for when the plain law requires that death relieve it? There is no place in naturalism for a being who cannot take care of itself.

It is quite as well that we should be accustomed to the logical consequences of some of our philosophies. The tradition of Christianity is so strong upon the most "advanced" of our wise men, that it holds them back from the carrying out of their principles. But here and there is one, and we should all be thankful to him, who is so intellectually constituted that he must carry a "law" to its issue, and by that issue let us see the nature of the law.

The hint of what may be is given is the revival of the advocacy of suicide for the wretched and the putting to death of the helpless. Naturalism carried out comes to that conclusion. Mr. Herbert Spencer has been patiently laying down principles which scores, who think they think, are accepting without the slightest idea, on his part apparently or on theirs, that they are simple savagery and pure paganism, and that the man who dines off his aged mother has been acting on them, though Mr. Spencer's name has never been heard in his native speech.

In some sense of the supernatural, in some faith in the unseen, in some feeling that man is not of this world, in some grasp on the Eternal God, and on an eternal supernatural and supersensuous life, lie the basis of all pity, and mercy, and help, and comfort, and patience, and sympathy among men.

Set these aside, commit us only to the natural, to what our eyes see and our hands handle, and while we may organize society scientifically, and live according to "the laws of nature" and be very philosophical and very liberal, we are standing on the ground on

which every savage tribe stands, or indeed on which every pack of wolves gallops.

One may safely say, "If you will show me on any principle of naturalism, or any rule of what you shallowly in these days call 'philosophy,' on any 'law of nature' why I should not strangle my deaf and dumb child, smother my paralytic father, or drown my hopelessly insane wife, then I will turn materialist also."

We are far from believing that gentlemen know how they have been undermining the foundations of civilized and social life. A lurid glare cast across these speculations, like this English discussion of Euthanasia, may startle some whom Mr. Tyndall's discussion of the scientific absurdity of prayer might not startle, though both are locked in one, and stand or fall together. But, however it be, we are sure that man will find that society stands on supernatural ground, that the family and the nation are divine, and that "naturalism" modified, or disguised as it may be, is only isolated savagery. "Every man for himself, and the weakest to the wall."

EXCLUSIVENESS OF THE CHURCH.

THE charge of exclusiveness is a common charge against the Church. It is also considered one of the most damaging. According to popular opinion it is a very naughty thing to be exclusive; at least, it is a very naughty thing in a Church. When our neighbors talk about "the exclusiveness of the Episcopal Church," therefore, they mean to say, that "the Episcopal Church is a very naughty Church indeed."

We have looked over the Ten Commandments carefully, and we do not find "Thou shalt not be exclusive," in any extant version. There is that much to comfort us. Exclusiveness is not a breach of the Decalogue. It may be very bad, but at all events it leaves the Commandments safe.

Neither are we aware of any precept of the Old or New Testament by which exclusiveness is condemned as a mortal sin. Indeed there are several texts in the New Testament, and the Old is full of them, which seem decidedly to encourage it, and in some sense, to make it a duty. Christians are called "a peculiar people." They are declared to be separate from the world. They are taught, in certain cases, to "shake off the dust of their feet" in separation. They are instructed to "have no fellowship" with certain kinds of persons.

It is hardly necessary to refer to the Old Testament for special Bible warrants for exclusiveness. The law and the prophets are full of warning in its favor, full of enactments to preserve it in its utmost rigor. God's people were neither to marry, nor live, nor eat, nor drink, with certain other people. Under no circumstances were they to allow those people to enter into the Congregation of the Lord. They were to shun them as men shun the pestilence.

It is clear, then, that as far as the Bible is concerned, exclusiveness is not *per se* a deadly sin. It is very possible there may be two or three other things as bad. Indeed, it is very possible, as far as the Bible reveals, that it may be positive righteousness. Our

sensitive Church people should take matters easy. Even if the charge of exclusiveness be true, let them be thankful it is no worse. It was one of the most common charges against the *early* Church.

Truth is always exclusive. It always shuts out error. When you prove two and two to be four, you are exclusive; you exclude two and three, two and five, in short, every number *plus* two, save two itself *ad infinitum*. Establish any truth whatever, and you thereupon bar out all that contradicts it.

It is not the exclusion, but the character of the thing excluded, which seems to be the important matter. It is undoubtedly a good thing to exclude error. We can scarcely do a better job than to shut out wrong. This sort of exclusiveness is a thing to be earnestly desired. The exclusiveness of the Church, if our neighbors look a little closer, may be its very highest commendation.

But why comes it that, to the popular feeling, exclusiveness is so ungracious? Because there are two kinds, we may answer, and they are confounded. The one, which is right and proper and necessary, comes in to share the odium of the other, which is mean, conceited and self-willed. The exclusiveness which is the effect of truth against error, is that of the Church. It is defensible, necessary, desirable. It never needs an apology. It is never ashamed of itself. It founds itself on clear distinctions, on eternal verities. It exists in the nature of things.

There is another exclusiveness, which is that of Sectarianism. It exists outside the Church, and in a degree, inside. It is the exclusiveness of Phariseeism, of conceit, of smallness, of ignorance or vanity. It is hateful and contemptible. Now, as a fact, we know that this last is utterly anti-Church. The faith of a catholic Church is a broad, clear, simple faith. It is the announcement of certain changeless verities, certain everlasting facts and realities. It is short, decisive, certain. All contradictory things, of course, are excluded. But they are excluded by a logical necessity. There is no choice on the subject. A catholic Christian believes in "God, the Father Almighty;" as long as he has reason he cannot accept the man who denies God, or the Fatherhood of God, as being of the same faith as himself.

As far as the Church excludes, then, she excludes whether she will or no. She cannot help herself, while she remains sane. She is not exclusive because she loves to be. It is no choice of

hers that she is so. It is the omnipotent necessity of truth. This exclusiveness is unselfish, is noble. It exists with the most glowing charity, with the most ardent affection, with the largest heartedness.

But a sect excludes by another law. The sect chooses its faith. It makes its own doctrines, its own tests. It confesses those doctrines and tests are not absolute or essential. They are merely its *notions*. Yet it excludes for them. It cuts itself off for them. It builds little walls and hedges for the sake of its small notions, or its Pharisaic holiness.

For instance: The Church excludes no man who professes repentance and sincerity, and confesses his faith in the words of the common Creed of Christendom. She is exclusive of Jews, Mohammedans, Deists and Pagans, of course; but only then from logical necessity. She did not make her creed, as sects do. It was given her. She must live up to it.

On the other hand, the Presbyterian Church excludes a vast variety of good Christian people, not because they deny any article of our common Creed, but because they do not accept certain peculiar views over and above. That is to say, the Presbyterian accepts Christianity *plus* Presbyterianism, and excludes me because I insist on accepting Christianity *minus* that addition. That body has accumulated a quantity of doctrines, notions, opinions, etc., which it holds above and beyond Christianity. Those doctrines, notions and so on, are Presbyterian-*ism*. They are not the Christian faith, but a pile of opinions about election, reprobation, forensic justification, effectual calling and things of that sort, which are the pet views of the denomination. On their account the denomination is exclusive. Just so the Baptist is exclusive; not on account of Christianity, but on account of immersionism. He insists on my being a Christian *plus* Baptist notions. I am excluded, though I be tenfold a Christian, unless I accept the Baptist-*ism*.

The Methodist, in the same way, excludes for the sake of his Methodist views. I am shut out, not because I will not accept Christianity, but because I will not accept it *plus* Methodism. He, too, is exclusive for the sake of notions. That is to say, all these bodies, and a dozen like them, exist as separate bodies, not for the sake of their Christianity, but for the sake of those peculiar notions, doctrines and fancies, which make the sect what it is.

And, for a long time now, they have all declared that these notions, doctrines and fancies are of no earthly consequence. The Presbyterian confesses I can be a good Christian and utterly repudiate Presbyterianism; the Baptist, that I am not a whit the worse for refusing to be dipped backward; the Methodist, that I am no farther from the Kingdom of God, because I reject Methodism. They all confess, that is, that Christianity is something quite distinct from their peculiarities. They declare loudly that a man may be a noble Christian and have nothing to do with what they divide God's Church for!

Now, when these people are exclusive they are so from conceit, from whim, from selfishness. They are not so because they are compelled by the pitiless logic of truth. They are so because they prize their own small notions higher than Christian charity. On their own confession they exist a separate sect, in their small conceited isolation, not from any essential of Christianity, but for some exclusive whimsies in doctrine or practice which a man may point blank deny, and go straight to Paradise the next moment—so they declare!

It strikes one, when it is looked at, as rather a queer thing that these people should charge the Church with "exclusiveness;" that they should take their own especial sin and lay it on her shoulders. They each had their birth in "exclusiveness." The Church was not holy enough or orthodox enough, and so the sect was created to exclude all but the saints. That is the historic beginning of every sect. It excludes all but itself from the Kingdom of God. With the early Puritans, whatever was outside Puritanism was of Satan. The Church especially was of the evil one.

The only body in the land which demands only Christianity as a test of membership, which does not supplement Christianity with some *ism* as an essential to fellowship, is the Protestant Episcopal Church. It is mere ignorance of character which leads any within her to talk about her as having "peculiarities." It is profound ignorance for any to speak of *her* exclusiveness with blame. Her faith is Christianity without one sect whimsy or one lonely *ism*. She excludes only Jews, Turks and infidels.

RELIGION LEFT BEHIND.

THE yearly departure from our great cities of a large portion of the population, is a social phenomenon which can be no longer overlooked. It has a variety of bearings upon our national life, which have importance to this population itself, and to others whom it affects.

We propose here to consider only some of its religious bearings. Those which touch political economy and civic concerns we leave to others whose concerns these things more directly are.

It has come to be the fact that to a large number of people in New York, for instance, and the same is increasingly the case with Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and other large cities, the city is only a place of business and sojourn, not in any sense a real *home*. The increase of the wealthy class has enabled many to have a *home* somewhere else. The tendency towards the possession of a country place somewhere is a growing one. Although the American country house is a different affair from the English, and the tendency towards a country life for city people in America will, from the nature of the case, be always limited.

The great majority of the people who leave the cities in the summer do not go to *homes*. They can scarcely have home attachments to four brick walls in a block where every doorway is like the next, and every house is cut on the same pattern. But in leaving the city house they do not better themselves. They spend the summer in hotels or boarding houses, passing from one place to the other as fancy dictates, or, perhaps, they go to Europe. The family is broken up. The wife and children are quartered upstairs in some caravansary of a hotel or boarding house. The husband and father busy, as the majority must be, is dining at restaurants in the city during the week, and Sunday alone can be given to the family. With the social features of the case we are not especially concerned, though at sight they are grave features and suggest serious thought.

A great city deserted by large masses of its people, and those the most intelligent and well-to do, is not likely to be as well conducted as if these remained. The man who considers it and his life in it as necessary, though unpleasant evils from which he wishes to escape, or at best to have his family escape, is not likely to be deeply interested in its health, its cleanliness, or its good government.

But the serious thing, passing such considerations, is that the summering of American people is a conspiracy against family life, except in the case of the very wealthiest, who have country seats, or when the man can give up business. To the family in the "summer resort" it is an idle, dressy, vain and silly life, beyond measure bad for children, and worse, if possible, for their mothers. To the husbands and fathers working in the city it is wretched and full of temptations from its irregularities and its evenings without a home.

The Sundays of summer in the great city present a strange contrast to those of the winter. There are places of public worship closed by the dozen. The congregation is away, and the pastor has gone on his "vacation" to recruit his vast intellect after the winter's stupendous sermons. He and his family follow the fashion. In those that remain open the crowded aisles of the winter and spring have given place to empty spaces, and no perspiring sexton is fretting over the problem of finding seats for the strangers without disturbing Mrs. Goldthread, or intruding on the pew of ponderous Mr. Moneybags. For the people who have to work for their living and cannot leave the city for the summer, can do it at least for a Sunday, and the boats to Coney Island, Long Branch, Hoboken and the like, and the cars to Central Park, are filled (as well as the beer gardens), with people who prefer absence from the city heat to a church where for some few Sundays they would be welcome in the absence of its owners.

Meanwhile, where are these owners? Do they take their religion with them, or do they leave it behind in the city? If there were a genuine country home to which a family could go, and where they had the attachments and the belongings which surround a home, the Sunday in the country would be like the Sunday in the city only more abundantly. The family would throw itself into the interests of the churchly life at hand; they would be helpers to the pastor and contributors to every good work,

busy in the Sunday school and regular at public worship. But at present it is not so. The circumstances of the case are too much for consistency, circumstances let us understand it, voluntarily chosen, and for which the responsibility must be borne, and the summers of many professed Christian people are vacations from religion as well as from work, and actual blanks in the religious life. Church goers in the city are Sunday idlers in the country. People active in all good works in the city dawdle their church hours away in the country. They have in short left their religion behind them as a part of their city furniture.

The temptations are very strong, as we have said, but as we have also said, these temptations are of their own choosing. The sense of responsibility is lost where almost the sense of personal identity is lost among the strange crowd that swarm one of our absurd hotels. The place chosen is chosen without the slightest reference to religious privileges. Church people will betake themselves to a resort for the summer without a thought of asking whether there be a church or a clergyman within twenty miles. And finding none they take no pains to help get either. The tired males from the city, arriving on Saturday night, prefer novel reading or lounging to church going on the Sunday, and the wife will even make herself a martyr to her sense of wifely duty by denying herself the happiness of going to church, that she may "give Fred, poor fellow, her society during the day, the only day in all the week he can spend with his family," just as if she did not know all that before she came.

Let us not be misunderstood as if we are describing a thing which has no exceptions. There are exceptions, and many of them. There are families who are the city pastor's helpers, and like his right hand in all good works for months, and whom the country pastor finds the same to him when the summer's heat bring them to his care. There are Churchmen who are wardens and vestrymen in town and the same in the country, who are large givers in both places, who are doing double duty as officers or helpers in two perhaps needy parishes, whose pockets are assaulted for Church purposes in city and country equally, and who take both assaults manfully, and respond nobly. We allow for the exceptions. And yet, what we have written is true, as scores of country pastors in whose cures city church people sojourn for months know well.

These men will tell us that it seems many of our city people keep their religion and their Churchmanship for the city exclusively. They certainly appear to bring neither with them to the country. Their example is pernicious. They are careless of their public duties of worship. They are profaners of the Lord's Day. They close their hearts and purses equally against the demands of the religion they profess. Perhaps the place of their sojourn has a struggling parish, or is a point of missionary effort. It is none the better—sometimes, it is sad to think, much the worse—for their presence.

This vacation from religion and its responsibilities, this abdicating of the sense of religious duty, is one of the serious evils of the annual emigration of the city thousands into the country. They carry city fashions, city wastefulness, city frivolity—evils enough—with them; they leave the large, generous, open-handed religion of the city behind them.

It is for us to call attention to this feature of our American summer life. Is it too much to hope that by calling attention to it, it may be in some degree remedied? Can our people not remember their responsibilities? Can they not be made to feel they carry them with them summer and winter equally? If pastors should speak plainly and exhort earnestly on this matter before the annual flight leaves their churches empty, would not their people be the better for it, and many a country brother find the invasion of "the city people" into his quiet parish a help and not a hindrance?

THE CHURCH AND WORKING PEOPLE.

THE interest of the Church, indeed the interest of all Christian people in "the masses," is apparently greatly on the increase. It is felt that "the masses" need careful looking after. And their habits, their tendencies, their amusements, their ways of spending their Sundays and things of that sort are becoming subjects of concern to conventions, congresses, and other gatherings of people who are not masses.

One of our "General Conventions" sent a thrill of gladness through a number of hearts, because it passed some resolutions with regard to these masses. Some enthusiastic souls proclaimed aloud that a new era was about to dawn upon the Church and the country in consequence of those resolutions.

Without going to the extent of believing that the millennium is to be brought in by resolutions, we may express our satisfaction that these resolutions were proposed, that there was some speaking upon them, and some thought turned to the fact that the Church has business with people who do not rent pews.

As to the resolutions themselves, they are of special interest to us because they at least reveal a feeling in the right direction. When we come to analyze them, we find that beyond that revelation, there is little to encourage us. They begin with calling attention to the fact that there is much profanity among workingmen. This is possibly true. There is also a great deal of profanity among stock-brokers. We seriously question whether among a given number of Pennsylvania miners there is as much profanity as among the same number of Wall or Broad street stock speculators. We cannot be certain for the first-class. For the second, our opinion derived from personal hearing is that they would hold their own, in that respect, with any class of men in Christendom. If we are to have special missions to the profane classes, it will not answer to pass by the stock-exchange.

Again, the resolutions set forth the duty of the Church to teach

these men that they are not to array themselves against the capital which gives them bread."

Now, if the Church is to go into the business of teaching political economy, she must at least learn its alphabet. And that alphabet will tell her that capital no more "gives bread" to labor, than labor does to capital. A phrase of this sort betrays an utter misapprehension of the point at issue, and a false ground which will render every effort worse than useless, namely, *mischievous*.

If again it be a question not of political economy but of moral right, the Church is quite as much bound to teach capital that it shall not array itself against labor, as to teach labor that it ought not to array itself against capital. The "strikes" of recent years have rudely summoned attention to the fact that we in America will be called to face every problem which has ever disturbed Europe, and that under new and peculiar conditions. One peculiar condition is that with us the striker is a voter. That is a small circumstance of which, we may be sure, mayors, governors, even judges, indeed all people who are made by voters, will take special notice.

They also frightened people who have capital (as they well ought), and set them to devising means to make "labor" behave itself for the future. One vigorous railroad manager even proposed in the "practical" way in which railroad managers are apt to settle things, to call upon the United States; in all such cases, to abolish laws and courts and all such red-tape arrangements, and to send at once a general with troops sufficient to keep all railroad workmen at least to their duty at the point of the bayonet!

To call in the Church to keep rebellious "labor" in order is more merciful. And it is interesting to see the anxiety expressed on all hands, that religion should have an influence over workmen in order to prevent them from arraying themselves against capital. It is quite, in some respects, a new feature in the working of churches and denominations in this country.

We concede the obligation of the Church to teach workmen their duty. But we beg to call attention to the fact that it is equally an obligation to teach those who are not workmen *their* duty. And, moreover, we gravely doubt the wisdom, while we do *not* doubt the unscripturality, of separating in her thought and practical dealing the rich man and the workingman into

special classes, as if she had a message for the one different from her message to the other.

It is this unwisdom that vitiates, as far as we have seen, both inside and outside the Church, well-meant schemes for "reaching the masses." The great body of people in America are working people, "masses" in the religious dilettanteism which is talked on platforms. They have among them, quite as much intelligence, quite as much virtue, quite as much independence and manliness, number for number, as are to be found among those *not* called "masses." To talk with them, to propose to deal with them, as if they were the specially wicked, sinful or dangerous class, is folly, and disastrous, and mischievous, and thoroughly un-American folly.

We are, therefore, always sorry to see this question of the "masses" brought up in any religious assembly, because we invariably find it the cause of talk which may be "goody," but which to the independent workingmen of the country must be snobbish, irritating and repelling.

The fact that the workingmen of the country are more and more drifting away, in our cities and manufacturing centres, from all religious connection, is a plain fact and a sad fact. We are not sorry that capital should take alarm at the circumstance, and begin to suspect that churches and clergymen may be useful at least as a police, useful to teach people that they ought not to burn up railway stations or break up "palace" cars! For capital, so far, in this country has had no glimpse of its obligations, has had no notion that it has any, and has acted, as a rule, on the purely wolf theory of human life. Instead of an alliance with labor, it has obstinately set itself in antagonism and competition, and labor owes it nothing.

We have the excuse for it that it is a new thing among us. It has not yet learned its duty nor its relations to life, to the country and the world. It will learn them in time, but it will learn them by some bitter experiences.

Between these two the Church must see that she lose not her Christian position, even in an attempt to do what seem good works.

To her the capitalist is just as much a "mass" as the day-laborer—the day-laborer just as little a "mass" as the millionaire. They are neither of them a "mass," but an individual soul for whom

Christ died. She cannot deal with "masses," classes and societies. She deals with individuals, with the single Dives who was lost, and the single Lazarus who was saved. All this talk about "masses" and "reaching" them is neither churchly nor Christian. It is the meanest talk of the meanest plutocracy which ever existed—a shoddy plutocracy which has never yet learned that wealth carries responsibility, which displays its thousands as an Indian waves his scalps, in glorification of its own cunning and audacity!

There are certainly a few things which we ought all to remember. The working people of this country are not the criminals especially. The long line of swindling bank presidents, of knavish insurance operators, of forging brokers, of dishonest stock gamblers, of thieving railroad managers, of scoundrels in one place or another of high trust who have robbed the community, stolen the poor man's bread, bribed courts, bought legislatures, and corrupted the national life from cabinet-ministers to tide-waiters, were not workingmen. These are the crimes of capital against the country, against humanity.

And the luxuries, the vices, the family and social corruption which reign in our great cities are not the sins of artisans and day-laborers. Capital in America looked on as a purely personal possession, without responsibility to God or man, has corrupted all the springs of life. There are lives that are baleful influences every day because the men that lead them are millionaires. A terrible indictment can be drawn up against capital by any man who chooses, and if the two are to be morally antagonized, we respectfully beg to be excused from taking the ground that labor in America needs special missions to Christianize it above capital, that John the brakeman is farther from the kingdom than the swindling president of the company that employs him.

Profanity in the broker is no whit better than profanity in the bricklayer. The shoemaker is just as safe in going to Coney Island on Sunday as the merchant in going to his club. Playing cards for money is no worse in the beer shop than in the Union Club House. To be tipsy there, or at a corner grocery amounts to about the same thing morally.

This assumption that sin lives in tenement houses and the moral virtues reside on the avenue, this quiet taking it for granted that well-to-do people are always virtuous, and that the Church must

make special efforts to keep bricklayers, carpenters and blacksmiths in order—that these last and their kind are the specially dangerous and sinful class—is nearly always present in the plans of religious people to “reach” the “masses.”

The assumption is worse than Phariseeism. It is blind ignorance of life and fact and anti-Christian as well as senseless. A Church in earnest about her work will not imagine that Dives had all the virtues because he wore good clothes, sat down to good dinners and lived in a fine house.

THE POWER OF DULLNESS.

THERE is a certain power and weight in dignified dullness which the prudent man will consider.

There is nothing more unsafe than brightness. The man who sees clearly and speaks clearly, the bright, bold, alert man, whose mind works rapidly, is a very unsafe man. The world is always suspicious of him. He has new ways of looking at things, new ways of saying things. He startles and annoys people. His reasoning may be very clear; his conclusions very conclusive; his method bright and to the point; but his clearness and precision and brilliancy of comprehension and statement, are against him.

The general average of humanity does not see clearly, nor think clearly, nor express itself clearly. It is a very muddled affair generally. If it is to be taught and influenced, it must be on its own ground. It has the conviction that muddle and confusion are the normal state of things. It is very suspicious of the man who undertakes to disentangle the confusion, and bring precision out of the muddle. It resents his pretence that anything can be clear which is not clear to itself. It pronounces him "an able man, perhaps a brilliant man, but an *unsafe* man."

It turns with a sense of relief from him and his ways to the safe timidity, the decorous dullness, the dignified and solemn heaviness of respectable commonplace, which disturbs nobody, and against which not a word can be said.

As the world is at present constituted, the man who sneers at grave and rotund dullness is very short-sighted. There is no stronger element in the moral values of State or Church than a judicious and stately stupidity. People always know where to find it. It is something a man having once learned to lean on, can lean on all his life.

In the pulpit perhaps there is nothing that at times has greater influence. When decorous and solemn commonplace occupies that position, and gravely confines itself to large round platitudes, it is a positive relief to a man of nervous temperament. He can

close his eyes and go to sleep quietly, satisfied that when he wakes everything will be as he left it. There is a sense of serene rest and calm, as if a man were removed from all the turmoil of the wicked world, when he can incline his head at a comfortable angle, and let the round and balanced sentences lull him to his rest.

We entered once, awhile since, a church which shall be nameless. The pew backs were very high. They were well cushioned. The preacher stood in a thing shaped like a giant's wine-glass. There were seventy-five heads before him, exclusive of our own, all gray or bald. These seventy-five heads just appeared above the backs of the pews, clothed in their venerable gray crowns of glory, or shining in their bareness, where sermons by the hundred had hit and glanced off to the next pew. The venerable heads were calmly reposing in that sweetest of all sleeps since infancy—a Sunday sleep in a well-stuffed pew—all except perhaps a half dozen whose consciences or ledgers kept them awake. It was only at rare intervals that a noise, as of one in an uneasy dream, disturbed the solemn cadences of the preacher.

He was preaching on the duty of reading a chapter in the Bible every day. It was a thoroughly safe subject, and he handled it in a thoroughly safe way. The sentences were all round and well finished after the approved pattern, and they rolled out with a full and musical intonation, as if the speaker enjoyed the sound of his admirable voice. Evidently he was "the right man in the right place," a man of weight and influence, a thoroughly safe man, to whom those dignified gentlemen could intrust the preaching of the Gospel in *their* church, satisfied that all was well, while "drowsy tinklings lulled the fold." It was a touching sight to see the quiet confidence those world-weary men reposed in their chosen shepherd; with what infantile simplicity they dropped to rest, as if each one said, "The doctor is preaching. It is all right. He will go through that manuscript in a way to command any man's confidence and respect. We can go to sleep like lambs while *he* guards the sheep-fold."

But it is not in the pulpit only that the importance of grave dullness is exhibited. On the bench it is better than genius often, and the gentleman so richly endowed has a reputation already secured. Even at the bar it tells in very important directions. But when once it has mounted the bench, it is glorified.

In politics, in legislation, the history of all countries illustrates

its importance, and the advantage of its cultivation. A community repose, like the congregation above described, in happy quiet under the rule of respectable commonplace, that does to-day what it did yesterday, that never disturbs itself with new lessons, or puzzles itself about untried problems.

No man is more annoying in political affairs than your reformer, your man of genius, your bright, clear-eyed man, who insists on getting at the bottom of things, and knowing whys and wherefores. A community that consults its own interests, will keep him and all such out of all places of power.

To be sure it is only fair to say that sometimes there come crises in social and political life which set all rules at defiance, and your dull man looks on with a dazed and imbecile look in his glassy eyes which is really tragical and pitiful. There is need of something more than dullness then, or things go very badly. But as soon as the crisis is over, dullness assumes its ancient worship, and clothes itself in all its primeval dignity.

In literature the influence of dullness is not given, we are sorry to say, its due consideration. Readers are getting into a bad habit of impatience with it. They have been known to condemn it, and speak bitterly and sarcastically about it—to resent it almost as a personal injury. This is the case in general literature, however. Religious literature has not thus cast off all regard for the past, and abandoned itself to new-fangled ways.

The religious book, or the religious publication, being in some sort akin to the sermon, retains still due respect for dignified and solemn dullness. It is read as a duty, sometimes as a penance perhaps, and the reader resents any attempt to render his toil lighter or his penance less penitential. He wants to go in the old respectable and decorous path and the ponderous periods of a grave discussion, ponderously involved and elaborated, have a great weight with him. They sound very magnificent and learned, and at all events are thoroughly safe; and his religious book or religious newspaper must first of all be *safe*. "Whatever is right," must be their motto. The same venerable straw must be threshed over again and again with the same regular and grave beat of the wooden flail. The writer must not disturb his reader with any subject on which there is a difference of opinion, or with any view or any question later than his venerable great-grandfather.

We know religious papers, for instance, which owe their weight and consideration, and both are considerable, to the fact that they never had an opinion and never will have; that they never expressed themselves on any matter on which there is greater doubt than on the propositions that "honesty is the best policy" and "virtue is its own reward;" whose secret of influence is the owl-like gravity and highly-respectable dullness with which they repeat Mother Grundy's oracular utterances to an over-awed world. So, as we have taken the liberty to say, he is a very thoughtless man who underrates the high position which dullness holds in the minds of men, or the dangers and the failures of brightness.

We cannot ourselves see why the pulpit should be dull, why religious books should be unreadable, why religious newspapers should be stupid. We do not see the connection between piety and owliness, nor understand why necessarily brightness should be condemned as hostile to religion.

But though we cannot see the subtle bond of connection, we recognize the fact. We warn all men that are called to write sermons to shun anything like originality or power; to avoid saying things in a way in which they are not said by everybody else; to steer clear of all attempts at vivid, precise and clear utterance. These things are sure to be considered "unsafe." They may attract for a time, may have influence for the moment, but as a dependence, in the long run, there is nothing that wears like good heavy dullness.

The same warning is equally necessary in the case of religious books and periodicals. The temptation to brightness may be very strong at times. It is wise to resist it with all one's might as a delusion and a snare. The thing that wears and holds its place as safe and influential to the last, is grave and judicious commonplace.

We have watched with a sad interest the working of this temptation in the case of some church newspapers. There has been, in some instances, a strong tendency in the direction of brightness and directness. We have trembled for the result. A judicious snubbing, however, has usually effected a cure. The ambitious effort has been met with the demand for a safe and prudent and solemnly respectable "family paper" gravely astride the fence, and blinking with a look of ineffable wisdom now at the crowd on this side, and now on the throng on that, determined to hold

that fence at all hazards and disturb nobody by the question of which side is right or which wrong.

But alas, there are now and then mistaken mortals who do not know how to be dull; who even esteem it a duty not to be, to have clear opinions and express them clearly.

It is our plain duty to watch over them and warn them, to throw about them all inducements that can restrain them from a course so pregnant with mischief to themselves and others.

For no matter what restless and light-minded people say, there is nothing safer than a certain respectable heaviness. It calms one's feelings and consoles a mind disturbed in a restless world. Religious newspapers especially should cultivate it assiduously.

OBSCURE MILLIONAIRES.

THE *London Spectator* once published a list of those it called "obscure millionaires" who had died within the previous ten years. The list was rather a long one.

This list sets one considering. The age is a shopkeeping age, it is true. It is apt, we say, to value men according to their property. Great wealth gives great consideration, and yet, notwithstanding the exaggerated importance of money and money getting, it appears that wealth in the largest measure redeems no man from obscurity; that money in itself, by its mere possession, confers no distinction which even this age values.

Its *use*, and not its possession, is all that can make it a matter of distinction.

In our own country even more than in Europe, wealth exaggerates its own consequence. It is natural that it should, for here, more than there, it is a personal matter. The American millionaire has "made," as he says, his own millions. They represent his own shrewdness, industry, tact, perseverance, or "good luck." He is fond, it may be, of reminding us all that it is so. He is a "self-made man," and recurs to the time when he was a barefoot boy, or a penniless youth with some pride, as a proof of how bright a man he is in having changed by his own unaided powers the early poverty for the present wealth.

He feels in his heart he has done a noble work, and that he deserves the commendation of mankind for doing it. He is liable to disappointment, as we all know, and it is somewhat strange that, shrewd as he is in money matters, he is so blind in others. For the rest of the world is very busy, and has little time to trouble itself about his success or his failure. Neither can other people see on exactly what grounds a man can claim its applause only for having taken good care of his own interests.

The consideration given to him for his money is given only to his face by those who expect to get something by it. The community would look complacently upon the matter if a sudden re-

vulsion should set him to sweeping the streets to-morrow, would consider *him* indeed quite as important in the last occupation as in that of raking his heaps higher. In other words it is the wealth itself that is important, if there is any importance in the case. The man who owns it may be very unimportant. In fact, if he is content to be merely its owner, is sure to be so.

The only way to create distinction with wealth is by the *use*. What a man does with what he has determines the question of his obscurity. The world is very just, and forgets all but its benefactors. The millionaire who uses his millions for his own benefit is like the office-holder who uses his office for his own benefit, or the man of genius who exhausts his genius for his own selfish ends, or indeed like any man who, endowed with a trust, uses the trust for his own exclusive use and behoof.

Men possessed of other trusts are not as apt to make this mistake as the men possessed of money. Genius, intellectual power, high spiritual gifts, we are all loud to claim are conferred for the good of humanity. We stand ready to condemn relentlessly the men who endowed with such gifts use them meanly for their own advantage. But great wealth, especially if a man has himself won it, is less apt to be considered a *trust*.

The greed for it is great. It is often sought not for itself, but for the supposed distinction it confers. When the young man of energy and ambition looks forward to the attainment of it as the end of his endeavors, he is not led by any miserly desire for money in itself. He has rather the nobler desire of winning distinction and importance by its possession. It is a means, and not an end. Pity he should in the years of his pursuit so often change his notion.

For his first opinion is right. Wealth *can* confer distinction. It can bring honor and high consideration. It can make a man's memory fragrant with blessings for centuries. But to do all this it must be used.

There are millionaires in our own country who will neither be remembered nor cared for thirty days after their costly funerals. Their passage from among living men will leave no void, for the stocks and bonds and shares which alone gave them their consequence remain. Mankind has lost nothing, misses nothing.

There are others who will be missed in a thousand places and by thousands of hearts, for though the millions remain, the heart

that made the millions a blessing is gone. The *man* in this case is lost to us, and he was more than his money. There are again some few who so dispose of their thousands that their names and memories are linked for years, for centuries, to the monuments of beneficence they leave behind them, famous the land over, not for their wealth, but for the good deeds their wealth was used for. The millionaire is nothing, his importance nothing, his consequence nothing. We want to know what he does with his millions before we care to remember his name. As a millionaire merely, he is like the great poet who never writes, the great orator who has never made a speech, the great inventor who has never invented anything. He had grand opportunities. He could have done so much with his money. He did nothing. He "died worth so many millions." That is all. We stand by his grave, and think "what a fool he was!" Another "obscure millionaire."

A TIME OF WORK.

STRONG hopes have been expressed that the Church is about entering on a career of what is called, somewhat vaguely and certainly confusedly, "practical work." The hope is founded on the peace and good will which it is assumed reign among us at present. The belief that they reign is founded again on the fact that the last General Convention seemed to do as little as possible and leave matters nearly as it found them.

On the whole we are not sure that this connection of cause and effect is quite philosophical.

But more peace, granting its existence in a Church, is not certain to be fruitful in either good works or good thoughts. It depends very much on the nature of the peace.

A Church may be in profound peace when she is dead, or practically so. The peace may be the peace of the coffin.

A Church may be at peace, too, because she has become utterly indifferent to truth or error. There is nothing worth contending for. Gospel and anti-Gospel are about the same to her. The Catholic Faith is all well enough, but so also is denial of the Catholic Faith. In fact, *is* there any Catholic Faith? Is there any real truth and certainty in the world, and does it make much difference what is held or taught, so only that we have "practical" results? Are there any doctrines, any beliefs worth contending for, worth keeping brethren disturbed about, worth disturbing ourselves about?

It is conceivable that a Church may be at peace, or what seems to the outward eye to be such, from indifference to all truth, from toleration of all error, from a latitudinarianism so wide that so long as a man is within her and does not disturb her he may teach, hold and practice what he will. Her peace may be so profound that there is not sufficient love for truth or sufficient hatred of falsehood within her, as that she shall disturb herself though the Truth she was set to guard be trampled upon in half her pulpits, and scouted by half her teachers.

Churches have been in such condition before now. The Church of England was never in profounder peace than when Socinianism was represented on her Episcopal Bench, and Seneca and Epictetus, instead of St. Paul and St. John, were the Apostles in some of her most dignified pulpits.

And so much was she enamored of this peace that she had only scorn, hatred and opposition for any earnest soul who proposed to disturb it by preaching Christ and Him crucified!

So one needs to consider the *kind* of peace.

If it be a peace which sinks unimportant differences, mere personal notions and preferences in the face of a great, overwhelming, fruitful Truth which lies below and above them all, a peace springing from the intense realization and passionate grasp of an everlasting Verity, leaving no room to consider its temporary and accidental coloring, then such peace is blessed and the united Church marches a serried host under the inspiration of this great creative Truth of God to new conquests daily.

But if it be a peace coming from carelessness about truth in itself, from doubt whether there be any truth, from distrust as to the power of it and lack of faith in its fruitfulness, if the thought, expressed or unexpressed, be "it is of no consequence what a man believes or a Church. All beliefs, and, indeed, all unbeliefs, amount to the same thing in the end, and there is nothing in any of them worth a struggle"—then we may be sure the peace is anything but fruitful. It is a peace which needs be broken, and shortly, too, if that Church *is to live*.

Now we do not say our Church is by any means at peace. We are far from taking the fact of a very pleasant Convention, full of amiability and good fellowship, in the enjoyment of the genial and generous hospitality of a delightful city, as convincing evidence of its existence. Among gentlemen and Churchmen there are no personal dislikes involved in differences of opinion. It by no means follows that because such men treat each other courteously, even affectionately, that therefore they have on either side changed their opinions. It is only the shallowest outside view that could see things so. Beliefs are not things which honest men at least can give up for courtesy, or even friendship. It is only those who have none themselves that can so imagine. We believe ourselves, that every principle over which the Church has been contending for three hundred years is alive and energetic to-day. We trust

they will be alive and energetic for many years to come. The outward expressions of such principles may change their form. But the principles themselves are deathless and will assert themselves as vigorously as of old. And in this we see the hope of the Church, that those principles are so strong, so vital, and held so to be, that true men will never allow them to sink into forgetfulness, or yield them as indifferent in a Church alive to the whole cycle of God's truth.

Granting, as it has been claimed boastfully, that the so-called "Evangelical Party" has ceased out of our Church, does any man imagine that out of it has ceased also the central truth that party represented, and, in ways which were by no means always admirable, insisted upon, namely: That Church, Sacraments, Priesthood, all apart, those considered or not considered—every soul must stand alone before its Judge and answer for itself as if it were the only soul in the universe with Jesus Christ, and Him alone its advocate, if it have any advocate at all? Does any man dream that a central vital truth like that can ever cease out of a living Church, ever fail in such a Church to find powerful and intense utterance, or fail, if it be thought, rightly or wrongly, that there is any danger of its being overshadowed or forgotten, to summon to its passionate defence and restatement thousands of earnest souls?

But if we admit that there be unusual peace in the Church at the present, does it follow that such condition is prophetic of more earnest and successful work?

We answer yes, *on one express condition*, and we earnestly call on all earnest men to consider and understand.

If the peace result from such intense grasp upon some underlying, overshadowing and vital truth of God, that for the time being all smaller truths are embraced and absorbed, as it were, into it, and all mere details of teaching and holding it are dwarfed in the passionate love for it, and for its propagation and triumph—so and not otherwise!

For no reform springs out of the ground; no work for man has ever yet been done unless as the result of some truth held vital. The world's work, much less the Church's work, is never done on general principles. Some man must suffer for the people always. Every step onward has been won in blood and sweat. The triumphs of humanity are tracked by the dead and wounded. If

men are saved temporarily or eternally, they must have saviours, and those saviours can never save themselves. The price of seeing others saved is that a man is himself content to perish.

And these saviours never come unless as led and sustained by some overmastering conviction. Men give their lives to a cause because of faith in the cause. Faith is ever the measure of sacrifice; sacrifice ever the measure of success. The high tides of the Church's work are always the high tides of her faith. Every reformation, every era of advance, has been an era when some great vitalizing and impelling truth seized men and drove them pitilessly onward to toil, and if need were to perish. The grasp of a man upon such a truth is the measure of his efficiency.

If a man work there must be some motive for his work. If a Church work there must be some motive for her work. That motive is a faith in some truth. It is intense and efficient according to the faith; it is idle to suppose that because a Church has ceased to care for doctrines she is therefore ready to go to work. Most of the talk which uses the word "practical" as the sum of wisdom is excessively shallow. There is nothing practical that is not based on principle. The deeper the principle the more its practical results. Doctrine is the basis of all duty. A Church without doctrine is a Church without work.

If there be no danger of eternal death, why should a man labor to save men from a phantasm? If there be salvation without Christ why should men spend their lives in bringing them to Christ? If one "Church" is as good as another why trouble oneself to bring a man into any in particular? If there be no danger to the souls of men in error why worry oneself to teach them truth? If belief is of no consequence why teach any particular one? If there is nothing wrong or harmful in Romish doctrine what a waste of effort there has been in our Church for three centuries, and what blind, blundering, aimless lives our fathers lived in their stupid Protestantism! And if there be no evil in belief in purgatory, in auricular confession, in prayers to angels and dead people, in worship of the Eucharist, and the rest, what a stupid business it has been from Ridley downward, and what a mass of trash those Articles we have been making so important!

If the Church be a benevolent society to do people good, "practical" men should remember it is because she is far more than a benevolent society, and that if she were *only* such she would

never have continued to this day and would disband to-morrow. The reason for her existence lies deeper than the benevolent works which they sometimes seem to imagine to be her only works. If she is of use in society, even to the degree of persuading men on a "strike" not to burn railroad cars, it is because she has beliefs intensely held, which make her consider railroad cars of very small consequence. The notion that without those beliefs she would have any interest in railroad cars, or care whether men burned them or not, is a very shallow delusion.

Now whether there be in the present condition of our Church the emergence into new life and power of some partially forgotten or blurred truth, which, flaming and insistent, has seized upon her heart and conscience, with the power of a new revelation to impel her to new and heroic efforts for the salvation of men, is a thing on which we leave the reader to make up his own mind. But we wish to assure him that if there be no such emergence, then the hope of a new era of more advancing work is a dream and the prophecy of it a deceit.

If it be just as well for the Chinese to be taught Romanism why should any man throw away his money or his time teaching them something else? If it is just as good for the Indians to be made Methodists why should we trouble ourselves about making them Churchmen? If Presbyterianism is as good as Episcopalianism why do we keep a band of bishops and clergy on the frontier establishing the last *ism* and worrying the Church about the means to do it? And if all doctrines be equally good, or equally indifferent, and the definition of the Protestant Episcopal Church be "the Church that admits all views to be equally good and all equally welcome from High Mass and its worship to Unitarianism and Universalism, so that none can find fault with the other, and all live together in peace," is it worth while, since all these views are taught and well taught by other bodies, to trouble ourselves about a pair of missionary boards to propagate them at home or abroad?

For to keep up a Church for its own sake—the sake of the mere organization—is the narrowest sectism under whatever fair names the thing be veiled. Moreover, a Church so kept up is not worth the keeping and proves itself so to all men finally. The Church, any Church, and the whole Church, is worth its outcome, worth its results, not a penny more. It exists not for its organiza-

tion, but for what grows out of its organization. There are churches—Apostolic Churches—dead and cumberers of the ground to-day, disgraceful to the name they bear, because they have made this mistake.

If any one supposes that it will be sufficient motive to cause men to work and give and spend themselves for long, that they may merely bring men into one organization rather than another, he has studied history little and human nature less. And if he imagines that it will be an element of persuasion to bring men into the one rather than the other, because it is indifferent what he believes, and this “liberal” one admits all doctrines indifferently, and is devoted to “charity,” he is strangely blind to an experience before his eyes.

The prophecy of the Church’s efficiency and power is not to be based, as shallow-sighted seers put it, upon indifference or good-natured careless toleration, but upon her clear vision and passionate embrace of doctrine vital to the souls of men—doctrine which throbs into living energy in every fibre of her being. Faith is the measure of her power.

A PASSED FASHION.

THERE are fashions in religion as well as in other things. The Church is subject to the influences of tendencies; and in doctrine, ritual, or practice of devotion, in style of worship, of preaching, or of benevolent action, the history of the Church, as of the world, teaches the power of temporary influences and shifting tastes, the power of tendencies and *fashions*.

The "drawing" sermon of one year is the "dull" sermon of another. The important doctrine of one decade awakes no excitement in the following. The point on which the fate of the Church, the world and even religion itself, turned in the beginning of a century, may be, in the middle of the same century, considered a very unimportant point indeed. A matter held to be vital to the very existence of the Church at one council, may, at the next, be passed in silence as a thing indifferent.

For while there is the divine element of unchangeableness in Christianity and in the Church, there is also (since both are in human hands), the human element, which is variable, as all things human are.

The wise man knows this and accepts the conditions. He is, therefore, not disturbed—certainly not unduly excited—at any temporary tendencies or "fashions" (so to speak), in religion or in the Church. These, he knows, pass away. The truth and the fact abide forever.

Some while since there were frequent complaints about the tendency to pass by men of experience and years in choosing pastors and to "extend calls" instead to younger men.

Sixty was called the "dead line" in ministerial service. A man out of duty with hair frosted was supposed to have little likelihood of being "called" into duty again. It was complained that, whereas, to the physician, to the lawyer, to the banker even, gray hairs and long experience are actual capital, to the clergyman alone they are a positive drawback and even fatal objection. Parishes, it was said, preferred young men crude in thought, inex-

perienced in life, shallow in council, to men of ripe wisdom, chastened thought and long years of service.

There was, some years ago, to tell the truth, a prevailing reason for such assertions. Young men were the "fashion." But like all fashions it was a fashion sure to change. It has not lasted even so long as one might have expected. That it is rapidly passing away, any one, in the way of observing the course of events, must have distinctly noticed. Parishes are getting into the way of asking about a proposed rector: "Is he a man of *experience*? How long has he been in the ministry?" And of saying, very decidedly, "We do not want a boy."

Even in the matter of electing bishops it is no longer considered quite the highest recommendation of the new bishop's fitness, nor the chiefest evidence of the electors' wisdom, that "he is barely of the canonical age—the youngest bishop, we believe, ever elected in the Church."

And there are very positive and plain reasons for this change of temper and change of fashion. Ascertained character has a value. In the lowest of life's interests it has a value. Its value can be summed, and is every day summed there in the measure of value there recognized. Experience counts. Settled steadiness, habitual industry, fixed habits of duty and work, *count*. It is very strange, in one point of view, that practical men, keen sighted, and with a true instinct toward wisdom in these lower matters, should have been so blind in matters infinitely higher. As director of a bank, a gentleman would esteem it mere folly or worse to vote for an inexperienced youth for president, or even for a responsible partnership, while, as warden or vestryman of a parish, the same gentleman would vote for a comparative novice as his rector. The explanation, of course, is that most men consider their bank accounts (as a matter of practical concern), of more importance than their souls!

But there is a change. The temporary fashion is passing away, as it was sure to do, and graybeards appear to be coming to the front again. Not alone among ourselves, but in all the denominations.

We may indicate some of the more evident causes for the change.

It has been found that an "Evangelical" parish might "call" an exceedingly "Evangelical" young rector, and that, in the

course of a few years, the young rector finding out the error of his ways and rapidly "advancing" on new and untrodden paths, might develop an intense liking for candlesticks and chasubles, much to the horror, and generally to the confusion and scattering of the staid old parish!

Now it plainly is not a question here of the right of candlesticks and the rest, nor of the rector's right to indulge in those luxuries. But the parish has its rights also, and when it "called" the Rev. Mr. Blank, a young priest of twenty-five, it certainly did not contemplate his blooming out, the Rev. Dr. Blank at thirty-five into vestments, "high ritual" and "Catholic advance." There is a breach of contract in some sort and the parish feels naturally somewhat sore.

Or the enthusiastic young rector takes another direction. Candlesticks, vestments and such like are not beautiful in his eyes. He does not "advance" in their direction nor by their light. But he has "broadened." He has not "advanced" but *spread out* (sometimes the spreading is necessarily thin) and his ideas about the Atonement, Saving Faith, Everlasting Salvation and Everlasting Death are, if not somewhat nebulous, at least not exactly those he used to preach, and which the parish expected him to preach when it "called" him. So again, there is an element of dissatisfaction, a sort of breach of an implied contract.

And here again it will be noted there is no question of the right or wrong of the rector's present views or of his past. It is simply a question of fairness and good understanding with the parish. He was not "called" on the reputation of his present views. Indeed, had he been supposed to hold them he certainly would *not* have been called to *this* parish, at least.

"But shall he not grow? Shall a rector not change his methods, his views, his general impressions of doctrines, if his conscience, and duty to his own veracity, lead him, because of some implied contract with a parish?"

We are not saying he shall not. We are only pointing out a fact, and a result. In a Church so largely tolerant as ours, which actually declines practically to try any man for any opinion, it must be remembered that it is not the clergy alone who have rights. If they have the right to change, and "*advance*," the laity have equally the right *not* to change and *not* to "*advance*." And when a parish "*calls*" a young rector on the reputation of hold-

ing and teaching a certain *form* of doctrine, it certainly is justified in feeling dissatisfied that he begins at once to find his views a mistake, and instead of teaching with authority, makes his congregation the *corpus vile* on which to practice theological experiments, till he reaches such views as, at that time at least, he believes to be correct. Now, as "views," and opinions in the Church are so various, and as the laity have just as much right to their "views" as the clergy, as, moreover, the "calling" to rectorships and pastorates is in the hands of the laity, it is simply natural, reasonable and inevitable that vestries should pass by young men whose "views" are not yet formed, and "call" men of settled opinions, fixed tendencies and ascertained character.

Sudden surprises, even when they are pleasant surprises, are somewhat straining to the nerves. When they are *unpleasant* they are harrowing to the most well-balanced temperament. It is not wonderful, then, that the laity of the Church have got somewhat wearied of the sudden surprises, not always pleasant, to which smooth-faced young rectors have treated them. On the whole, a man when he begins to teach people ought to know what he is about. He really ought not to be himself a learner. When he arises in a pulpit as an appointed and authorized teacher of truths which concern man's eternal well-being, he ought to have some reasonable assurance that he is *certain* of the truths which he professes to teach.

The practical laity are coming to the conclusion that it is not their "mission" to be the material for the experiments of unfledged theologians.

They have a weak but natural desire to have the same old Gospel preached to them in 1896 as in 1890. The result is a growing disposition to shun "young rectors" and even young bishops, and to look for men who have come to fixed conclusions, and have a consistent story of some sort to tell, and who are not going to put the minds of men to the strain of discovering which is true, the notions of the active-minded young rector this year, or his notions last.

So, even in the ministry there is a demand again for *ascertained character*, for fixed opinion, for settled convictions. And this, not only in the ministry of the Church, but, as we see, in that of the "denominations." Then, too, people are tired of crudities, of improvements, "advances" and "foremost thoughts," and are insisting

on the very reasonable principle that if a man set himself up as a public teacher, or allow himself so to be set up by others, he should really understand and believe what he proposes to teach.

Parishes and congregations of all sorts are tired of "breaking" theological "colts." Their curvets, prancings and rearings, graceful as they may be to the eye, are hardly so effective as "the long pull and the strong pull" of the steady worker that knows his business, his harness and his road.

We have no tears to shed for the passing out of the old fashion, nor for the coming in of the new. It is a part of the "advance" of the Church which we heartily accept.

THE POPE AS AN INSURANCE COMPANY.

MORALIZING on the death of Louis Bonaparte, a Roman Catholic paper once said solemnly, "If history teaches anything, if the fate of the two Napoleons has any lesson, we learn from Sedan and Chiselhurst, no less than from Waterloo and St. Helena, that it is fatal to betray the Church of God."

"The Church of God" is here the Papacy. We are inclined to think that history will find other and larger lessons in the lives of the two personages mentioned than may be deduced from any connection of theirs with the insignificant little Papal States.

St. Helena and Chiselhurst were natural ends enough for lives which from first to last neither feared God, nor regarded man; lives contemptible for their selfishness; lives black with the vilest crimes, personal and political; lives based on purely wolfish and foxy principles, with no sense of responsibility, nor any feeling towards humanity.

The first Bonaparte was a man of vast abilities, who used those abilities solely for his own aggrandizement. The last Bonaparte, if he had any claim to be called a Bonaparte, was a man of small abilities, who undertook to rule a nation with the low cunning of a gambler, and with a gambler's morals. Their end was just as natural as their beginning, and needs not to be accounted for by the introduction of any gentleman from Rome. As well say the lamented "Boss Tweed" is an instance of how fatal it is to betray the Church! Or that the equally lamented Mr. Jay Gould is an instance of vengeance, in that he did not pay due respect to "His Holiness."

When a man undertakes to conduct his life on the plan of the wolf or the fox, he is fighting against every law that holds in God's universe, and we are thankful that those laws now and then assert themselves so visibly before all the world, that the most thoughtless are startled by seeing him who lived as a wolf or fox, die like

a wolf or fox at last, whether he was called "Emperor" or "Boss," "Prince of Erie" or "sneak thief."

His estimate of that good gentleman, the Bishop of Rome, has as little to do with the end, and just as much, as his estimate of the beggar at the crossing. He has waged war against human nature, in bishop and beggar equally, and the eternal moralities he has outraged, grind him down and crush him out.

It is poor cant that echoes itself as above, a poor shallow reading of the lesson of gigantic lying lives. The man that beat at Waterloo, and sent the trapped wolf to St. Helena, had wonderfully small regard for the Pope and his Church, and died in his bed at peace, while a vast nation wept, and a world echoed its lamentation. Surely the great duke is a good example of how a man prospers who does not care a sixpence for the Pope!

The great statesman, and the great general, and the emperor their master, who planned, and won Sedan, and sent the feeble imitation of his uncle to Chiselhurst, and dictated peace at Paris, had calmly made up their minds to end the Papacy in its temporal power, as a European nuisance they were called to abate, and Sedan, and the rest, were deliberate steps in the process. No man dreams that Bismarck will not die with a nation's mourning, and be buried as men bury heroes and shepherds of the people, even as was his great master, William. The poor Pope is not the *Deus ex Machina* at all. The great God Himself has the rule in human affairs, and seems to take as small account of popes as Bismarck or Wellington. Indeed the list of popes who have died in worse plight than did poor Louis Bonaparte, who have been fugitives and vagabonds, teaches how little account the great God and His eternal verities take of popes as well as emperors, when the said popes insist on living inhuman and ungodly lives.

If we are to take the conclusion that all men who came to an unhappy end, have so come because they did not obey the Pope, what shall we say to the scores of popes who have come to the most wretched ends themselves?

Nay, if there be any moral lessons at all in such lives as those of the two Bonapartes, or those of Hildebrand and Boniface Eighth, we must find that lesson in a higher range of thought and feeling than the shallow moralizing above.

It depends on this, that it is not safe for a French emperor or president, or a New York alderman, for a king or a Wall street

stock-gambler, for a pope or for a congressman, to outrage the eternal laws that underprop human life, and live like a wolf, in a world where God put him to live like a man. He *may* get through as scoundrels do, and answer for this life only in another. But again he is likely, in certain circumstances, to get trapped or shot, or knocked on the head as William Nogaret served Boniface, while the world draws a breath of relief and thanks God.

FIFTY MILLIONS.

SOME time since there died in New York a gentleman in advanced years, who, it was stated, left fifty million dollars behind him, all made by his own endeavors in a legitimate and honest business which he pursued in a legitimate and honest way.

He began life, we were told, very poor. He had worked hard and lived carefully, had never spared himself from the first, had devoted all his powers to the one end, and here was the splendid result—he died and left behind him, to other people, fifty million dollars!

That such a circumstance should be seized upon by an enterprising press to point its usual moral, was of course to be expected.

After that press had treated its readers to full accounts of the magnificent funeral, had told them all about the will, and all about the family and fortunes of the deceased, it was inevitable that it should get upon its moral hobby and preach sermons—especially to the young man.

Thereupon “young men” over the country were informed that here was a model which they might all follow, that with industry, honesty and strict devotion day and night to the business, they too might look forward after three-score years and ten, to the supreme felicity of dying and leaving fifty million dollars behind them. The dazzling prospect ought surely to fire the heart of every young man of ambition in the land. The supreme felicity of so living and working in order that one may so die, requires only to be mentioned in order to be appreciated, and to set every clerk behind every counter in New York, and all other cities of our great country indeed, to amass that fifty millions to leave in his will!

It did not occur, of course, to the enterprising press, that in giving this advice it was talking arrant nonsense. The gathering of fifty millions, or indeed of the thousandth part of that sum, by a

lifetime of the most assiduous devotion, is, by the plainest laws of political economy, impossible to any large number of men in any civilized community. Thousands may take its advice and give all their powers of soul and body to the business, and scarce one in ten will have a fraction of a fraction of such a sum to leave when he dies.

And it is well it should be so. The more a country becomes civilized, the more impossible does it become, for even such a single exception as that of the gentleman we have mentioned, to exist. In a perfect civilization, the heaping up of a colossal fortune by any one man will be impossible, and all study of the laws of civilization and political economy, and all wise legislation should look, and do look, to rendering it impossible. That the instances are rare, is evidence that we have advanced upon the road of civilization. That they do occasionally occur is evidence that we have a great distance yet to travel.

The colossal fortunes existing hereditarily in Europe were made out of the barbarism of feudalism. The few that have been made in modern times—like that of the Rothschilds—was made out of the barbarism of war. The one the newspapers made sermons about was largely made out of the barbarism of war also, but also out of the barbaric vanities of a people gradually growing into civilization. Another, made in New York in one man's lifetime, has been made out of the needs of a nomadic people gradually becoming settled and civilized, who are compelled to travel and to send their productions long distances to a market. This state of things can never exist just there again.

In fact, great wealth, like great power, can only come into one man's hands in a more or less uncivilized, chaotic and undefined condition. When a country is thoroughly settled, its resources known, its needs ascertained, its life becomes orderly, its business put into regular grooves, the accumulation of vast wealth in single hands, in a few years will be quite impossible.

And the aim of all civilization, and of all wise political economy, is to render such accumulation utterly impossible and to scatter it when already made. All nature works inexorably against the attempt to concentrate either wealth or power into the hands of a few. When the law is broken, in cases at all numerous, Nature takes occasionally swift and strange vengeance upon the transgressors. History is full of examples.

We say the highest civilization will render such accumulation impossible. For the highest civilization and the wisest political economy in a very suggestive way strike hands with Christianity. They all declare that the man who devotes himself to accumulation, is against each equally. Civilization stands upon the law of mutual help. Sound political economy recognizes the law under another name. And Christianity proclaims it an eternal law.

Indeed so certain is the law that the man who undertakes to accumulate (unless he do it as a mere miser), in the most selfish spirit, cannot quite do it without helping others. He must employ labor and pay out wages, and so give bread to many mouths whether or no. Sometimes shortsighted people imagine he is charitable in so doing, or that accumulations in his hands are on this account a blessing. The truth is he is compelled by the laws of nature and of human life, which are the laws of God. If he could get his labor cheaper, he would. If he could dispense with it altogether, he would. He recognizes no law of obligation with regard to it. God has in His wisdom so ordered life that he is compelled to pay royalty to the law that all men are brethren!

Fifty millions is an enormous sum of money. It requires a concentration of thought to realize how enormous. One may do great good with it. But fifty will do still greater good. A hundred still greater, and ten thousand still greater. In plain English, sound political economy recognizes the fact nowadays that capital is like any other fertilizer. Spread over the field it is admirable. Piled in a heap it is an offence. A thousand men will do vastly greater good with the sum than one man. It is the business of civilization, its inevitable tendency, for which we cannot be too thankful, to prevent the making of colossal fortunes of this sort. And we would advise, quite contrary to the enterprising press, any young gentleman fired by the example of the deceased millionaire, to think carefully before he seriously undertakes it as the business of his life to accumulate fifty millions to leave behind him.

Money is a stewardship. That is the Scripture doctrine on the subject. It is also the common-sense doctrine, and the law of experience and life.

We have seen that in the making of money a man is compelled to help others that he may help himself. In the employment of it, unless he be the merest miser, he is likewise compelled to help others. Society, by its working, reduces the millionaire to the con-

dition of a man taking care of property which is used by other people. He cannot eat it, or drink it, or keep it merely to look at. He must put it into other men's hands to use. His own profit out of it comes from their use of it. He is a steward only.

And it is right. For say what we will, no man makes money. No man ever has *made* his property. He has only gathered to himself the results of other men's labor. This is clearly the case with hereditary property. But a moment's thought will show it to be the case with property personally accumulated.

One man buys at a trifling cost, a waste tract of land on Manhattan Island, and with the money-making instinct and foresight, clings to it, till the little city becomes a metropolis, till other men throng in and make the hive of industry swarm over new spaces, till they want his land for homes, or shops, or factories, at a value which *they have given it themselves*.

Another establishes himself among a people toiling and needy, but gradually growing rich by their toil. The result of their toil they will spend of course. He brings them luxuries and elegancies on which to spend it. He adds nothing to the world's wealth or the land's wealth. He creates nothing. He simply gathers in, honestly as the other did, and legitimately, the results of other men's toil.

It is impossible, we are so bound together by God's ordering of life, for any man to get anything without the help of other men, and in any one man's power, learning, culture, genius, skill or *money* (which some foolishly consider the most personal gift of all), all other men have an undivided interest, for which the steward must render an account.

But there is the question of success, a little closer to morals. Is it a life's success to gather fifty millions? Let us put the sum high enough. Grant it to have been gathered in strict business honesty, by strict business application. Grant that there is no spot or stain upon it, no rust from widow's tear or orphan's weeping, no cause of the poor unjustly suffering, clinging to it. Grant all. Is it a splendid success and a noble object on which to exhaust a man's life?

The moralists of the enterprising press seem to consider it a question not debatable. But is their view of life and its successes precisely that taken by men who live outside the atmosphere of shops and who do not consider peddling the one occupation for a human soul?

To found a city, to open up a continent, to hew a pathway for human progress through the forest or dig it through the marsh, to conquer the brute forces of nature anywhere, one would say is a worthy object. But they who have done the most noticeable work of this kind in the world, have not often had the success of the fifty millions.

Columbus did not leave many millions in his will. Shall we say Columbus was a failure? Raleigh died poor and on the scaffold. Was Raleigh's life a failure? To come to modern times, we believe they took up in England a subscription for Livingstone's family. Was David's Livingstone's life no success?

To clear away error from the lives of men, to let in light from above on human darkness, to deliver the human intellect and heart from superstition and ignorance, to create a new world out of a dead old, is surely a worthy life purpose.

Luther did not leave much behind him in a money way. Melancthon was poor. Ridley was not rich, and besides was burned; and Hugh Latimer beside him. To touch greater names: Augustine never made a fortune; Athanasius left no millions; St. Paul never did more than make his daily bread by stitching canvas into tents; and on St. Peter's paper one could not have raised a dollar in any shop or office in Wall street—failures all, shall we say?

And Thomas Jefferson, and George Washington before him, and Alexander Hamilton—no millions left by any of them. All failed lives, were they not?

Alas for the land, when its "enterprising press" stimulates the young ambition with the high object of a life of successful shop-keeping and the dying worth fifty millions at last?

We say nothing about religion in it all. We need not. It is not ours to blame the man who chooses as his highest conception of life and its duties the gathering of money. But certainly we shall not make a hero of him, nor shall we set him forth as the highest conception of life's success.

We would rather remind the young men of the land that there are grand successes, glorious successes in life, to be ever honored, ever proclaimed through the ages, when the maker of the success, as by Wall street measurement, was an abject failure.

SERVICES IN HOUSES.

THE rubric before the service for the baptism of infants in private, is quite explicit upon the subject, making it the minister's duty to instruct the people against having the sacrament of baptism celebrated in their houses unless under great necessity.

The rubric goes on clear grounds of reason and propriety, and its fitness commends itself to the mind at sight.

Baptism is a sacrament, the sacrament of initiation into the Church, of Church membership and adoption into the fold of Christ. It is a public, open, corporate act, and ought to be performed, and can be performed rightly only in the church and in the face of the congregation.

While the Church in her consideration for human necessities provides that the sacrament may be administered in private houses in cases of danger, she also requires that the child so baptized shall be afterwards publicly received into the Church.

The procuring of the baptism of children at home is an abuse against which every earnest clergyman should set his face like a flint.

It is a thing which has often led to grave abuses, the making of "Christening parties," the turning of the occasion into reckless gaiety, sometimes into riot and excess.

And yet there is nothing perhaps to which a clergyman is so persuaded. A thousand reasons are invented, a thousand excuses made to persuade him to yield "in just this one instance," and baptize the child at home.

The only way is to be firm and make no exceptions.

The proper time and place for baptism is at a public service in church after the second lesson. It is a yielding very far to do as is often done and baptize children immediately before or immediately after service, or in Sunday school! To carry complacency so far as to go to people's houses and without great and dangerous

need, baptize children with the public service, is almost to profane the Sacrament.

If parents will have their children baptized at home, the clergyman should use only the service designed for the private house. He should baptize the child as in *extremis*.

And in this connection let us speak of another abuse akin to this of baptizing children at home.

The church is open for baptisms. It is also open for marriages and funerals. It is the proper place for all three, the last two quite as much as the other. It was built for these things quite as much as for anything else. Yet people will have funerals from their own houses in a way very awkward, clumsy and inconvenient to everybody but themselves. And also they will insist on being married in a drawing-room and making a household frolic and festival of it all.

In such cases we believe it is common for clergymen to send their surplices to the house and put them on for the house service.

There are, of course, exceptions to all rules. There are rare cases perhaps where necessity or right feeling require a marriage or funeral service in a private house. We have met with very few such ourselves, but we are aware that we have not exhausted the possibilities of existence, and so stand ready to admit that such cases may exist more frequently than we imagine.

When they do, the clergyman should, for the time being, make a church of the house and wear his surplice as in church.

In all other cases it is our settled opinion that harm is done, irreverence fostered, the Church and her services vulgarized, by the clergyman's carrying his robing room round with him into back closets and corner cupboards.

The very fact that the good people prefer to have the services on their own staircases, or in their own parlors, is evidence that the Church has little of sacred or loving association in their minds.

They have no right to claim that font, altar, or surplice shall be brought to their private rooms for their private uses.

If they *will* insist on ignoring the Church in this way, propriety, self-respect, respect for the Church and her ministrations, the warning about "casting pearls," should be sufficient to prevent the minister from vulgarizing his surplice before careless and irreverent people.

The plain black coat is all the "vestment" proper for the

secularized weddings and funerals of lazy people who will neither take their dead nor their brides to the church, neither use it in their sorrow nor in their joy.

It may appear a small matter. But we have seen enough to convince us that it is quite the reverse, and that some of our younger clergy especially, are unintentionally doing much harm, by a too ready compliance in these matters with ignorance or laziness, and by making their surplices so common, are in danger of reducing them to the importance, in people's minds, of a waiter's apron.

In our opinion the surplice should be kept for the church, and services in houses, save and except in the communion of the sick, should be celebrated without them.

BITS OF THOUGHT.

THERE are hours in the life of a man when all earthly help fails him. He is smitten down and there is no succor in himself or others.

Sometimes he turns to heaven. There is no merit in his doing so. A man is lashed to the feet of Christ, and crouches there, not for love of Christ at all, but only because he has nowhere else to go. He would not have come had he not been driven. And he is only there now for what he can get, not because he especially loves the place or the Person.

But even so it is well. He is at the Lord's feet at all events, and that is a good place to be whatever may have been his motive in coming. His misery and despair have done him that much of good—they have brought him to the feet of Christ.

But a man may, in such failure of material help, turn to hell. He cries to some unseen power, to some spiritual deliverer stronger than any arm of flesh. And he may call on the powers of evil to deliver him from evil, and on Satan to save him from harm!

There are times when that seems the only way. Wrong will save and not right. Evil will deliver out of this distress and not good. Satan holds the keys of power not God. It is the old temptation of the wilderness over again.

In the shame and agony of a sin the temptation is powerful to deliver one's self by another sin. It is that temptation that leads many a soul down so fast and far.

In the blind agony of a bitter and causeless wrong the temptation is strong to deliver one's self by returning the wrong, by overcoming the evil with evil again not with good. "Curse God and die," has come as a temptation to more than Job, in the sore anguish that has seemed to want all purpose and all moral meaning as well as all justice.

One wins only by *faith*. The tenure of a man's place is that he still believe, even against his eyes, that there is no hope save in good. Blessed is he whom every need drives to the feet of Christ—blessed even if he has been so driven only after having tried all other deliverers and found them liars.

THE NEW TIME.

FEW, we think, realize the vastness of the change in the conditions of American life during the last half century. We hear, indeed, a great deal of these changes, but in so far as we have seen, none of the talk goes to the root of the matter. It contents itself with noticing the surface changes, changes which express themselves in mills, railroads, shops, houses, and the outward manner of life. Generally, too, those who treat of these changes, see only cause of boasting and national self-glorification. The deep meaning, for the individual and the nation, socially, intellectually, and spiritually, of many of these changes, they do not see.

As Christians, Churchmen, and thoughtful men, there are other lines of thought, more profitable for ourselves, and more needed by the country, than the summing up of the number of miles of railroads built, the increase of population, the improvement of mill-sites, the opening of mines, or even the building of innumerable Chicagos.

One of the changes about which orators will say nothing, is the enormous increase of crime, ignorance, and heathenism. One of the problems with which they will not discuss, is the method of dealing with these.

As Christian men we believe, of course, that Christianity only can deal with them effectually. But how? How shall it be brought to bear upon them?

In the early simplicity of American life—a simplicity which continued, in essentials, until a period not very far past—each community might be trusted to provide for its own religious wants. Even the border settlements would do so with a very little help at the beginning.

Wealth was pretty evenly distributed. The enormously rich were few. The abjectly poor were nearly as few.

In such a condition of social life prevailing very generally over the country, the demand and supply theory of religion did not work altogether badly. Americans were educated in the idea that

"the institutions of religion" are necessary to the true development, the safety and the permanence of society, and having, inbred as it were, the other idea that every good citizen ought to do his share in sustaining society, owed indeed a duty to the community in which he lived to help it in all good works, it was inevitable that churches should go with civilization. The national feeling of independence also came in to help. A man felt that he ought not to be a pauper for his religion more than for his bread. He proposed to pay his way in all respects, and took a satisfaction in doing his share towards supporting religion, as he did in supporting any matter of public use in his community.

Under such influences, and in such a state of life, the Congregational idea received rapid development. It spread much farther than the sect which thence takes its name. Practically religious associations of all names took the form of the union of a certain number of people to provide religious institutions of a certain sort for themselves and their families. The right to do so after any fashion was guaranteed. The duty of doing so, was inbred in the public feeling.

But meanwhile Europe has emptied some of its least fragrant streams upon our shores. Our cities have grown from active villages into things that in lapse of time we trust will become real cities, but which are at present vast caravansaries, masses of people drifted or floated together, with no unity of purpose save the single one of getting each as much as he can of the good things that are going. The distinction between rich and poor is growing quite as marked as in any country whatever. The distinction between the cultured and the uncultured classes is even finding its expression. In the older portions of the country it is becoming a very marked distinction, indeed, and runs right athwart even the line of money difference in a way which foreigners could scarcely believe. There are millionaires, for instance, who are *not* gentlemen, who have never crossed a gentleman's threshold, and who know they have not, and know they never will. With all their money-making success, and all their expenditure, and notwithstanding the vulgar notoriety they sometimes win, they recognize fully that the indescribable something is wanting which alone can bridge the gulf that separates them from "the best people."

While the cultivated classes have been increasing, and especially while the rich class has been increasing, the uncultivated, the

degraded, and the very poor, have been increasing still more rapidly. What might be called the Yeoman class in the older country parts, has been decreasing, and lowering in character under the growing feeling that labor is disgraceful. In the cities the position of the artisan classes, notwithstanding the increase of wages, has lowered relatively much farther; and meanwhile in these there is an enormous population, brutal, ignorant, degraded, dangerous.

Over one large portion of the country a population absolutely ignorant, whose interests, religious and other, were formerly cared for by others, have been turned loose into the general competitions of an advanced civilization, to live on Mr. Herbert Spencer's law of "the survival of the fittest," with what success they may!

A glance at these enormous changes from the earlier simplicity, equality and manual toil of American life, is sufficient to show us that the Congregational demand and supply theory of religion will no longer answer.

There are hundreds of thousands of American citizens, voters and officeholders (if they can be elected), who have no demand for religion whatever, who propose to give nothing to provide it, of any character good or bad, for themselves or their families, who indeed esteem it an imposition and denounce it as a fraud! There are hundreds of thousands, voters also, who, if they supply themselves with religion, are far more likely to take Voodooism than even the most corrupt caricature of Christianity! There are hundreds of thousands again who have taken to crime as a business and turned traitors to society as to God!

In fact, we are repeating the old world's story over again on a gigantic stage. Continental infidelity has given us its thousands, noisy, demonstrative and offensive here as they dared not be at home. Romanism has given us its priest-ridden millions with no Concordat to protect them, and we have not only our unconverted Indian heathen, but a mass of citizens of African descent, ready to relapse into heathenism again unless we do our duty frankly and fully.

We have pointed out more than once that as long as we go upon the theory that "the parish" is the beginning and end of our purposes, the heart and centre of Church life, we are only going upon the theory of supply and demand, the religious club theory, the stock Church theory—in other words, the Congregational theory.

We have also pointed out the fact that our very name and distinction is a protest against this theory. The diocesan idea overwhelms the Congregational idea. It does not merely embrace it, least of all does it merely provide a means to intensify it. It actually overwhelms it—if *it be carried out*.

If indeed it be not carried out, that is another matter. But certainly it stands among us in dumb protest against the whole "religious club" notion. Here is an officer and here is an organization bound by no club laws, not *called*, but *sent*, not chosen by men, but sent of God, responsible for a certain territory and for the people in it. It, at all events, has yet territorial limits, boundaries of the field of its duty, lines marking its responsibility. The Congregational association—"the parish"—is well enough in its way, but in the America of the coming century we can no longer trust to the voluntary association of families to provide themselves priests and bishops. The new America is something of which the Fathers did not dream. Filled with ignorance, vice and crime, with the festering foulness of huge cities, raw in civility, old in vice, it demands a religion that does not wait to be asked to come, a religion that is *sent*. The rector is always "called," we know. The millions who will "call" no rector, minister or pastor, are rapidly increasing. They must have the man who is *sent*. And we may be thankful that the man who is *sent*—and never has waited to be "called"—is upon the ground.

We believe that in the coming century there will be such a development of the work and office of the bishop in America, as has not been seen since Primitive days.

ABOUT SOME POINTS IN THE PASTORAL CARE.

THE Church, in her warning before the Holy Communion, instructs one who cannot, by his own self-examination, applying the rule of God's commandments, quiet his own conscience, to come to the clergyman who reads the warning, or to some other minister of God's word for help and counsel.

We suspect this part of the warning is very seldom heeded. We should be happy to think that the mass of our communicants live so well, and have such clear consciences that they never need help or counsel of this kind. But we are afraid that it is not owing to thorough preparation so much as to careless and hasty preparation that so few find any necessity for spiritual counsel. A dull conscience that does not know its wants is commoner than the strong, spotless conscience that has no wants of that kind.

But perhaps there is more to be said than this.

Is it always known that pastoral confidences are sacred? Suppose a man feels the need of that sort of spiritual counsel and help, is he assured that when he "opens his grief" to his pastor, he has not also opened it to all the world? Is the pastor's wife sure not to be consulted? Will the pastor's intimate friend know nothing of the case? Will it really be as if it had been poured out, this "grief" in the ear of God?

Of course the answer is at once that it ought to be, that such pastoral consultations as that warning contemplates are to be kept secret and sacred from all the world, that, in truth, the pastor himself is utterly ignorant of them, *except as pastor*, that as friend, as companion, as neighbor, he knows nothing about what has passed in such a consultation at all. He has been consulted *officially*. He has heard, and knows *officially*, and only so.

But while there is no doubt of what *ought* to be, are we sure that what ought to be always *is*? Do pastors commonly leave the impression on their people that they are to be depended on, if consulted on matters where perhaps conscience, honor and good name are concerned?

Things that come to a pastor's knowledge in such official duty are sacred from question in all courts of law. He knows nothing about them at any bar, but the bar of God, so the courts rule. Is he always careful to put them on the ground where law puts them, and is his character for reticence, calmness, and careful speech such that he gives men confidence who would want to approach him in some spiritual distress?

There is no more contemptible gossip than a clerical gossip, whether he gossip about his parishioners or his brethren in the ministry. There is no more wearisome bore than he extant, as there is no one who more recklessly destroys his own usefulness and pulls down with one hand the building he is erecting with another.

A man wants for his pastor, in many an hour of sore sorrow, doubt and fear, a strong, clear, faithful, fearless man, silent and sure as the grave, a man of open heart, and firm judgment and close-shut mouth, whom he can consult, on whom he can lean, and from whom he can get wise, kindly, brotherly and priestly help, a man who has dwelt in the deeps of his own heart so long that he will not be frightened by the revelation of the deeps of another, no matter how dark. There are men staggering on their blind roads of doubt, in scores, because they know not where they can find a strong, sure, *close clasped* hand that can help them to the light.

There is still more to be said.

We take it for granted that pastoral work cannot be done, and is not done only in the pulpit. Preaching is to the mass. It does not individualize itself to each soul's wants. Pastoral visiting, become as it is mostly, mere "calling" on people, or even friendly and interested "talk" with people does not meet the case.

Pastoral care is individual care. Each soul has its own special wants, its own needs, its own burdens, sins and doubts. The pastor must deal with every case on its own merits, if he deals rightly.

We also take it for granted that pastoral work of this close personal character is necessary and desirable, and that, in the official warning mentioned, that sort of work is recommended and taken for granted.

If this be so, if preaching is, at best, work upon the surface of the mass, and if the pastor's duty goes down to personal help,

counsel and rebuke, comforting the feeble-hearted and supporting the weak, it follows that there is need of special training and preparation for that work. And if people are slow to go to a pastor for counsel and help and personal enlightenment, may it not be, among other reasons, for this, that the pastor has no special fitness for that sort of pastoral work?

In other words, do we give, in our ministerial training, any sufficient place to what is called "subjective" theology?

None but a novice supposes that one out of a score of the practical questions which belong to conscience and which confuse men and bring them into doubt about the right, can be settled at a word, or by one broad rule on sight. There are two sides to them. There is much to be said on both and yet the conscience wants the case decided and is wounded because it cannot decide.

Here comes in subjective theology, that is, doctrine applied to life, divine principles set to clearing questions of practical duty, used to bring light on doubtful questions of ethics and to decide in cases where the man needs guidance.

Theology as an objective body of truth is taught, as we all know, from our chairs of Systematic Divinity, and how to preach it and present it, is taught by the Professor of the Pastoral Care, but where have we provision for this further conversion of theology to the actual use of the bewildered individual conscience? And how fit are our young theologians on their graduation to deal with a hundred questions which *would* come before them if the people used their pastors as they ought to be used, and as the Church means they should be used?

We are not advocating the study of "casuistry," into which subjective theology developed in Romanism, and which, at the last, became a trap to catch weak consciences. But there is a truth underlying that as well as all other errors. In our disgust of the error we may have discarded also the truth. And we think it is a truth, that Christianity is, among its other characters, a system of ethics for the guidance of life, and that, as such, we are not training men in it sufficiently to enable them to do their duty wisely and effectually.

And we ask here, again, whether the fact that the pastoral relation is so seldom confidentially used does not find another explanation in this, that the clergy come to the decision of cases of conscience, sore, serious, and puzzling cases, with less preparation than

the man has who would bring them, and with the notion generally that all cases of the kind can be disposed of at a word?

Christianity is a broad, clear, plain system enough. It announces its embracing principles clearly enough, but how to apply those principles to each special case, how to descend to particulars in the many-sided relations of life, and bring in the clear principle everywhere, this is the question. And to make a man fit to answer it in the cases that ought to come to him as a pastor, in a living, working Church, which edifies and sanctifies its members, special study and training are required, or else illumination almost miraculous. We have no right to expect the last. We have no right to expect any illumination at all, without effort after it.

WORTH CONSIDERING.

“**Y**E men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious.”

So St. Paul opened his sermon on Mars' Hill in the city of Athens.

We must begin by saying that this is one of the texts which, we trust, will be better translated in a revised English version. We lose the point altogether at present. What the Apostle really said was this: “Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things *ye are very religious.*”

St. Paul was a gentleman as well as an Apostle, he was speaking in the most cultivated city in the world, to the most cultivated audience. He opens his speech like a gentleman, speaking to gentlemen.

But more still, St. Paul was a thoroughly sensible man, brimful of tact and faculty, and he does not begin his sermon with an insult, but with a compliment. He approaches his audience on the side where they were approachable, their reverential fear and awe of the gods.

It is suggestive to all preachers, and particularly to young ones.

We do not recommend Christianity by first slapping people in the face, we do not recommend the Church by first knocking people on the head because they are “dissenters.” It is not wise to begin by saying—“*I have all truth and you are ignorant unbelievers, just listen to me and be convinced.*”

This is hardly an exaggeration of the style in which Christian people are often addressed in writing and speaking by zealous “Churchmen.” Is it a wonder that people are a little impatient of them, their addresses, and the Church they represent?

“It is instructive to remark” that St. Paul, on the other hand, in addressing a pagan audience, in a city where there were, as we are told, “as many gods as citizens,” does not begin with an attack on idolatry, though there are fiery chapters enough in the prophets,

had he wished to hurl them at the heathen, but taking the very abundance of their heathenism, the countless multitude of their statues, shrines and altars, as an evidence of their awe of the unseen powers, finds in that a text on which he can preach to them of Him who came to overthrow their idols, break their altars, and leave their temples open to the rains of heaven!

In more points of view than one that ancient sermon, with Athenian heathenism for its text, is worth the careful study of preachers and writers now.

There may be now and then a man who can be put on the right road most directly by first insulting and making him angry, but one ought to be sure, before he tries that method, that he has *not* made a mistake in the man.

GIVING.

WE heard a man ask the other day, "When will this incessant begging for money (he meant money for Church purposes) cease? It is call upon call, now for this and now for that, and I am sick and weary of it."

More ask the question than those who, like our frank friend, put it into words.

The answer is as easy as the question. *It will never cease.* It is a part of the law of the situation. While there remains a heathen on earth, an unfaithful Christian, a sick man, soul-sick or body-sick, an orphan child, a cripple, an outcast, a wretched creature anywhere with any wretchedness, the demands will still be made, and they will still be answered worse or better.

When all men on earth are blessed, when the sunlight of heaven gilds the hills and valleys of the world, and wraps the blue seas in eternal calm, then may men rest from their working and their giving—not before.

Till then let the demands be made, and made boldly. The situation is plain. God owns a man, and all he has, and is, and will be. Ask him to give for one of God's purposes. You only ask him to accept the situation, to acknowledge the facts. There is no call for timidity. Let the applicant do *his* duty. It rests with him to whom he applies whether *he* will do *his*. He should at all events be furnished with frequent and favorable opportunities.

THE DRIFT.

THE influence of the Church is not confined to those who are within her.

The lump of leaven leavens what is without; all that touches it. The Church in this way finds her principles, her opinions, her methods of thought and work, silently spreading and adopted by others. These others adopt them, often, unconsciously, and often after opposing and condemning them.

Just as the influence of Christianity in general spreads far beyond those who are professedly Christians, and tells upon the world far and near, moulding and modifying its sentiment and action, so that no man can, in a Christian country, escape it; so that even those who oppose Christianity are influenced and educated by the Christianity they deny; so also is it with a living branch of the Church Catholic in the midst of divisions and schisms.

It testifies to principles which are denied. It practices methods which are opposed. Day by day and year by year it stands as a witness for God's whole and rounded truth, among the people.

This testimony and witness work farther than men guess. There are those who accept it fully and rank themselves upon its side. But there are vaster numbers who, remaining where they are, and in nominal opposition to the testimony, are yet led to modify their practice by it and change their opinions.

To instance one case, the whole temper of "evangelical denominations" not long ago was against liturgies—almost, indeed, against any forms whatever in the worship of God. Many a man is yet preaching in the pulpits of these denominations, who has poured the full vial of his bitter wrath and scorn upon the very idea of worship by a book. Meanwhile, the Church, comparatively few in numbers, went on using her venerable and solemn forms, sometimes moderately defending her way, sometimes not.

But the defence was of the least importance in the result. The *fact* was what told. And now, to-day, no educated clergyman of any denomination would dream of denouncing a liturgy in the fashion of thirty years ago, and many are advocating the use of liturgies, and some have already introduced them into their worship.

But the influence of the Church in respect to outward things, although most noticeable because they are outward, is of least importance.

That influence goes deeper into the whole theological teachings of other bodies. It modifies their whole conception of Christianity and the Christian life.

Calvinism is dead and there is nothing more certain than that its death is due to the unconscious influence of the Church, teaching patiently with all her voices that Christianity is not an accident, but a *life*.

It is amusing sometimes to hear men talk against what they call "creeds," confessions and platforms that is, and congratulating themselves that they have broken through the old rigidity of their cast iron "system," and have outgrown the narrow sectarianism of their hereditary orthodoxy. They credit it to the larger intelligence of the times, to their own greater enlightenment, and some of them even to what is virtually a new revelation. They are in ignorance apparently that their old narrowness is not as old as Christianity, that it is indeed no part of Christianity as given at the beginning. More than one preacher has won the reputation of progress and liberality and large-mindedness, only by preaching in a confused, vague and illogical way, conceptions of truth which are perfectly familiar to all Churchmen.

In liberalizing in the true sense, and, in the right sense, making rational the theology of many pulpits, the Church has had a quiet, but an immense and pervading influence.

In toning down or up, rather, to reverence, seriousness and godly order, the public worship in those pulpits, her sober ways have had an influence no less, and no less extended.

There is much in all this to encourage us. We are not to count the good we do, in the Church, merely by the extent of the actual spread of the Church, and the members who gather round her altars. We have encouragement enough in that way, but we have this farther, that the Church, in the old fashion, is leavening the

mass, that her value is not to herself alone, but to the whole world in which she is placed; that she moves in a sphere of intangible influence, which spreads far away about her, and is only known by its results. The extent of that sphere is often far beyond our guesses.

The observance of the Church Year was at one time, one of our exclusive marks. We kept times and seasons and other people did not. It has ceased to be our peculiarity. Good Friday is noticed, and Good Friday sermons are preached in many pulpits beside ours.

Lent is not allowed to pass without some observances, apologized for indeed, and elaborately explained as not being superstitious. Easter Day has become quite prominent among our outside brethren. If we remember rightly, we observed that Easter Day sermons were quite commonly reported this year.

Naturally, however, and as we might expect, Christmas would be the day which would soonest meet with general recognition and observance. It was not an unobserved day in the homes of the people, at least, there was a more or less faint tradition about it, and its being the birth day of the Lord, and gradually it came to pass that it forced itself upon the notice of even the teachers of "our common Christianity."

A Congregational clergyman of some note, furnished us a good deal of quiet amusement by an article about the day, in which he ingenuously confessed that somewhere in his barrel he had a very eloquent and elaborate sermon, about twenty years old now, proving much to his own edification, and that of his flock, that there could be no such day as Christmas in the nature of things, and that even if there were it would be a superstition to keep it. That was in his vealy days. He has grown up out of all that, and writes now to prove that Christmas is a very good institution, and to express his shame and disgust that he ever thought otherwise.

There are a great many in his condition. He is a "representative man," as Emerson used to say, and his old yellow manuscript is a representative sermon. There are hundreds of such lying at the bottom of barrels all about the country, which held up to popular odium and the derision of all wise Puritans those naughty "Episcopals," who kept Christmas *like the Jews!*

And, by the way, it is a curious thing how, by the lapse of time, all weapons against the Church become as useless to their

possessors as that ancient sermon. They are potent rifles in the time of them, and seem to do wonderful execution, but we have only to let their owners pop away to their heart's content, sure that they will find out in time, that their patent gun, no matter how large its *bore*, does its execution at the breech, and not at the muzzle.

ABOUT DISCIPLINE.

THIS is a very deep subject, and has many ramifications. It involves at last, one's whole conception of the Church of God, and its relation to the world.

We desire here to indicate several difficulties connected with the subject, and to point out certain principles involved, and then for our part, leave it to others. We long since became weary of it with the weariness of despair. We discussed it in another place extendedly, we gave much thought, and all our heart to it, as a thing that seemed to us most vital, to the character and claims of a Catholic Church, and we got no response.

At that time, we believe, the great discussion about chasubles and altar-crosses, "non-communicating attendance," and "the adoration of Christ present on our altars under the form of bread and wine," had just been newly imported with "the Bennett Judgment" fresh from over sea, and these "Catholic" questions left no room for the inquiry whether a Catholic Church is a body that has a conscience, and is sent into the world to preach and sustain God's law of Righteousness.

There is a lull now in the "Vestment" and other such questions and it may be that Churchmen are prepared to ask if there be not other matters far more "Catholic," matters indeed which are of the essence of any Church which claims that name, that they may have allowed to lie eclipsed too long.

It is clear that there are some who desire to see discipline in some degree at least. It is equally clear that there are others, and they are just as conscientious, who desire to have no discipline at all, or just as little as possible.

The first class believe in the Holy Catholic Church. They believe the Church of God is the Kingdom of God on earth, and is established on the earth, as Christ taught, to leaven the earth with her own principles and laws.

They believe, in consequence, that the Church in any country is the *conscience* of that country, is in it, among other things, to teach it the laws of righteousness, to set up the standard of morals, to be the test of moral differences.

They conceive that the Church is not to take the opinions of the country, but the country the opinions of the Church. They believe that on all moral matters the voice of the Church should be very plain and unhesitating, that she should never be at loss for her answer, that no prevalence of evil, no fashion and overwhelming custom of evil should ever make her falter, or cloud the clearness of her moral perceptions, and that her utterance in any emergency should be ready.

And they believe, and naturally, that all this cannot be without *discipline*. Among its uses to individual souls, discipline has this use to the community to which a Catholic Church is sent. The Church cannot do her duty to that community, to say nothing of her duty to her own members, unless she brand wrong with its proper brand, and mark the wrongdoer, let the world say what it will, with a mark unmistakable.

The others *say* they believe in a Holy Catholic Church, but they say it in their own sense. What they really believe in is a set of prosperous and successful parishes with large pew rents. They conceive that the Church has "influence," but not authority, that her influence largely depends, not on her stern integrity, her unbending truth to principle, but on the number of wealthy and intelligent people—especially wealthy—who attend her services, that her wise way is to conciliate and yield and be "all things to all men" that she may rent all her pews, that it is dangerous for her, indeed suicidal, to set up any standard of morality except the conventionally respectable one of the community, that she is to confine herself in a vague way to "preaching the truth," leaving "the truth" (which in this case is, of course, a timid scrap of *the Truth*), to work upon consciences by the general law, she washing her hands of all responsibility in the matter.

Now we need scarcely say that this conception of the Church's business in the world about her, and we have not caricatured it, is not one to kindle very warmly any man's youthful or mature enthusiasms.

If the Church be a body preaching with taste and with certain gracious and dignified forms the Gospel, and at the same time

accepting the common tone of the world about her as her own, and drifting whither it leads her, it appears to many earnest souls that she is scarcely worth the trouble she gives or the houseroom she takes. If she be very magnificent, queenly and commanding in general statements and abjectly cowardly, time-serving and slavish, when general principles must be put to practical application, she seems to these, even worse than in the way, there is a natural question then whether she be not also a pretender.

And certainly one must confess that if ever a people needed a Church to be its conscience and a beacon light of righteousness, not in talk and profession, but in fact, this people needs it now.

The daily facts show that the public conscience, the sense of right and wrong in the community, is thoroughly debauched. Things that were crimes twenty years ago, are trifling offences now. All sense of any morality in certain directions, is fast drifting out of the minds of men. It takes no prophet to see the end. The end will be according to the uniform law which has always worked in such cases, and has certainly never been repealed.

If preaching general moralities, large and vague truths, were able to mend this, we would rejoice. But these general and vague teachings about "the exceeding sinfulness of sin," have been preached very eloquently and very continuously, and we are growing worse. In truth, a Church that dare not practice what it preaches is not a very effective preacher in any place or time.

To carry out the uses of a Catholic Church, uses to her own children, and uses to the outside world, those who believe in a Catholic Church, desire to see her act up to her teachings. They wish her not to forget all her principles when she leaves the chancel and the pulpit. When she denounces sin, they wish she would not give sin the best pew in the church. When she reads the Ten Commandments, they do not like to see her veil her face and uncover her head to the breach of those Commandments all the week.

So they are anxious to see discipline restored. And they wonder that others are not anxious also.

The wonder is not rational altogether. Things will never rise above their level, and it is not reasonable to expect men, as men are made, to make martyrs of themselves in any great number, when they can lead quiet, peaceable, and Christian lives without it.

For if we are to have discipline, "the Rector" must discipline.

And who is "the Rector?" A clergyman who is allowed to officiate for a certain number of people as long as they like him.

The poor man has a wife too, and children, perhaps a half-dozen. It is very inconvenient to be obliged to remove. Then if he displease his congregation, and they work the usual machinery to get him removed, he is an "unsuccessful" man. The Church knows him as "impractical," or "crotchety," or "lacking in tact," or hears that "he did not succeed well at Smithtown," and it is hard lines thereafter for the poor man, everywhere.

Now we submit it is too much to ask a man in this situation to offend Squire A. or drive the rich Mr. B. out of the church; or make a deadly enemy of Colonel C. whose family rent three pews.

If these estimable gentlemen choose to live, as they very likely do, to the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, the parson must be content to smile upon them as supporters of the Church, above all, not to drive them away by lack of tact, lest the Church suffer.

Naturally this rector and all like him, are very much opposed to any revival of discipline. He cannot see how discipline will fill his pews, how it will "support the parish" and pay his salary. And as "filling the pews," "supporting the parish," and "getting the salary paid," are the purposes for which churches and parsons exist, he thinks discipline impertinent.

His notion is to make the church "successful," and to this end one must be prudent, careful to give no offence, to obtrude no offensive opinions, to court especially the rich and the influential, and to have things go on quietly. He proposes, like a wise man, to butt out such brains as he is blessed with, against no stone wall of discipline.

In other words the question of discipline touches at once on the inherent viciousness of our headless and helpless Congregationalism. Each man must fight his own battle alone, must sink or swim, "succeed" or fail for himself. And the world's measures of "success" are the Church's measures also at this time, sad to say, and a man protests against being legislated into a position where he may alienate some of his warmest supporters.

That his alarm is groundless, we may believe. That really the thing he dreads, is the way to give the Church respect and power, and to magnify his office, one may have insight to see, and faith to believe, but we cannot expect men to be greatly higher than their fellows and their circumstances.

It is pretty certain that while "the parish" is the ideal church centre, purpose and aim, and while "parishes" mean anybody and everybody that chooses to "sustain the Church," baptized or unbaptized, communicant or non-communicant, "Jew, Turk or Infidel," honest man or knave, discipline is in the nature of things impossible, and some other outlet must be found for that zeal for God's Kingdom, which every Churchman naturally feels.

PRAYING FOR THE WORLD'S CONVERSION.

SOME time since, in some prayer meeting, conference, or something of the sort, in a Western city, when the purpose was to devise ways and means to raise a few thousand dollars for some object, a gentleman opened the meeting by a very "fervent and eloquent" prayer, beseeching the Lord to "take the good work in hand and carry it on to success," etc.

The prayer was followed by a characteristic speech from a gentleman who has the faculty of putting old truths in a new dress very skilfully and effectively. He said—"I am astonished that Brother Blank, who can draw his check for two or three hundred thousand dollars, should trouble the Lord about such a trifle. Why does he not take the thing in hand *himself* and carry it on to success?"

There is a good deal of this praying which is not praying at all. Men piously ask the Lord to undertake works by the score which they are too lazy or too penurious to do for themselves. Prayer becomes a cloak for laziness, and piety a mask for avarice. In this point of view, missionary meetings are often the saddest places a thoughtful man can sit in for an hour's meditation. He finds himself often wondering in them, not that the heathen are not converted, but that there are any Christians left! Men meet and pray, and exhort, and turn the whole business over into the Lord's hands, with an air of pious resignation, contributing a dollar or two, as they leave it, as their share towards the enterprise.

There are grand promises attached to prayer in the Word of God. There are grand examples of effectual prayer, in which those promises were abundantly fulfilled. In a vague sort of way most Christian people believe still that prayer is sometimes heard and answered at the present day—prayer according to God's will at least.

Now, undoubtedly it is of the base of our faith, that prayer is, in its nature, always the same, and in its results always the same.

For man is the same. His wants are the same, and God is always the same. There is no such thing as an exceptional age in this matter. What is the rule for one century or one generation is the rule for all.

The question is *not* whether God is not as able and as ready to-day to answer prayer as He ever was. He remains unchanged. The question is whether we have not ceased asking Him, whether on some matters He is ever really and sensibly prayed to, at the present day, by the Church at all!

There was a little flurry of defence awhile since in some of our contemporaries of the Church press, when the *Independent, suo more*, asserted we believe that only when using the Lord's Prayer does the Episcopal Church pray for the world's conversion!

Our brethren at once opened their Prayer Books and overwhelmed the *Independent* with quotation after quotation, in evidence that the Church, not on one occasion, but all through her services, prays for the world's conversion, that, in fact, with the true instinct of a Catholic Church, she has so constructed her liturgy and formularies, that she habitually prays for that object, that she cannot have a single service without doing it. As indeed how can she forget her mission and her commission?

As far as words went they completely demolished the rash and flippant assertion.

And nevertheless it is still in our opinion an assertion which, in a deeper sense, did not express the bitterness or fullness of the fault. We may say the Church *never* prays for the conversion of the world and challenge the contradiction of the statement. But while we say that truly of the Church, we say it just as truly of every sect and denomination in Christendom.

The result proves the assertion true. If the Church prayed for the world's conversion, the world would be converted. The world is not converted and gives no promise of being converted very speedily and therefore the Church does not pray for it!

We will not take words here for an answer. No amount of quotations from the services and the collects will meet the statement. We say the utterance of words is not praying. The utterance of them all day and every day is not praying. That we utter words enough on the subject nobody will dispute, except, as in the case mentioned, one who knows nothing about the matter. But is it not a case where we transfer, in set phrases, to the Lord

a piece of work which we are too lazy and too worldly to do ourselves?

We are living in an atmosphere which rather blinds us to certain old prime truths. But how must it look to the angels to see a gentleman earnestly praying for the conversion of the heathen who spends yearly on himself what would support fifty missionaries?

We are not arguing here, at this time, be it noticed, against his right so to do if he see fit. We pass that by. We only ask whether he can call his petition *a prayer*?

For a man prays for something he wants. He asks it because he needs it, because he will take every means possible to supply his need; he therefore goes to the Lord with his one need, and asks the Lord to pity him in his distress, and help him in his bitter extremity. No man has the right to call on God to help him if he is not helping himself. When God has put into his hands the means for supplying his need and a man will not use the means, his impertinent calling upon the Lord, in that case, may be what you please, but certainly it is not *praying*.

And this precisely is the case with the Church at this day in the matter of the world's conversion. She is in no dire extremity at all. She is in no position where she can expect an answer to her prayer. She is merely repeating by rote words which she does not feel. She is not praying in any true sense of the term.

The means for the world's conversion are, to-day, in the power of the Church. She can do the work if she will. The facilities are ample. Why shirk it under the pretence of piety? Why transfer her responsibility to the Lord? We are, certainly, at this day prepared to confess that if the world is converted to Christ, it must be done by human and ordinary means. It is the business of the Church to do it. She was sent for that, and that is the meaning of her being here.

Is the refusal to do her work and the asking the Lord in some extraordinary way to do it for her, is that, no matter how frequent and how often the asking, is that *praying*?

The truth is, the Lord has answered these prayers for the world's conversion already. He answered them several centuries ago, fourteen at the least. He put the world's wealth and the world's knowledge and the world's power into the hands of Christian men, that with those means they might do the work. He is not unrea-

sonable. He asks no man to labor without tools. He does not ask the Church to reap without a sickle.

What remains? One would suppose that the next thing was to use the tools, was to put in the sickle, was to employ the wealth, the knowledge, and the power for the purpose God gave it.

But this is not the way it strikes us at all! Our notion is to do nothing, and to keep on asking the Lord, as if He had done nothing either!

If a Christian man has this year (it is drawing fast to its close now) received one thousand dollars, he has, at least, one hundred dollars' worth of means for the world's conversion—a tithe.

If he has gained ten thousand, one of the ten belongs to God's fund for the world's conversion. If he has received fifty thousand, then he has been sent five thousand to invest in the same fund. God has answered prayers for the world's conversion by sending the means for it abundantly to His people.

Now, our business is to invest at once this one hundred or thousand, or five thousand, as the case may be, in the enterprise, and ask the Lord to bless it. That is the practical and sensible way of acting.

But it is not the usual way. The usual way is to forget that we have any funds of the sort on hand, and when the Lord has answered our prayers to keep on crying to Him still as if He had never heard us. The usual way is to put a dollar on the plate and then pray that the Lord will convert the world, while meanwhile we *embezzle* the other ninety-nine, or nine hundred and ninety-nine, as the case may be, which He has sent for the purpose.

We submit that the business is a mean and dishonest one, and that when it comes to unfairness, men are unfair and dishonest to no one as they are to their God. To this day they lay the heathenism of the world at His door, when they have in their hands, and have had for centuries, using them on their own lusts, the means He provided for the entire destruction of heathenism out of His redeemed world; and, worse and worse, they think it very pious to make the charge.

Why does the Church ask the Lord to do a piece of work which she has ample means of doing whenever she will? Why does Brother Blank, who can draw his check for two hundred thousand dollars, beg the Lord so earnestly for five hundred for some missionary or missionary object? Why does not Brother

B. step up himself? Was there no meaning in the old curse, except its narrow Jewish meaning, "Curse ye, Meroz, saith the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, *because they came not up to the help of the Lord*, to the help of the Lord against the mighty?" Has it not rather a depth of meaning for all time, a revelation of the relation between God and man, forgotten too often, and now altogether lost, a revelation proclaimed clearly in the new Covenant, as faintly hinted in the old—that men are "fellow workers with God," and that, in the mysteries of the Kingdom of Grace, God has been pleased to make Himself need man's help? Is it not startling enough that we stand crying on God to convert the world and suppose our duty done, while meanwhile we have utterly forgotten that God is pleading with *us* to convert the world? While we refuse His prayer can we expect Him to answer ours?

Words! words! One wearies and sickens of words! Words are no prayers. The most pious wording may be insolent, irrational, impious.

Whenever the Church turns to her work, whenever she prays with her hands and her purse as well as with her mouth, whenever she sets heart and soul, hands and head about the work—which is the only excuse for her existence—she may pray then with the faith with which men prayed of old and be answered as they were. For in the tug and strain of determined effort, working, giving, sacrificing to the last limit of her power, she can call on God for anything. When, so toiling as for life, the hour of her utter extremity has come, when she has done all *she* can, when all Christian force and wisdom and valor and zeal are at the stretch and strain of the final tug—God will crown the effort, we may be sure, if the heavens must shake in His descending power.

The condition precedent to the answer of any prayer is that the suppliant do his utmost. It is the condition for the man and the condition for the Church.

The world would become the Lord's to-morrow if that condition were complied with.

It is not rash to say it never will be until that condition exists.

CHURCH AND SECTS AGAIN.

WE have spoken of the various bodies that surround the American Church. We have not carried our view abroad to the bodies which do not surround her. The duty of a Church, like the duty of a man, is that which lies nearest.

The American Church, to those of us who accept her as a Catholic Church, as *the* Catholic Church of this country, is responsible for this people among whom she is placed as she is for none others. Her main responsibility is for the men of these United States. They are her special charge. No matter what they call themselves. No matter into what sects or parties they are divided; no matter whether they recognize her authority or scoff at it; no matter whether they hear or refuse to hear her message, she is responsible for them, and must answer for them.

We do not think, then, that to *us* the question of unity with the Eastern Church or unity with any branch of the Western Church is the pressing question in the matter of Christian unity. *Our* first duty as a Church lies in our own country and among our own people. When we show our power and wisdom in laboring for unity among our own divided people we will be prepared, and not before, to do something effective in healing the larger divisions of Christendom.

To gather into one the scattered thousands about us who bear the Church name, to remove the narrowness and phariseeism and self-conceit which is dividing brethren, to heal the foolish and absurd divisions which are disgracing the Christian name, which are paralyzing Christian effort, and bringing the religion of Christ into contempt before a scoffing world—to do that, in this country is the first duty, the plain mission of the American Church.

If we are here for anything we are here for that. If the Church has any work before her that is the work. If there be any meaning in her character and position as a Catholic and Primitive

Church that is the work she is here to do, is the work which, under God, she only can do.

She bears witness to the worth of unity. She testifies to the perpetual obligation on Christians to be *one*. She lifts her voice against the sectarianism that sets up its fancies as the law of God. She protests against narrowing the Covenant, against interposing human systems between man and God. She does all this in every point of her character in every act of her life.

Have we understood this? Has the real nature of the Church, in this character, been understood and accepted by her members? Has not the "low" Churchman considered her as a *sect*—the most respectable and exclusive and neatest sect going, but still a *sect* which he loves and prefers, because of some peculiarities, which sect is to teach just what all other "Evangelical" and exclusive little pharisaic sects, only in her own petsect ways which are delightful and pleasant to him? And has not the "high" Churchman practically considered her about the same? An exclusive body, a Church indeed, *the Church*, as he is very fond of believing, but still the Church which is to stand here, holding her own, and loftily washing her hands of all these unhappy sectarianisms and of all responsibility for their divisions? Has he not made a sectarian pharisaic and conceited little Church of her, quite as hateful, in truth, as any sect whatever?

Must we not sadly confess that this has been the way on both sides hitherto and need we wonder that the Church has been taken by those outside to be what those inside have represented her, and that the common opinion about the Protestant Episcopal Church is that she is the meanest and most arrogant and conceited of all sects?

Need we wonder that the absurd caricature of the Church drawn by the "low and slow," and colored by the "high and dry," in their old party contests, has been accepted by strangers as a genuine likeness?

But we may be thankful, at last, that the time has come when the likeness is understood and recognized as a caricature, inside at least. The mass of Churchmen have come to recognize the Church as neither a "high Church" sect nor a "low Church" sect. They have come to see that her business here is to bear witness for Apostolic Faith and Order and the forgotten truth of the Unity of Christianity.

And this gives us sight of the position in which we stand toward our brethren outside, as we set it forth in our last number, and sight also of the proper method with which we should be ready to deal with them.

There has been much writing about the "distinctive doctrines" of the various Christian bodies. And as a fact each does bear witness to some doctrine which the others have either ignored or forgotten. Perhaps, in this, one can see the uses which, in the order of Divine Providence, that brings good out of evil, even sectarianism supplies.

That these doctrines, not exaggerated into sect badges but held in their true relations, and subordinations, are all held in the Church is a thing which all educated Churchmen understand.

In that respect the Church has no "distinctive doctrine." Her distinction is that she holds and teaches the *whole circle of Christian truth*.

Certainly the Apostolic Succession is *not* her "distinctive doctrine," inasmuch as almost every denomination, and noticeably all the Presbyterian sects and all the Methodist are practically bound by and acting on the doctrine quite as much as ourselves.

But if we were to select *our* "distinctive doctrine"—the peculiar one which it is the office and mission of the Church in America to teach and witness for, it is the doctrine of Christian unity—that there is "One Fold and One Shepherd"—that to be *one* is the everlasting bounden obligation on Christian men.

From this we say *ought* to be inferred the proper mode of dealing with sects on the part of the Church.

There are certain things of doctrine and essential organization and certain things of discipline and merely temporary discipline, too, in the Church Catholic.

The first are absolutely sacred and unchangeable forever. They are the ark of the Covenant. On them no rash hand may be laid at any time or under any circumstances. The Church did not create them. She only received them in trust and must pass them down intact as they came to her.

But the matters of *discipline* are in her own hands, absolutely so from day to day. She has her own wisdom, under the guidance of the abiding Spirit, to direct her in these and in their changes. She can alter, omit, suspend as may seem best adapted

to prosper her in her work and enable her to fulfil the responsibilities of her time.

And this range of matters of mere discipline is very wide, wider a great deal than unthinking people fancy. In fact, the tendency generally is to confound essentials and matters of discipline together, to make the last as important as the first, to contend about things which the Church absolutely controls and make divisions and quarrels about these when there is substantial agreement on the essentials.

But if the Church proposes to deal with the sectarianism that is about her, and persuade it to return to the bosom of primitive unity, she must not commit this mistake. She must get a clear comprehension of the broad difference between the essential things of the divine deposit of the faith, and the humanly devised means to guard and propagate that faith. On the first there can be no compromise. If divisions rise, based on a denial of Catholic doctrine, there can be no healing till the denials are dropped.

But, as we have seen, the divisions which exist among "the Evangelical" bodies so called, at least, and which separate them from the Church and from each other, are not on denials of the Catholic doctrine at all. And while this makes the divisions themselves look more unreasonable and wicked, it is, at the same time, a ground of hope and comfort. While sectarianism organizes itself, as it has, on *trifles*, it undoubtedly gives an uglier and more senseless look to sectarianism, but it still gives greater ground of hope to those who undertake to remove sectarianism. If there were heretical and bitter denials of essential Christian verities to contend against, the work would look vastly more difficult and hopeless.

But there are not. Our American sects are organized, as a rule, on trifles, on mere matters of personal preference, on some mere detail of discipline which is elevated to the rank of an essential, or on some mere temporary issue which died out long ago, and only left the habit of sectarianism to sustain the sect.

The Church, to deal with this, must free *herself* from any possibility of confirming sectarian error. She must learn carefully to draw the line between what belongs to the eternal verities and what belongs to the details of human arrangement which, in every period of history, is entirely in the Church's own hands. She must learn that, on these last neither Church nor sect has any business

to create divisions or continue them, that if divisions can be healed or removed by any sacrifice of these or change of these then the change or sacrifice should be made.

Now here lies one line of Church education which we greatly need. Undoubtedly from the sectarian atmosphere about us we have many of us become infected, and are laying too much stress on the husks, on the human surroundings, on matters which are in our own hands, and some of which are of our own making.

We must all get over this. There is need of sight, that sees things as things are, among us all. There is need of training in discrimination, that we learn what are important and what indifferent, that we may put our protests and resistances on a basis that will stand.

And because to many that sight has come, is the reason and the real reason, though they may not see it, why our "Evangelical" friends have become so small a minority and why they are daily becoming smaller. This also is the reason why they are utterly, powerless in doing any work with regard to their sectarian brethren outside.

They "love the Church," they are "attached to her sober ways," they are very earnest in professing their "affection" for *everything about her which is merely human*. She is the Church of *their* "choice" and "preference."

That is to say, they prize the little points of outward dress and manner in which she differs from other bodies about her, and are willing to keep up the division for the sake of those, *to us*, utterly indifferent points. They belong to her on the most purely sectarian grounds, and defend her on purely schismatic principles.

This position of theirs is very well understood outside, and it is not a position which commends them for consistency or common sense to the members of other bodies. A man who will divide God's Church for a few yards of linen, in the shape of a surplice or a few yards of black silk in the shape of a gown, is about as far gone a specimen of the unadulterated sectarian as we know. A man who will even break up the unity of the Christian fold, and rend the robe of Christ for the sake of *reading* his prayers, is only a little more respectable schismatic than he who will do it for the sake of *saying* them *memoriter* without a book.

These things are matters of pure indifference in the hands of the living Church, bound, of course, upon her members *when she*

has so established them, but, in her own power to modify and dispose of as she sees fit.

We have defended these peculiarities when they needed defence. But it was only a defence of outposts after all. We must come to appreciate things at their value. If anything of mere discipline, mere form or ceremony is keeping out of Christian unity any large number of Christian people, unreasonable and prejudiced and narrow as their objections may be, the Church is bound in her wisdom to look at their objections and seriously to consider whether she may not relax any point of observance or modify any given demand of ceremonial.

We do not know what might be necessary nor how far. But we do say that the Church needs to educate her children up to the point of distinguishing between essentials and non-essentials, and of understanding that she does not stand on the non-essentials, that she is not a *sect*, distinguished from other sects by the use of a Prayer Book and a surplice.

DO WE NEED IT?

WE desire to say a few words to our readers, clerical and lay, which have been in our mind to say for long, and we ask them to take them only as suggestive, and as *introducing* a subject which they are to think out each for himself.

It is every way becoming a more serious and pressing matter to discover how the Gospel and its institutions are to be brought to large and multiplying classes of people in our own country.

Every day the number of those who are entire strangers to religious worship and influences is increasing, and every day is increasing the still vaster number who are indifferent.

Absolutely the number of those who attend upon, and support, the ordinances of religion is, to be sure, also increasing. *Relatively* to the growing mass of the indifferent it is not increasing.

We were slow to understand this at the first in this country. But it has been gradually forced upon us that in our own country, as in all others, there is a vast proportion of the population who will take no pains, and give no cost to provide religious privileges for themselves, and for whom if such privileges are to exist at all, they must be provided by others.

Not only is there the large class among us now who cannot make such provision, but there is the much larger class of those who will not, or who do not care.

Our theory that men should provide religious advantages for themselves at their own expense, which might have answered in the earlier days, when life was simple, and there were few rich and none helplessly poor, has broken down completely in the face of present facts.

There are thousands of people in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and other of our large cities to whom the Gospel must be brought and *given*, who must have churches provided for them and clergy to minister to them, at an expense not their own, and this class will always exist.

If these people are to have the ordinances and influences of religion at all, they must come to them by the provision of other people.

We were totally unprepared for this state of things. Our conduct in the face of it has been rather astonishing, we must confess. Having built a church, in a good neighborhood, and finding in the changes of the city's growth, that the rich people have removed, and that none but people who cannot pay large pew rents have come into its neighborhood, we have solved the problem by selling the church and going off with the money to some neighborhood where the people are rich, or at least comfortable, thus verifying the Gospel "to him that hath shall be given" in an entirely new style, and leaving the "down town" folk to take care of themselves without any Gospel at all!

Gradually it is dawning on us that this sort of thing will not answer. It will not do to leave masses of untouched heathenism, about our homes, while we anxiously carry the Gospel to the Chinaman or the Negro.

These people must have the Gospel *given* them. As a matter of fact, people have never been too eager to obtain it for themselves, and human nature is here what it is everywhere.

There are places in scores, occupied by our churches to-day, in which, if we depend on the American theory of supply and demand, no public worship will be sustained twenty-five years hence, and meanwhile there will be more people about the Church than there are now.

What is to be done about it? We are all clear that the idea that people will provide religiously for themselves must be given up. They clearly do not. Others must do it for them. How? "By Free Churches," one answers. "By Mission Chapels," says another. But meanwhile how shall we support the Free Churches and the Mission Chapels?

It has seemed strange to us that the very plain and practical answer has not been given. Namely: *A Sustentation Fund*.

The Irish Church was robbed of her Endowments and her State aid. It was clear to everybody that one result of that robbery would be that many a parish would cease to be served, and many a church would be closed. To avoid this, a Sustentation Fund was begun—the free gift of Churchmen—the capital to be invested and the interest to be used for the support of the Church in places where Churchmen are few or poor.

In Canada the same thing is done. A general endowment for the whole Church—a Sustentation Fund—has been in process of collection there also.

It has never occurred to us, in the United States, to make any effort to endow the church. We have gone on the theory that people will always provide for religion, and when we find the thing is not true, we have only to allow them to go unprovided. Well enough, if we could only wash our hands of responsibility!

We complain of the Congregationalism in the Church, of the cold loneliness and exclusiveness of our parish system, of the fact that every man is left to do his work by himself, and that we have no common and united interest.

But what else have we provided for? The parish clergyman has nothing beyond his parish. The people composing it, and they only, sustain him in his ministrations. If they fail him there is nothing else to look to. If they remove he can do nothing but follow them. He is entirely dependent on them. The Church beyond that boundary has nothing for him. If he is sick or broken down she has not a dollar to give him nor a roof to shelter him. If he is old and worn out in her service, she has not even a charitable asylum to which he may retire to die. The Church, as a whole, as a body, ignores, on her present system, the clergyman entirely. She turns him out to work his work by himself, and get what he can for doing it. If he succeed, well. If he fail, on his own head be it.

And then we meet and complain of our Congregationalism and our parochial isolation! And we wisely propose, some of us, by "the See System," or "the Cathedral System," or some other "system," to remedy this isolation which is not the disease, but only one, and that by no means the worst, symptom.

Just as long, certainly, as we go on the theory that those who pay for the Gospel are those only who are entitled to the Gospel, this isolation will continue *maugre* all the "systems" in the universe. Whilst the clergyman looks to the living local congregation and to that only, to sustain him in his work, while his usefulness, his comfort, his very means of existence, depend on his acceptability to them and his position among them, it is out of the question that he shall not confine his interest and his anxiety to them and be very jealous of anything which may weaken his position among them.

It is not in human nature that he should be eager to form a new parish out of his own flock and anxious to have the forces of his own congregation used for the building up of others.

We are living from hand to mouth, and we have only the natural results of such living. We have no security that in any of the churches which we consecrate so solemnly, divine service will be sustained beyond the present generation. The *paying* congregation may leave in ten years, and the parson *must* go with them and take the proceeds of the church sale along also.

We have acknowledged the necessity of endowing the Episcopate. Every diocese looks to do it some time. But surely it cannot be half so important to endow one office in the church as to endow the Church herself. And if we confess the necessity of endowing one office we have admitted the principle. It is good for nothing or it is good all through.

The conditions of life in our country are in rapid change. The loose congregational principle of supply and demand, that men are to provide for the ministrations of religion, or to do without them as they see fit, will serve our turn no longer. We must provide for a changed world. And one provision for that is to take steps to make the ministrations of the Gospel a permanent thing, knowing surely that where those ministrations are least asked for, they are most demanded.

That Trinity parish, in New York, happened to be endowed, is the reason now, and the only reason, why the whole teeming lower wards of that city are not left without a church bell or spire.

In each diocese in the church we need at once to begin the formation of a permanent Church Endowment. Not merely the creation of a Missionary Fund, but the creation of a fund for all purposes of Church growth as may be needed.

The thing should be delayed no longer. We have been blind to it too long already. It should be talked about and discussed and explained and its necessity pointed out and an earnest effort made at least to begin it. Once begun it will grow.

We need to get broader ideas than any the parish, merely, supplies. We need that the Church, as a whole, stand forward as a power in the community, as a body which has more functions than merely to meet two days a year in convention and *talk*. It must make its appearance as a body that can *do*, and in this country at present, as in all countries, a body that can *do*, is a body that has something to do with.

The influence of a General Church Endowment on the subject of the increase of the ministry needs only to be indicated.

A man gives his life to the Church. He ought to be sure of his bread at least. As a matter of fact he gives it and must, now, *to a congregation*. But if his field be such that his congregation becomes fewer or poorer (which is by no means a rare case in many a half-dead village East and West), he must either leave his flock or be content to know that, as he grows older, he is every day sinking more and more into discouragement and poverty. He has no security, no permanence. His life promises to be more or less adrift. He is exposed to popular caprice and the chances of men's whims. After years of service he may find himself adrift and unable to find work where also he can find bread.

It is out of the question that these things should not be considered by many men looking into life. They are considered and ought to be considered. It is only the part of common prudence and decent common sense to take them into account. Parents should consider them for their sons, and sons should consider them for themselves.

And they are considered with results and such results as we all see and are grieved over.

It is seen that the only career the Church offers—and how narrow is our measure of work since that is so!—is that of the parish or rather congregational pastor. The qualities which win success and produce results in that work are all we have use for. Learning like *Pearson's*, eloquence like *Taylor's*, logical power like *Barrow's* or *McGEE's*—philosophic thought like *Cudworth's*, we have no place for unless with them are joined the qualities personal and social, which go to make the man “acceptable” to the ordinary mass of a congregation. With one of them or all of them a man may starve among us unless he has “the tact to sustain himself in a parish!” Alas! when one thinks of it, how many of those whose names glorify the history of the Church, have been too grandly simple to possess just that “tact,” that shrewdness and somewhat worldly prudence, which the modern congregation requires for its successful administration!

And this narrowness of career shuts out many a one from the ministry, as it is shutting out and suppressing learning for learning's own sake.

“But what remedy in an endowment?” It is clear enough, it

seems to us—the remedy which shall lift the clergyman out of the narrowness of mere congregational service and broaden his life and thought by the sense of independence in belonging to a great body which will sustain him, and has the power to sustain him, in some modest but firm degree, so only that he devote himself, in any useful work to its service and which thus offers him the hope of a work for which he is best fitted, instead of his being compelled to do one only for which he may be ill fitted or else stand idle. For surely in God's "harvest field, if a man cannot use the sickle, he may at least bind the sheaves!"

ARTIFICIAL MORALITIES.

WE have recently passed, in our journeyings, hundreds of acres of hop vineyards. Busy hands were gathering the harvest, The "pickers" were mostly girls from the cities, getting high wages and a few weeks of fresh air, and a glimpse of green fields.

The hop vineyards, as we passed them, seemed to our unsophisticated mind as pleasant places as any we saw in the fair landscapes before us.

We took up one of our Puritan newspapers the other day, and our simplicity received a shock. We were gravely told that these pleasant fields, from which the wind wafted an aromatic fragrance into the close atmosphere of the crowded car as we passed, and whence now and then the clear voice of some pleasant singer greeted us, were only blotches on the sweet face of nature—foul sources of sin and misery.

The sin of *hop culture* was gravely and solemnly denounced as the fruitful mother of many sins. The hop and the hop pole were Satan's instruments for the world's ruin; and the man who planted a hop vine, or gathered a hop blossom—who in any way encouraged a hop to climb, or offered a hop root for sale—was directly doing the devil's work!

We were naturally startled. Here was a terrible crime and curse, of which we had been utterly unsuspecting, growing and spreading all about us. We had, thoughtless that we are, enjoyed the pleasant sight, and pleased ourselves with the pleasant labor, as a traveller might, in utter ignorance of the hidden horror that yawned before us.

And it was not one paper; but two, three, four. Indeed, some of our newspapers have been, for some time, making a special terror of the unfortunate vegetable. They have boldly taken the ground that no Christian man can raise a hop vine. It is the forbidden fruit. Here was a new sin—the sin of hop culture—a sin to be denounced in all pulpits.

This is an instance of what we mean by *artificial morality*. There are scores of others; but this will do to illustrate. The land is reeling drunk with sins. Two-thirds of its people are to-day outside the influence of any Christian organization. Vices are foul in the family, in the social circle, in the State—foul and countless. Marriage is made a mere civil contract, dissolvable almost at pleasure. Licentiousness is *legalized* by unlimited divorce; and the most sacred ties of human society are dissolved at any man's or woman's whim.

Fraud reigns in high places and in low. Business is rotten with lying, cheating, and perjury. The news of the day is a story, daily repeated, of swindling and robbery in the very innermost circles of the national trade.

Bloodshed has become so common that we have our daily murders at breakfast, and hardly think it worth a note. And a half-dozen suicides a day are a reasonable average. The physicians tell us "the slaughter of the innocents" is universal, not by Herod now, but by "Rachel" herself, who, however, is *not* "weeping" but rejoicing for her children, *because they are not*.

These things, and such like, we see;—the neglected and practically heathen thousands of our great cities, the vice and poverty and disease that hide in wretched tenements, owned often by so-called Christian men, who keep *vice and typhus yards* unrebuked. And here, where all this stares us in the face, where we want God's plain Ten Commandments thundered into the ears of men—"Thou shalt not *steal*, Thou shalt not commit *adultery*, Thou shalt not *kill*, Thou shalt not *covet*," and the rest—we have proclaimed, as the last Puritan law, the enactment of the first importance—"Thou shalt not *plant hops*!"

From the first, the tendency has been to invent mere artificial rights, and mere artificial wrongs. Men have sought to serve God beyond what is written—to give Him a *will service*; and the consequence has been invariably the same;—they have become careless of the morality which is eternal. They have been intent on keeping up their little artificial self-willed bits of righteousness, and on denouncing their own privately manufactured sins, and have been often utterly oblivious of the righteousness of God's Commandments, and blind to the sins denounced in His plain laws.

The Romanist is often very careful, as far as his artificial mo-

ality goes, and, at the same time, utterly immoral. There are no men more devout than the Italian banditti. They will pray long and fervently before the shrine of some favorite saint, for success in a contemplated robbery. They would be horrified at the thought of breaking a fast-day—they will commit a murder without scruple!

At home we see the same thing, though in ways less dangerous. Michael would not for the world touch a bit of beef on Friday, but will drink himself wild on Saturday, without compunction! Patrick would not break a fast on any account, but will break a head and think no harm of it.

The whole minute system of artificial rights and wrongs which Romanism teaches, blinds the masses, in all Romish countries, to real rights and wrongs; so that there is no longer, as in Spain, Mexico or Italy, any connection whatever between religion and common decency. The greatest devotee is often the vilest scoundrel, or the most endless liar. The observance of an artificial code has become the one sole measure of human right and duty; and religion is utterly dissevered from daily life.

But this is not confined to Romanism. Protestantism has acted in the same way, and reached often the same result. This is particularly true of Puritan Protestantism, and particularly true of it in this country.

It has shown great readiness to shut its eyes to plain downright sins, and to satisfy its conscience by the denunciation of what itself chooses to call sins. It has sought to atone for real wrongs, by waging war against fancied ones. It has been fierce against amusements; but has indulged itself in mad money-getting as life's one business. It has insisted on a Jewish Sabbath, and, at the same time, has allowed whole communities, in New England itself, to be, for years, without Christian worship on a Christian Sunday! It has been ready enough to condemn the sins of other people, of people far away; it has been bitter enough and loud enough against their wrong-doing. It has been, so far, nearly dumb to a great rottenness that is eating out its life at home.

So, in all times, as among the ancient Jews, there is the temptation to invent observances as tests of obedience, and to omit the weightier matters of the law. And, as time passes, these small artificial observances come to be regarded as the real tests of Christian and religious character. The temptation needs to be

carefully guarded against. The Church does nothing among all her wise ways, wiser than to read the plain, clear, decisive Ten Commandments continually to her children. She thus brings them back to the foundations of honest Christian living—the doing justly, the loving mercy and the walking humbly before God—the real eternal morality, which man did not make, and can never change.

She delivers their souls from slavishness to the mere notions of the day, from measuring rights and wrongs by the popular cries of the hour.

Let them see well, that, while they stand fast in the liberty with which Christ has made them free, they also enjoy that liberty in hearty and full obedience to the law which sums their duty towards men, and their duty towards God, “in that state of life to which it hath pleased God to call them” each.

“LAWYERS AND CHRISTIANITY.”

RECENTLY we read an article in a sectarian cotemporary in which a correspondent quotes some one asking the question, “Why is it that so few lawyers take an active part in Christian work, and so few eminent lawyers are known to be decided Christians?”

He accepts it as a fact that the question is a legitimate and natural one and then proceeds to give his reasons.

We are not concerned with them. We hardly understand the religious dialect of some of our neighbors and, therefore, are perhaps wrong in the impression that among them “Christian work” means “Christian *talk*,” for the writer seems to think that failing to “speak in meeting” is the great failing, and, admitting that lawyers fail in that, he proceeds to guess why. He misses what, admitting the fact, we should think the great reason, viz: Lawyers have a pretty accurate knowledge of the value of *talk* on all matters and are the last men in the world to mistake it for *work*. Religious talk, such as we find some of our neighbors are largely printing “lecture room talks” and reports of “prayer meetings,” etc.—slip-shod goody twaddle, that one wonders why any mortal man should ever have thought it worth while to say, much less to *print*, and which is yet, we suppose, the best sort of talk going among them, this religious talk we do not wonder they find the lawyers rather shy of.

But because lawyers do not take part in this sort of thing (and that seems to be the complaint), is it fair to mark them out as a profession that takes no active part in Christian work, and of which few eminent ones are Christians?

That is certainly not what Churchmen like to say. The number of lawyers, eminent lawyers, who have taken part in active Christian work among us, who have been prominent in the councils of the Church, active in her charities, liberal of time and influence and means for the advancement of her interests, has

been a noticeable thing among *us* from the first and it is a noticeable thing now. We have no need to complain of the silence of *our* lawyers, and certainly none of our laymen have shown more devotion and few of our clergy a more thorough understanding of our principles and a more enlightened defence of them than have been shown by some of our great lawyers.

Were a Churchman to pick out any profession of which the question mentioned is *not* a question at all, he would pick out the legal profession.

In our vestries, in our diocesan conventions, in our General Convention, as trustees of our institutions, as the advisers of the clergy and the bishops, large-minded, appreciative and large-hearted, *our* lawyers are our noticeable laymen.

The names of Jay and Ogden, of Chambers and Hunt and Hugh Davey Evans, of Binney and Canfield, of Howe and Sheffey, of Comstock and Hendricks and McMurtrie and Blatchford, of John W. Andrews and John W. Stevenson, of Hamilton Fish and Robert C. Winthrop and Morrison R. Waite in the past, and in the present of Woolworth and Wilder and Bennett and Nash and Packard and Biddle, of Cortlandt Parker and Columbus Delano and George F. Edmunds and many such occur to a Churchman at once, and make the question a very unmeaning one to him.

That the history of the Church of England should be adorned and illustrated by a long line of famous lawyers for three hundred years, might be explained by the fact of a united Church and State, but no such explanation holds here, and yet the American Church, in her short history, has comprised, among her most active and devoted laymen, many of the brightest names that have illustrated American law.

The question, therefore, may be reversed for the Church, and we may ask why the difference is so great in this respect, between her and the other Christian bodies in the country?

The answer to that would take us into the very foundations on which she differs from them, the calm respect for old authority, the judicial temper in which she appeals to oldest and earliest precedents, the fact that her divine statute book has a divinely appointed witness and keeper and interpreter of its meaning, her wise constitution, which rests on the will of an ordered commonwealth, her legal and regular system of legislation, executive and judiciary, and then her worship, venerable and dignified and

redolent of the best thought and the deepest devotion of English-speaking men—these hint the explanation of the fact, that for the students of that noblest science, next to theology, she has had marked attractions, and has never been without great lawyers as reverent communicants at her altars, and wise and earnest advisers in her councils, and that among all her children there are none whose names she will mention to the end of time with more sacred remembrance than some who have adorned the American bench and bar.

PASTORAL WORK.

THAT the rector should know his flock is one of the conditions essential to his duty. He should know them *well*. He should be able to call them "*by name*." He should understand their wants, their trials, their necessities. He should be able to sympathize with them in joy and in sorrow.

All this is essential to the due fulfilling of his office. No learning can make up for the lack of personal knowledge and personal sympathy; no clergyman in the pulpit can supply the place of pastoral intercourse and confidence.

We admit all this. We insist upon it all. We believe in a *pastorate*, not in a mere *preacherhood*, not even in a mere *priesthood*. "To seek for Christ's sheep that are dispersed abroad" is the perpetual duty of his ministry.

But, admitting all this, how is the end best attained? In what way can the pastor best live in sympathy with his people? How best can he come near them and know them? He must not be a stranger. "They know not the voice of strangers." He has the care of their souls, and he must live among them so as in all ways to fulfil that care. How is he to know his people and have them know him?

"By pastoral visiting," is the answer. And we reply, "Very good, if you mean such pastoral visiting as will effect the end."

To see his people in their houses, to converse with them at their own firesides, to become acquainted with them in the family circle, might answer the purpose, if these things were possible.

And many a pastor sets patiently and laboriously to work, supposing them to be possible. Pastoral duty with him means

"parochial calls," and he sets about his duty faithfully. He goes his rounds, ringing bells and rattling knockers with a perseverance that commands our respect and sympathy. He devotes to his business the greater part of his week-days, and tramps in all weathers on his beat.

But his parochial calls, as it dawns upon him gradually, are *mere* "calls." There is no pastoral duty connected with them *as a rule*. He sees only the women of the household. The men are at their offices or shops; the children are at school. He makes polite calls upon the ladies. There is possibly some result; one result is quite apparent—three fourths of all his congregation are women!

In the circumstances of our modern life in cities and large towns true parochial calls are impossible. The family are together only in the evening, not always then. And in large congregations, under the charge, as they very generally are, of one presbyter, it would be quite impossible, even if the families stayed at home, for the pastor to make his calls very frequently, that is, if he pretended to do any duty besides.

That the accepted style of parochial calls meets the case at all, that these calls make the pastor acquainted with his people and their spiritual necessities, is out of the question.

That very portion of his flock which needs most his care, which is most exposed to the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil, is the portion his so-called "calls" never bring him into contact with.

It is a part of our disorganization that this ineffectual and clumsy method is the only way we have to bring pastor and people together. On Sundays the people come to the church, and in the public offices of religion both meet. At other times, if the pastor would find his people, he must take his chances of seeing them, one here and another there, and all occupied with pressing duties.

Is there no way to bring them together by a common interest and make them acquainted in some common work? Parochial

calls as they are now managed are calls to *talk*. Might not there be some arrangement where pastor and people would meet to *work*?

Among our people, in large parishes especially, it is not only the case that the people are not sufficiently acquainted with their pastor; they are not sufficiently acquainted with one another. The family relation, which is an essential feature in the Church of God, has no existence. People sit sometimes for months and years in opposite pews, and go up together to the same altar, and remain entire strangers. No amount of parochial calls made by the pastor on the ladies of the two families will bring the families any nearer together.

It is possible in small places and in new parishes, where people are all in about the same circumstances, where there are none rich and none needy, for the pastor, with much labor and a great expenditure of time, to do his pastoral work reasonably satisfactorily by the system of regular visitation from house to house, with all its disadvantages. It is not possible at all in large parishes in cities.

What is needed in this matter is what we need in so many other matters—*organization*.

The parochial-call system goes on the idea that the clergyman is to do all the work of the parish. It accepts the parish as existing merely to be served; it does not consider it as an organization which has a definite work and duty of its own. We need hardly say that here lies much of the failure of our work. Most parish clergymen find it soon enough, and most of them, we believe, find no way out of the difficulty. They labor on under an arrangement which seems to take it for granted that they are hired to look after a certain number of "families and individuals" as best they can, and that these families have nothing to do except pay their share for being looked after!

There is another theory of the parish or congregation, which is the New Testament theory and very widely different from this.

That theory looks at the congregation as an organized division of Christ's kingdom, organized and officered for work. The Church is a working institution, sent not only to *talk*, but to *do*. The clergyman is the leader and director of a band of workmen, "fellow-workers with God," set at the world-long work of saving the world. His responsibility may be greater than that of any member of the band, his accountability to the Master more direct and solemn. But a part of that responsibility and accountability is that he not only work himself, but direct and press on the work of those committed to his charge.

That a pastor should consider his pastoral work performed by stated calls at the houses of an idle people, and that they should consider their duty to be to do nothing except to treat the pastor kindly when he does call, and that this on both sides should be counted "pastoral work," is a thing that might well amaze us had we not become so forgetful of the real purpose and duty of the Church and its various congregations. It is quite as well that such a sham should fail us, and that we should all see the failure.

Suppose we take the theory of the New Testament, that a church is an organized institution for teaching men, for preaching the Gospel, for doing all works of charity and mercy to its own members and to all men as far as it has power and the call. Suppose we consider the pastor as the leader and director of this working body. Can we not see ways in which the most close and active sympathy will arise between pastor and people, in which confidence and love and interest will be multiplied beyond anything now brought to pass?

The pastor does not go to spend an idle half-hour with one or two members of the family. He has organizations for this work or the other, and he meets members together, interested in a common purpose; meets to counsel and advise, and hear reports of progress, and talk over work done and work proposed. He meets them with a purpose; they meet him with a purpose. There is a reality and an earnestness about the whole matter

which does more to break the ice of diffidence and bring people acquainted than a week's mere talk.

There is work enough in all our parishes, our city parishes especially, waiting to be done, and which lies undone now because there is no *real* pastoral work possible, because the clergyman has failed to find something for all his people to do.

The women should be organized for such work as they, and they only, can do; for visiting the poor, for looking after destitute households, neglected children, and young women away from home. The younger women should be banded together for work appropriate to them, of which there is always a plenty. The men should be organized for such work as they only can perform, and the young men should have their brotherhood with its various activities.

A choral society should exist to make the music of the sanctuary what it should be. A society to find out and interest young men who are strangers, or have fallen out of habits of church attendance, would find occupation. An association to provide, in a large parish, a library and a reading-room would be a society that would do a good work in every city. Another which would undertake the conduct of an occasional course of lectures on church principles, or even on some scientific or historical matter of interest, would be a useful work. A committee to see that strangers had seats in the church would not be out of place. A society to encourage responses in public worship would be an advantage in many parishes. Another to make parishioners in the same parish acquainted would not be useless. A band trained for catechists to assist the pastor in the most important duty of catechising the young would be most useful in almost any of our congregations.

There are a hundred lines of effort in which the members of a congregation might be thus engaged and interested for edification and good works. The laity are, we believe, willing to work. They complain often that they are not employed when they desire to be. We believe the complaint is an honest one.

Earnest Christian men and women always want to *do something*. They cannot tell what to set about. They desire leadership. The leadership does not exist. They are driven to busy themselves with schemes that are crude and fruitless, or they fall into apathy. There is nothing more wanted at the present than intelligent and wise organizations for lay workers, men and women.

And such organizations will not only give them work, but they will also make it possible for the clergy to be real pastors. Such organizations would bring the clergy and the people together; they would give the sympathy of a common absorbing interest; they would bring all the congregation acquainted, all into the family relations which belong to the Church of God.

We really do not think that our parishes can do their duty where pastoral work consists in formal calls upon the ladies, and the only organization for good works is the sewing society. Under the circumstances, we do not wonder that the business of religion in so many households is left to the women.

Have we nothing to offer men? Have we no work to give them? Have we no pastoral system which will bring the pastor face to face with the men of his congregation, and put him in the place of a leader in good works which they do? They cannot attend the sewing society. On the whole, they do not greatly admire it, perhaps. Nevertheless they do desire to occupy themselves in some common good work. Can such not be found for them?

The sick, the poor, the suffering, the wanderers, the inquiring, these are especially the good pastor's care. The rest he should consider *workers*. He should expect them to work, and provide work for them, and organize them to do it to the best advantage. A parish should be a hive. All are in it for mutual good and for good to others, and all who *can* work should have some work set before them. None should have to go far to find something which he or she can do for the Lord's service.

This is the only solution we see to questions which are every

day becoming more pressing in the largeness of the harvest and the fitness of the laborers. We must return to the old theory that the business of a Christian is not to sit at home to be "called" upon, but to rise up and be at work at some part of this enormous job of saving the world, which the Master has given his Church to do.

THE SERMON TRADE.

CUSTOM requires that two sermons be preached in most Protestant houses of worship each Sunday. In most of the denominations the main part of the worship consists in listening to the sermon. Children used to be taught—indeed, we do not know but what they are so taught yet—that it is a sort of religious duty—indeed, the most solemn and high religious duty—to listen to the sermon, and that in listening to it they are somehow doing a service well-pleasing to God.

The demand for sermons being so regular and constant, a good portion of the time of a young man preparing for the ministry of one of our denominations is necessarily taken up in learning how to make sermons. There are books which profess to teach the mysteries of the art, which lay down rules and give advice, so that after going through them a young man of ordinary skill and intelligence shall be able to make a sermon on any given text according to rule. In fact, in a good many theological seminaries it is considered the main business to teach a young man the trade of sermonizing, the art of manufacturing sermons *ad libitum*. In such schools the world is held to consist of two classes, the men who make sermons and the men who listen to them when made; and the chief end of the Christian Church and ministry is to get sermons preached continually to full houses.

The definition of the modern denominational ministry is—*preacherhood*. It consists of a body of men whose duty it is to deliver a sermon on every possible opportunity, under the im-

pression that they are thereby "preaching the Gospel." They are men who are forever on the lookout for an audience to harangue. The great event of their past life was their last sermon; the great event of the future is the next. They have learned, or have picked up, the trade of sermon-making. They have been honestly taught that this trade is a most important one—indeed, a sacred and divine business altogether; and in their eyes now the world is going right or going wrong exactly according to the way in which it listens to sermons made according to the orthodox pattern, which is, of course, *their* pattern.

And since the work and business of the ministry has been reduced to this among our dissenting brethren; since all claim on a priesthood has been given up, all pretense to speak in God's name and as his messengers has been scouted; and since the whole matter has resolved itself into the making of sermons—what wonder that in this reading age, and among a people who have, like Silas Wegg, "all print open to them," so many should conclude that they can *read* a great deal better sermon than they can *hear*, and so conclude to stay away from the sermonizing business altogether?

As the age becomes more intellectual, therefore, as more and more men become familiar with the great treasures of English literature and the great mines of English thought, they are less disposed to recognize the divine right of any man to bore them with commonplaces, under the claim that his wares are the "Gospel."

And so men are saying, "The pulpit is losing its hold on the world." Decidedly it is. And if the pulpit is the whole of Christianity, if there is no priesthood and no sacraments, if there is not even a pastorate, if the whole business of the ministry is to incubate for six days two sermons to preach on the seventh, then the sooner it loses its hold the better. All the sermons preached in the United States next Sunday will not hold as much thought or represent as much intellectual or spiritual power

as are contained in a dozen printed pages of Hooker or as many of Taylor's "Holy Dying."

But our purpose is rather to call attention to a curious result of the enormous demand for sermons.

There are, of course, labor-saving contrivances in all business. The age is an age especially given to labor-saving inventions.

In addition, therefore, to the books which teach the art of making a sermon by rule, we have a mass of books which contain the dry bones of endless sermons—"skeletons," they call them, and the name is well chosen. Somewhere we have seen a book called "Five Hundred Sketches and Skeletons of Sermons." Its name indicates its use. Somewhere we have met with "Simeon's Skeletons," an older work of the same class. We have seen or heard of "Pulpit Helps," another book of the same sort. Indeed, we suspect there are a large number of such productions to save labor and enable the hide-bound brain to deliver itself of other men's thoughts.

Before us lies a little book, dreary-looking—indeed, horrid and repulsive-looking, as well it may. "Pulpit Germs" is the name of it. It is a whole museum of *skeletons*—skeleton sermons. It is a Philadelphia notion, and any unhappy preacher may here find a couple of anatomies to put flesh and skin on and galvanize into some spasmodic imitation of life for next Sunday's pulpit performance. For a half-hour the things may be made to wave their arms and wag their heads in imitation of life, if well set up and wired.

But the matter has been carried further than the providing of skeletons. There is, after all, a good deal of work in putting on the skin and flesh; so we have the skeletons covered and clothed, and offered for sale ready made up to look as natural as life.

In England we learn that "a private circular has been sent to the clergy announcing the approaching issue of a periodical to be composed entirely of sermons and to be sold exclusively to gentlemen in holy orders."

This seems to be, however, only a leaf out of a Yankee book. England is only waking up to the advancement of the age.

But even this is not advance enough. There is still the trouble of copying out in a fair hand these ready-made sermons, and that is dull work.

So it is said that for a long time past "lithograph sermons," made to imitate manuscript exactly, with blots and interlineations complete to deceive the galleries, have been a standing article of trade.

For our own part, we cannot join in any violent denunciation of these proceedings.

If sermons be the one thing wanted, is a man to blame who tries to get them up of the very best? And as he may be quite unable to do much at the business himself (it is many an honest man's case), why should he not put himself to some inconvenience, and even expense, to supply his flock with the best article of sermons in the market?

It is clearly possible that the gentlemen who write sermons for the booksellers, either to be lithographed or printed, may by practice attain a high degree of excellence. They will confine themselves to that particular business, and, devoting all their thoughts to it, having books and leisure, it is easy to see that an educated man of good literary culture could furnish sermons vastly better than those produced by more than one out of a thousand of the preachers.

There is this further advantage: the preacher will have his thoughts undistracted. We know how important delivery and emphasis and gesture are. Some people consider them the greater half of preaching in all cases. Now by this plan the preacher can *give his whole mind to the delivery*, can practise and study and gesticulate till he has reached perfection. What might we, then, not hope for? Able sermons splendidly delivered in all pulpits. Why, we have reached the very dawn of the millennium, according to the notion of our denominational friends,

who denounce a priesthood and hang the world's salvation on a preacherhood!

There is a good deal to be said for the "National Pulpit" and for lithographed sermons by a practical man. On the side of the congregation, who have to listen, there are materials for a strong case in their favor. They have a right to the best. It is of no consequence from what maker the article be obtained, so it be satisfactory.

And so a hard-headed Englishman of the old type, who was bound to do his duty, once expressed himself.

He had, after much pains and labor, succeeded in "restoring" a rather dilapidated parish church. He had built a school-house, repaired the vicarage, put all the outward covering of the church in good case.

On occupying for the first time the newly restored church, bright with stained windows and polychromed roof, well appointed and churchly in all respects, he congratulated his people. They had done nobly. But he was not content; he was anxious to have many more good works done in the parish; they must not stop there. He, for his part, would do his duty if they would but second him as they had already done. He was old, to be sure, and breaking up a bit; and he had heard that some people complained that he did not preach as some of these younger brethren did, fresh from the university. But he assured them that they should have no cause of complaint in the future. If his parishioners would stand by their old vicar, they too should have the best sermons to be found in the market every Sunday, *if he had "to pay a crown apiece for them"!*

A DANGER AND A WEAKNESS.

THE great mass of the population of any of our cities have but a small stake in the prosperity, or even in the existence, of the city. So hard are their lives, so little have they to lose, that almost any change may promise them good. Come what will, they cannot be greatly worse off than they are, and it is possible they may be greatly better.

The hundred-handed Briareus, the clumsy giant of brute force, lies uneasily tossing in his sleep, beneath the surface on which we build our respectabilities and accumulate our wealth. Half the wit of the world, and for years all its "statesmanship," have been exercised in trying to keep the giant sleeping; but now and again he half awakes, tosses his arms uneasily about, jars our building about our ears, and gives us a hint of his capacities should he ever awake fully.

In this country we have been living in a fools' paradise so far. We imagined we had discovered the method of cajoling *our* giant into dreaming permanently, or had converted him to good order and profound reverence for the respectabilities. Our nostrum of universal suffrage, we used to imagine, would settle all the problems of the world. *We* have got tolerably well over that superstition, although we have left it as a conviction, on the minds of certain simple-minded statesmen in England, that "manhood suffrage" and the millennium are the same.

The truth is, there will be, as far as we can see, differences, and great differences, in the material condition of men under

all political arrangements. There will be millionaires and beggars in a republic as in a monarchy. In a great city there will be those who live in palaces and fare sumptuously every day and those who live in tenement-houses and hovels and make close acquaintance with foul air, discomfort, wretchedness, poverty, and disease.

And the last class will always be the larger. It will be the class, too, that holds in its hands the brute force at least. The other class is in its power in every land in Christendom. It is the salvation of social order that this class, which possesses the physical power, does not know its power, cannot organize its forces nor generally act together. If it learned that once, the wealth and respectability of London or New York would be at its mercy, as were the other day the wealth and respectability of Paris.

Despotisms recognize this class at least and keep it down. They arrange systematically against its combinations, its intelligent and united action, as one main function of government.

In a free government this class is not recognized at all. There are *no* classes; the rich man and the poor man vote equally. But the fact is not destroyed merely because it is not recognized officially. And meanwhile the education which a free polity gives in political wisdom, in party combination and management, and the opening it offers to shrewd demagogues, give just the training to this class, in the sense and feeling of its own strength and importance, which is needed to render its power effective.

On more than one occasion New York has been scared out of its propriety by the sudden emergence into activity of a power at whose will its millionaires hold their possessions. Need we wonder that its wealth is so obsequious to this power? that in its terror it consents to pamper it and bribe it, that it may keep it a little longer quiet?

We are in the land of hope, it is true; but hope that makes us shut our eyes to facts is no rational hope. And the fact is that here, as everywhere, and with increased rapidity since the

war, the two classes of rich and poor are becoming more and more marked, and are drifting daily farther apart in life, thought, interest, and habit.

But with us numbers only count; and as the poor men will always outnumber the rich, the rich must be content to hold their property submissive to the demands of the poor. This, they say, is already distinctly acknowledged among us, and the wealthiest among us are the most cowardly when it comes to a question of blackmailing rich men to control the votes of poor men.

In New York the near sense of this force that lies below is stronger than in any of our cities, because New York receives the European tide and is not so easily relieved by the outlet of the vast empty spaces westward, which have been so far our safety-valve. But New York is only the first to show the tendency, as being the most prominent and the farthest on the road which every American city is fast traveling.

The enmity between capital and labor, the bitter hatred of those that have not toward those that have more than they know what to do with, are things universal suffrage has not annihilated, things which we in this country will be called some day to meet, as men have been called to meet them in other countries.

And we come to meet them under certain marked disadvantages.

In the first place, our wealth is shopkeeping wealth; it has been gained usually by the owner. It is wealth which suggests no responsibility to others. Hereditary wealth, especially if, as in England, in lands, carries with it hereditary obligations. There are tenants on a man's estate, born on it as were their fathers before them, and they have certain well-defined *moral* rights at least, which no landlord can afford, in the face of public opinion, to neglect or outrage.

But money made by a man in the exercise of his own skill, energy, and industry does not naturally suggest any right in it

toward others. The owner has "made it." He owes little thanks to anybody, perhaps, for helping him; he made it in spite of other people, it may be; and he has a certain fierce sense of ownership which insists on barring out other people. His wealth is a part of his own personality—his own "worth" in a sense in which inherited wealth never can be. He resents at once any claim that others make upon it. "He was a poor boy himself, had no better chances than other poor men's sons. Let them work, as he did, and they need no help from anybody."

The large giving of money by men of wealth for public uses is a thing almost to be learned in its rudiments in this country. There is probably no civilized people among whom the expenditure of money is so largely a private matter, in which the community has no share.

But still more, in the rudeness of our "fierce democracy," where there are no distinctions save what wealth gives, it is natural that those distinctions should be emphasized.

More and more the wealthy classes surround themselves with all the barriers that wealth can build against the intrusion of other classes, who are "just as good as anybody, and perhaps a little better," barring the money. More and more they isolate themselves in all the habits of their lives, their work and their play, their business and their amusements. Even in the most despotic countries, in some public fête, in some national pastime, in some day of popular enjoyment, rich and poor, noble and peasant, meet and recognize a common interest, a common nationality, a common manhood. In America the tendency is indicated by the pet slang for the very highest respectability and the most superfine "aristocracy" we know: "They are very *exclusive*." They have reached the height at last: they can exclude, *shut out*, other people from their interests and their lives. Indeed, in the minds of many the admirable thing about great wealth is that it will enable people to be "exclusive."

But, further, in almost every country else there is *one* common meeting-ground of rich and poor, peasant and prince. What-

ever we may object against religious establishments, there is this to be said for them: they afford that common ground. At God's altar, in God's house, in humble parish church where the peasants' fathers molder in the old churchyard, and the noble's ancestors rest beneath sculptured marble in chancel and in aisle or in grand cathedral where the nation's honored dead sleep in the carved gloom of arch and column, there at least all men are equal, and rich and poor meet together as brethren. The Christian Church, even in her darkest days, has preached the old Gospel of human brotherhood faithfully.

But with ourselves all this has changed. The Congregational idea, which had the power to dominate largely over the thought of all religious bodies, when translated out of religious phrases into plain English, amounts to this: "Let people who want religion provide themselves with religion."

The idea in a poor and frugal community, where the distinctions of wealth and poverty were almost unknown, did not for a while work so badly. Almost everybody wanted religion and almost everybody was able to do his part toward providing for his wants.

But as the land's condition changes, as more and more wealth is accumulated in the hands of the few, and those few are still possessed with the Congregational idea that a man's religion, like his house and his carriage, his dinners and his wines, is something the man must look out for himself,—as it is his own business and nobody else's,—the old common ground of a common Christianity is also drifting away from us, and rich and poor in America do *not* meet together, even in church.

The culmination of the Congregational idea is reached when pews are put up to the highest bidder. The most money wins. It is approached very nearly when a costly church is built in which nobody but rich men can buy pews. But the idea is at work in every place, in cities especially, where pews are rented, and the church and all its belongings are considered the property of the individuals who rent the pews, a property they can

sell and carry away with them when they remove to another part of the city.

In all cases the church is not common property, its floor is not common ground. People have vested rights in it, as they have in other property. It is one of the distinctions of wealth to have such rights, and people are so little awake to the wrong of the whole business that they even congratulate themselves on the "exclusiveness" of the church they attend.

To us here is the most dangerous thing we know in American life. The rich and the poor, capital and labor, are drifting apart daily farther in all their habitudes. The muttering of communism and the international breaks occasionally on our quiet. The one place where the brotherhood of all men is recognized, where the old foundations of a common manhood, greater in its awful dignity than all earthly differences, overwhelming in its eternal interests the little jealousies of time,—the one place where those abide and men are ranked as comrades to fight a common foe,—no longer exists among us.

We have drawn the distinctions of classes deeper and wider than any people ever dared. We have made the "common salvation" itself "exclusive." We have bought up Christianity and sold religion to the highest bidder, as we sell any other thing in the market.

Meanwhile the uneasy heavings of blind power sway and swing beneath us. The classes with the strong arms and the bold speech, the hungry hearts and the envious eyes, are letting the others go their way, letting them take what they call "religion" with them, and biding their time.

"What can *we* do?" it is asked. "We cannot build or support churches in any way but the present."

We have only to say we *must* do something, and the sooner the better. One of the first things to do is to rise to the comprehension of what the Church of God is—the very first thing. The rest, it appears to us, will follow. Meanwhile one thing is certain: that every day we allow the impression to deepen

that what we call "religion" is one of the privileges of wealth heaps up a heritage of hatred and contempt against Church and clergy, which will one day be too powerful for both.

And every day, as the times move on and the interests of rich and poor separate, as their lives separate, if Christianity cannot find a common bond to hold these two as brethren and make the poor man's cause her own, then there is not an existing element in our civilization that can, and the triumph in a free republic with universal suffrage of communism, and the anarchy which follows, is but a question of time.

Votes are powerful, and votes may take it into their heads, having the power in their hands, to vote themselves all rich some day and own pews in "exclusive" churches to their hearts' content.

THE TENEMENT-HOUSE.

THAT physical causes have much to do with moral degradation or elevation is a proposition which few persons will now dispute.

No man concerned for the intellectual or moral well-being of his race can afford to ignore the physical conditions under which the community lives.

In great cities generally these physical conditions are often direct temptations to immorality and vice. It is on this account that great cities are great evils, ulcers on the body politic, sickening it all through.

People live in crowded garrets or crowded cellars. "Home" is one or two rooms in a caravansary. It has none of the associations which make the word sacred in our speech; it means crowding, foul air, dirt, discomfort, and wretchedness too often.

In England attention has been called for some time past to the principle we have mentioned, and better, healthier, cleaner quarters for the residence of working people have been an end kept steadily in view. The clergy working in the crowded alleys of London have recognized it as a part of their duty to call attention to the need of better homes for the laboring classes, if there is to be any permanent improvement among them. And the result is that the health returns of London, a good indication of much besides, show that that vast city is healthier than the average village or open country of the kingdom. Its death-rate is about half that of New York.

We have done things in haste hitherto in this country, and

in addition there has been among us no sense of responsibility in proprietorship, which hereditary wealth brings. How our cities are built, or how human beings are herded in the shelters provided them, is nobody's business but the builder's or the landlord's.

The raid of the police on the cellar-dwellers of New York, ordered under pressure of an expected invasion of cholera, revealed a condition of things unknown to thousands of lifelong residents of that city and horrible to contemplate. People were living actually in *holes in the ground*, without light and without air, a dozen in a bunch, in places nine or ten feet square, overrun with vermin and rotting with disease—and of course New York is a Christian city. It has been stated that the cave-dwellers of New York are twenty thousand of its population.

The peculiar feature of the city is, however, the tenement-house. The tenement-house is a large building, sometimes fronting on a street, sometimes on an alley, sometimes with no frontage at all, but built in the back yard of other houses and reached by an archway underneath them, three, four, and up to seven stories in height, in which rooms are rented singly or by twos or threes to families or individuals as they can afford. The house is cheaply constructed; its drainage and ventilation are as it may please Providence; and it *swarms with life*, human, animal, and insect.

It is curious that New York should have reproduced a style of building which has had no existence since the fall of Rome. The New York tenement-house is only the modern type of the Roman *insula*. The *insula* was a block (distinct and apart, with surrounding narrow streets and passages, and therefore *insula*, or island) of vast height, divided into lodging-rooms, in which a common class of Romans were herded and for which they paid rent. The patrician had his *domus*, or home, and he only, the distinct or separate dwelling-place for the family. The masses had no homes; they swarmed in the *insulæ* like mites in old cheeses. Each family had its lair.

But the Roman had this advantage: he had little or nothing to do. He was in a mild climate; he was fed by the public allowance of corn; he had the porticos of the public buildings to lounge in; he was in a city that burned no coal, had no gas, no rotting docks, and no smoky manufactories. He used his *lair* in the *insulæ* to sleep in, and that was about all. He might spend his whole day and eat his scanty meal in the open air, or lounge in the porticos and public baths.

It is because the enormous swarms of the *insulæ* have not been allowed for that Gibbon and others have been disposed to put the population of Rome so low. They really had no comprehension of what such a building was, nor how many human creatures may be packed in it. A small experience with New York would have shown them that the capacity of close package is about the same in humanity as in herrings.

There is a tenement block in the city which, a political gentleman informed us last year, would furnish *twelve hundred* voters of a particular ticket. There are single rooms where seventeen people have been found to live, cook, eat, and sleep. There are cases discovered where two or three families occupy one room. For four, five, or six stories, from garret to alley, one of these buildings literally swarms with men, women, and children. The air is stifling, the odors horrible, the dirt fearful to contemplate. The rooms on each successive floor open from common passageways, narrow, filthy generally, and lined with buckets or dust-heaps from the various rooms. Children tumble up and down the creaking stairs and broken banisters—the only place the poor little creatures have to play, except the gutter, or the yard, dirtier than the gutter, the common receptacle of all out-throwings from several hundred families.

If the tenement-house is built, as it often is, in the back yard of other houses (they are so crowded in New York that they actually build churches in back yards, to which you enter by a passage from the street), the conditions are intensified in their wretchedness.

It was our duty, when rector of a city parish, to bury from such a tenement a poor sewing-woman, who had died of consumption. We found the way through an arched passage under a row of respectable houses masking the tenement on the street. In rear of this row, and closed in by rows all around, stood a four-story brick block swarming in the usual way. The thermometer marked nineties everywhere, and in the fetid air and among the pestilential steams from the confined space, in which several hundred human beings lived, we wondered rather at the smallness than the largeness of our bills of mortality.

But it is not health only; it is morals that concern us. How can human beings live under such conditions without degradation? Outside the wretchedest hovel in the country there are God's green fields at least; and then the hut is the family's own. But in such a swarming den as one of these tenement-houses there is no privacy, no sacredness of family singleness, no self-respect possible, at least amid bawling women, quarrelling men, and screaming children, amid heat and dirt and stench below and above and all around; and outside there is the gutter for the children, the street for the young girls, and the whisky hole at every corner for the parents.

Such "homes," better or worse,—and the worse oftener, we fear,—New York provides for its working-men and -women, its future fathers and mothers and *rulers*. Would it be exaggeration to say that our New York insulæ shelter one half of our New York population? Have one half of our families a domus, a roof which shelters the family by itself? In such homes as these half the little children in the great city are living or dying—dying often, mercifully for themselves and all about them, we doubt not—in our modern Christian "slaughter of the innocents."

The tenement-house, as that institution stands at this day, is the one obstacle, and the insuperable obstacle, in the way of moral or physical cleansing and health. It is a thing to make us blush for our civilization. It is a ghastly, heathenish impor-

tation, and without the conditions that made its prototype tolerable.

That the tenement-house should not only breed disease; that it should not only be a slaughter-house of children, who die by hundreds when they might live; that it should also sustain the liquor shops on every corner, and keep up the supply of ghastly gaiety that flaunts beneath the gaslight on the streets, that it should send the boys who do not die when babies to the "island" or to Sing-Sing, and the girls who do not perish with cholera infantum to the street, is only natural. That it should not do all this more than it has is not its fault, but due to the moral stamina of a people who have still about them the breath of good green earth and the memory of Christian homes. Let it work on three generations, and then *what?*

Who is responsible for this thing? The rich men who own the tenement-houses, and while we write, at Saratoga, at Newport, or in European capitals, are living on the lives often of their tenants.

That is the plain English of the case. These people have invested their money in this property because it *pays*—pays better, it is said, twice over, than any other real-estate investment possible. And *they* are responsible for a degradation, moral and physical, to which they are deliberately exposing a large population.

People are pressed for room in New York; that is true. Taking the whole, bare as it is, it is the most densely peopled city in the known world—fifty-odd thousand to the square mile.

But what is science for, and what skill and enterprise and common sense, to say nothing of Christianity, if the wealth of our capitalists cannot solve the problem of healthy, cleanly homes for those whose strong arms make our wealth, where a working-man may dwell and bring up his family in self-respect? Has the world made no advance since the degraded Roman, fed with public corn for his voice and vote, crawled to his lair in the insula eighteen hundred years ago?

The lesson of responsibility for wealth, responsibility in all ownership, the alphabet fact that a man has no right to use property for his own sole purposes, that the use he makes of it determines his right to its enjoyment, is a lesson yet to be learned in this country. It may be learned quietly and naturally, but it *must be learned*, even if a population brought up in tenement-houses has to teach sometime in a way sharp and sudden and with little heed of the scholars' feelings.

“HOW SHALL WE REACH THE MASSES?”

WE have put here a question which is put very often. At any gathering of the clergy, at convocations, conventions, missionary meetings, the question, “How shall we reach the masses?” is not an uncommon question. In many of our religious papers of all sorts it is as common.

What is the meaning of this word, the “masses”? We do not recollect hearing a speaker upon this subject begin with a definition. Christianity knows no such class as the masses. Democracy does not, or ought not.

But gathering our definition from the rather loose talking of speakers and the loose writing of writers, we suppose they mean the body of American citizens *who are not rich*, and who do not go to church or rent or own pews in churches. *Who are not rich!* We want that understood. For a gentleman who has made a competence by stock-gambling, for instance, need never go to church, but his not going does not put him among the masses. The gentleman who has not gambled in stocks or otherwise, but has worked patiently and honestly at his trade of carpenter and has to work at it still, is one of the masses if he does not come to church. And we are all puzzled about how to reach him.

It has settled itself in our conviction, from what we have heard, that the dreadful masses are the mechanics, laborers, and the like who do not attend church. The people who spend their Sundays at Jerome Park or at the Union Club are not the masses, though they should not enter a church once a year.

You may live on Fifth Avenue and never attend church, and you will not be a mass; but if you should live on Avenue A, you would be a mass at all missionary meetings, whether you go to church or not. If you go you have been "reached"; if you do not, you are a mass yet unreached. It is all very odd.

The reader will perceive we have small respect for the *phrase*. In truth, it is snobbish and contemptible, whether those who use it know or do not know *how* contemptible and *how* snobbish. It is a revelation of the spirit which lumps all working people in one lump, as if they were different clay from the people who, by honesty or dishonesty, by industry or knavery, contrive to live in fine houses. And when we hear the phrase we know the discussion will be intolerable for its unmanliness as well as for its unchristianness. It must have been the happy invention of that "distinguished divine," the Rev. Cream Cheese, who surely by this time, if he is alive, has spoken in many of our meetings and must be a D.D. at least.

There are large numbers of people, in our large cities especially, who do not attend church. They are rich people, many of them, and still more of them are working people. They are possibly an increasing class; we do not know. Setting aside cant and snobbery, the rich people who do not attend worship of any kind are more in proportion than the working people, and to any but a mercantile morality appear the most dangerous; for your rich man keeps his servants, his coachman and grooms, his club waiters, and the like, away from worship as well as himself.

But in considering how those who recognize no religious obligations and are living without God in the world may be brought into the circle of religious influence, we are to remember that for the well-to-do it is a matter of choice. Their time is their own; they can come to church if they will.

To large numbers of working-men such coming is impossible. We may just as well rid ourselves of cant and face the fact:

which those who are rich and desire to get richer, whether in or out of our churches, have brought about.

Among those who *cannot* attend church are the drivers and conductors of street-cars. This is a matter concerning all the stockholders, many of whom, we suppose, will kneel at holy communion next opportunity.

Again, policemen. We suppose the policemen are some of the masses that it would be well to reach, but, unless as they stand at church doors at fashionable weddings or funerals, we fear are not in a way to be "reached" at present.

Then, again, are all that army employed to run engines and work trains on Sunday. Evidently they are debarred church attendance.

Also the large number of laborers engaged in laying gas-pipes on Sundays or employed in the works. To them add the restaurant and hotel workers, the men employed on Sundays to carry excursion parties on steamboats, and the army employed in singing, playing on musical instruments, carrying refreshments, and the like,—occupied, that is, in amusing those who must be amused,—and we arrive at a vast aggregate of working people whom our social needs and habits bar out of our churches.

And these people are largely barred out, it must be remembered, by those whom at missionary meetings we do *not* call the masses. It is the class who have money to spend, who have means to employ other men's time, who are stockholders in this or that enterprise, who have shut this large percentage of the population out of public worship. Some of them will give the earnest laborer desirous to reach the masses ten or even a hundred dollars for the purpose, and be duly praised therefor.

Of the non-church-going rich, it may be safely assumed, as a rule, that they are evil livers. There are exceptions, but this is the rule. They are men who have no regard for public opinion, whose money has been procured in questionable ways, whose business is more or less disreputable, or whose private lives are lawless and an outrage on the common domestic moralities. In

all our large cities this class is a numerous one; in New York it is of course a very large class. Sometimes the men of this class are cultivated and are ranked by the social code among gentlemen; but the larger class is composed of fortunate speculators, of lucky gamblers in some of the legally allowable ways of gambling, of fraudulent managers of companies, of members of knavish "rings," of men who have elevated themselves by more or less knavery and impudence from the ranks of the masses who earn an honest living by honest toil. They are generally coarse, uncultured, egotistical, blustering men, and are in the habit of coarse sin and vicious indulgence, as being the most natural way for them to spend their own or other men's money.

There have been a number of such lives revealed to us lately in the courts, and especially over contested-will cases. Indeed, the instances are occurring daily, and may give us some notion of the prevalence of this sort of life among a certain class of the hastily rich.

Of the non-church-going working people no such things can be said.

The mass of them are not immoral and not dishonest. If we are to go on to do any good to them or any successful work among them, we must rid ourselves of the notion that they are wicked people or dangerous people.

Apart from religious principle there is no preservative of morality like daily need and daily labor. Many a man whose life has been a seed-bed of evil, who has corrupted, demoralized, and cursed others, besides cursing his own wretched soul, would have lived a sober, decent life with wife and children if he had continued working at his honest handicraft, and had not become a "great banker" or a "great financier."

No; the notion that the working classes, whom our civilization is more and more shutting out of our churches in the cities, are dangerous classes or depraved and ignorant classes, threatening the peace of the community, and that all our anxiety is

to be about them on this account, is one we are sorry to see cropping out in the discussion of the question at the head of this paper. It shows us the dilettantism and unreality which enters into so much well-meaning effort, the delusion that even some Christian people, including clergymen, allow to be put upon them, that wealth and respectability are synonymous, that sin does not live in brownstone fronts, nor degradation, depravity, and corruption in drawing-rooms furnished by Pottier & Stymus.

If we are to look after the "dangerous classes" in this country, the classes who threaten the stability or the well-being of our social and domestic order, we shall not find them at the workman's bench or laying bricks or carrying mortar; we shall find them among those who, brought up often by honest, hard-working fathers and mothers, and taught to read and write in our common schools, have developed the skill, impudence, energy, good fortune, or unscrupulous knavery to rise out of their natural place, and, broken loose from Puritan strictness, are taking the coarse enjoyments out of life, which alone appeal to a coarse, uncultured nature.

And when they get into churches, as they sometimes do, and become for their money's sake "prominent" there, they are in the very way to corrupt and be dangerous to the utmost. The coarse knave of Dr. Holland's "Sevenoaks," Colonel Belcher, who "pined for a theological seminary," is, as all New-Yorkers know, scarce a caricature.

"In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," was a blessing as well as a curse, and the men who become suddenly rich, although it may be honestly for a rarity, are the most dangerous class, as things go, in the community. They have not risen, as a rule, to any sense of the responsibility of wealth, and are mostly coarse, boastful, selfish, and, out of their special way of making money, ignorant and conceited. They are apt to have a contempt for all law, as for all gentleness, unlimited faith in impudence and cunning, and a greed to enjoy what

early poverty and the strictness of some New England stony farm forbade to their obscure innocence.

But as to the masses of the eager missionary and philanthropist—the working-men, that is—what shall we say? The answer of a noted evangelist in his vernacular slang was, "Go for them!"

We will give what is, in our judgment, the only way to "reach" them.

First of all, do not confuse the subject, get down in the mud before money-bags, and insult the working-man by talking as if he were a heathen, an escaped convict, a tramp, or a "dangerous class."

He is quite as safe in not going to church as the rich man who lives next door to one of the most fashionable.

Secondly, leave him alone for a while and set to work to make Christians of the people who *do* come to church. There is nothing that teaches like example, and as long as our churches are filled with men who attend regularly and are yet none the better for it (but the worse), who never come to baptism, confirmation, or communion, who are engaged in questionable schemes of business, whose private lives are corrupt and corrupting, who will use, as has been done, the organ-loft for the purpose of such corruption; as long as our churches are attended regularly by vain, frivolous, "fashionable" women; and as long as all this is glossed and excused because these people are well-to-do and are not masses, so long, do we think, the sensible working-man will conclude to save the price of his pew-rent.

More and more, year by year, the Church has allowed herself to be invaded by the world when the world has money; more and more she has herself become a worshiper, apparently, of coarse success and money, no matter how got; and now she turns and weeps sentimentally over the condition of the masses, the body of working people, among whom dwells whatever of stalwart manhood remains among us, whom she has alienated

by her fawning to wealth, and to whom the very phrases in which her interest is expressed are insulting.

If we are speaking home and hard words here, it is because they need speaking.

The best way, the only way, indeed, to “reach the masses” is to purge our churches, to convert the godless occupants of our pews, to put the Church above the world’s worship of success and money, to make fact somewhat nearer theory.

And we may be sure that, unless we do this, the question we are asking the empty air, “How shall we reach the masses?” will become a more and more ludicrous question to the men who do what is fast ceasing in this country to be “respectable,” namely, earn their daily bread by their daily labor.

FRANKENSTEIN.

THERE are some strange outcomes in our civilization—portents and forms of fear, which forbode, to the thoughtful mind, wrath and woe in the future. In what shape that wrath and woe may come no man can tell, but one thing any man with eyes can tell, namely, that we are heaping up some shape of both very busily.

Man himself, the creature with a body and (under pardon of the “scientific” folk) a soul, with loves and hatreds, with affections and fears, with a body to be fed and covered and a soul and heart to be trained and provided for—man we can in some sort understand, as we can the other things and beings which God makes; but the things which man makes, what shall we say about them?

It used to be supposed that the business of the state and the Church was about this creature of God, man; that both existed to look after *his* welfare and care for *his* destiny. The end of both was the salvation, temporal or eternal, of the creature man. But man being made, as the Scriptures say and as was commonly believed till Mr. Darwin enlightened us, “in the image of God,” has, as a part of that image and likeness, the power of *creating*. God being a Creator and man made in God’s likeness, man is a finite creator as God is an infinite. It is a part of man’s nature, therefore, to make things; but being an imperfect being, his creations are not always, as God’s are, good.

Among other things which he has made is the “corporation.” It may be railroad, life-insurance, mining, manufacturing, or

what not, corporation. It is an artificial creation, a thing of human manufacture, and is well called "corporation," from the Latin word *corpus*, which means "body," because *it has no soul*.

So far man can go in the things he creates. He can make bodies; but the breath of life, by which bodies become living souls, he cannot breathe into them. They remain, therefore, "corporations"—organized things without souls, consequently without consciences, without any sense of right, justice, or mercy, without any human feeling.

The value and use of corporations in organizing men together to do what they could not so well, if at all, do alone—in combining their capital and labor for some great end—are seen and confessed. Because of such use and value they have been created. The State makes them at its will and confers on them what powers it pleases. But they are *machines*; they are as dumb and blind as any other machines, and as brutal in their mere force. Their excuse for being is their use to the community. In themselves they are neither comely nor pleasant; blind, beastly, and misshapen monsters, they are not fair to look upon, except as their clumsy hands are working for the good of many men.

In a land like ours, where nature waits to be subdued by men, it was natural that we should call in the aid of these gigantic creatures. The corporation has become an element of American civilization in a degree unknown any other where. It has become a superstition among us that we can do nothing without a corporation.

Before we preach the Gospel we must get a corporation to "hold" the Bible and Prayer-book. We do not found a school by first establishing the school and getting together proper teachers and sufficient scholars; we first make a corporation; the charter from the legislature is the preliminary. If we will take care of an orphan or feed a starving beggar, we manufacture a corporation to do the business.

Our corporations have accepted the situation. As they are

the perfect flower of our civilization, they are putting on airs accordingly. Since the living man with brain and heart and joy and sorrow in him, and eternity before him, is nothing, and the corporation everything, in the way of force, and since force is the idol of our veneration, the corporation is claiming a place which amounts in some respects to the expulsion of its makers.

If one man out of pure wantonness kills another, we in some few places still hang him, in nearly every place yet we do or say something to make his life unpleasant to him for a while at least. But a corporation can kill one hundred or five hundred at a stroke, and we accept it as a dispensation of Providence.

If a man steal simply as a man, in his capacity of individual thief, we generally send a policeman after him and worry him with indictments, trials, prosecuting attorneys, juries, judges, and the like, sometimes for months, and if he has not stolen much we frequently shut him up in the penitentiary and make it unpleasant for him for several years, unless the governor pardon him. But if a corporation steal from half the widows and orphans in the community, or if a man steal as a part of the corporation, as secretary, treasurer, president, or something of that sort, we take it as according to the law of nature; or if any interfering judge or prosecutor meddles in the matter, the corporation laughs in his face.

If an unprotected individual should undertake to buy up a legislature or bribe a Senator, we visit him with swift condemnation; but a corporation can own a whole State, or buy an entire Congress, or purchase a score of judges, and these are taken for legitimate assets, and the purchase for a business transaction.

Having no soul, the corporation is not expected to act as if it had; and being a creation of law, it is only asked to manage, in one way or other, to have the law upon its side.

The corporation, in the pride of the submissive homage rendered it on all hands, has forgotten that it exists only for the use of the community, that it is a machine made by man to

serve him. The creature has turned upon its creator, and in its monstrous and brutal fashion insists that it is lovely and desirable for its own sake and that men are to give way when it commands.

To-day more than one American community, and in more than one fashion, is ridden over and trampled upon by this monstrous creation of our civilization. Freed from all trammels of conscience, admitting no law of right, confessing no obligations and disclaiming all duties, heartless and soulless, this creature tramples on every individual right, laughs at law and penalty, and defies God and man.

It buys up the press. "The palladium of our liberties" puffs and mutters as the monster permits. It puts a court in its pocket and makes the judge and the jury talk the talk that pleases it. It will not hesitate, when need is, to buy an entire Congress or aspire to the purchase of an entire country. It laughs in the face of a community it outrages, and grows more monstrous on its complaints and sufferings.

It is secure from punishment in this world, having become too large to be handled by the men that made it, and is secure from punishment in the other, because, being a creature of man's, and not of God's, making, it has no soul.

What shall be done with this portent? The history of corporations for some few years back in this country is a history of lying, knavery, bribery, corruption, recklessness of human duty, human welfare, and human life. The creature has the cunning of the fox and the savage greed of the wolf. It has insisted on its own moralities, on making courts, lawmakers, and the community accept its ethics. It has rotted the moral sense of the public, and in the pride of its sheer brute strength has brutalized the thoughts of thousands and made a large part of American business only stealing, gambling, perjury, and bribery.

The man who as a man has some sense of right, some touch of humanity and mercy, as a part of one of these monsters takes leave of such weakness. He surrenders his conscience at the

bidding of the creature that has become his master. "A member of a corporation," he will do things that as plain John Smith he would not dare to do and ever hold his head up again among men.

The apathy with which the public crouches at the feet of these creatures of its own making is perhaps the strangest thing about the business. Your free American allows himself to be kicked, cuffed, snubbed, and insulted by a thing he helped to make, whose whole power depends on his will and the will of others who are kicked and cuffed like himself. He stands serenely smiling while this creature picks his pocket and laughs in his face, thankful, apparently, to get off with the coat on his back.

The smallest little street-railroad, that spoils his streets, disfigures his avenues, and is a nuisance passing his door, is his tyrannous master, to whom when he pays his money he bows and cringes for permission to sit on a filthy seat or hang by a filthy strap among wretches by the dozen like himself. And the huge railroad, whose president is "a railroad king"—why, he positively esteems it a privilege not to be kicked off its cars at the first station by a brakeman, and allows himself to be swindled every mile with serene contentment, if only the gentlemen who stole the road and bought the legislature or the Congress will kindly let him and his family ride!

It is possible there must be tyranny in all countries. It may be merely a choice of tyrants. The rulers, as recent developments have shown, of this country are corporations. They are rapidly accumulating enormous wealth. With wealth comes, in such a country as this, influence. The function of government is fast becoming the wording of their will.

We have no objection to wealth or influence *per se*. But both, to be safe for others, must be under the control of conscience and reason. The danger, under the autocracy of corporations, lies in this: that the corporation has no conscience, no heart, no soul; that it is an artificial monster with nothing in

it but *force*, and force, unrestrained by conscience or principle, is diabolical.

Herein lies, to our thinking, one of the most portentous outlooks for our future. Under all the forms of freedom we are drifting into the most brutal of despotisms—a despotism that is one of simple savage power. Of this despotism our legislatures and courts have become, in many cases, the hired tools. The men who manage it have, in many cases, won splendid successes, as reckless gamblers now and then do. And as we worship success, the career of these men has corrupted the business circles of the country far and wide.

There is nothing now more obstinately in the way of the fair civilization of this country, nothing more in the way of its consistent Christianization, than the tyranny it lies under to these monstrous growths of our materialism,—the corporations of the land,—which are propagating brutality, knavery, bribery, and thievery, and all the rest of the diabolic ethics of force working without obligation and without conscience.

THE QUADRENNIAL SPASM

THE fourth year in the nation's calendar is always a year of which thoughtful and sober-minded Americans are ashamed.

We have State, county, and municipal elections, more or less, every year, and they are conducted generally in a way to make one blush for his country and his kind. But on the fourth year comes the universal clatter, bellow, and blare, for in that year the country is in agony about the next President.

The newspapers, which have showed during the three years preceding some faint glimpsings of sense occasionally, now turn idiotic in a mass. Bosh, drivel, and lies are the food they offer an "intelligent public" for some months continuously. It is "the eve of a presidential election," and they have no room for anything else. There is generally nothing to choose between one side and the other. With perfect truth each can tell about

"The slaver and slang of the other side."

The sort of stuff which their conductors imagine will influence "intelligent voters" is an insult to any people that claims to be semicivilized. Indeed, take any one of our leading political papers to-morrow, and look at what it lays before its readers as arguments for its own side and against the other, and confess that no hostile European opinion of the American people was ever so low as the opinion which must be entertained and is virtually expressed by our own political press.

Than the political newspaper there is only one grosser insult

offered to the American people in a presidential campaign, and that is the stump speech.

A number of gentlemen with more or less power of lungs, who are nerved by the desire to retain offices they now hold or to get others in the future, go about the country making speeches for one or the other of the rival candidates. The stuff of which they are delivered is beneath contempt; they know it is themselves—some of them at least. When not delivering such speeches many of them are intelligent gentlemen, tolerably educated, with some reading and some power of reflection. The moment they take the stump they cast sense and moderation, reason and truth, to the winds. They are trying to “influence the masses,” and the opinion they entertain of the masses is seen in the style of talk they hold with them. There is no sight more pitiful than the bellowing gentleman Senator or Congressman on the stump in a presidential canvass; none more mortifying to a man proud of his country than he and the crowd about him—the speech, the cheers, the flags, the brass band, the measureless idiocy of the whole performance. The good sense and the good name of the nation are insulted and trampled upon, and, on the side of the speaker, often knowingly. His opinion could not be plainer if he prefaced each senseless yell for “our side” with the remark, “You are all a pack of fools.”

We are once more (1872) in the middle of one of these national quadrennial fits.

In some respects it is disgracefully worse than any that has preceded it. Hitherto the weapons of these stupid contests have been only the tongue and the pen, but the advance of art has now given us the pencil and the graver. The illustrated papers have entered the field, and the picture can be meaner, fouler, and falser than the pen or the tongue dare be. At the same time it is a weapon far more effective, for the voter who cannot read or cannot reason can usually *see* the weighty argument of the picture. The demagogue has such a high opinion of the voting intelligence of his “enlightened fellow-citizens”

that he will convince them *by a caricature*; and having as low an opinion of their decency as of their intelligence, he will make his caricature blasphemous. There are no words capable of expressing the outrage on decency and common Christian feeling perpetrated in one of these illustrated papers in a caricature of the temptation on the mountain, and in another, on the opposite side, in a caricature of the passage of the Red Sea. There seems to be nothing in a presidential campaign sacred from the senseless vulgarity and foulness of a partizan press.

What shall be done about it? How long shall every sober and intelligent citizen blush for his country? How long shall stupidity, falsehood, and vulgarity run rampant every fourth year, to the disgrace of a country that claims to be the foremost in the march of humanity?

There is, in one view, no sight more sublime than that of a great people calmly, carefully, and cautiously electing its fittest man and putting him at its head to rule and guide it. Ideally it is the grandest exercise of national conviction and national will. One would suppose it would be done soberly, rationally, and with due sense of its importance. Wherever else we might find mere bluster and bellow, one would expect *not* to find them in this national crisis, certainly not to find intelligent people, who on other subjects can read, write, and reason, taking leave of their intelligence and putting their faith in this matter in humbug, brass, and lies.

“But the people are *not* intelligent. The people are influenced by noise and bluster, gulled by falsehood and led by tricks, cheated by pictures and banners, processions and cannon-firing, and influenced by stump orators. What would you have? We must take things as we find them.”

That this is the real opinion, though they dare not express it, of the demagogues who conduct “campaigns,” there is no question; that the opinion is as untrue as it is insulting, we honestly believe; that large and increasing masses of the people are disgusted with the style of campaigning the demagogues

patronize, we believe also. But even were it as true as the demagogues assume, it would take nothing from the infamy and shame of their action.

For nothing educates a people like a free and intense political life. It is their right to be approached on political affairs with reason and truth. The demagogue who approaches them with nonsense and falsehood insults them and degrades them; he really despises the "voting cattle" he leads, and is at heart a traitor to the institutions he pretends to love. Every act of national sovereignty and choice should be a lesson in political knowledge to a free people. Issues should be discussed calmly, rationally, without personalities, and seriously, as they deserve. The good sense, the real patriotism, and the sound judgment of the people should be appealed to. This all good men confess.

So much the more do we blame men who, either through the press or from the stump, assume that the people of this land are ignorant, debauched, and indecent, and who approach them with talk, writing, or *pictures* which flatly put forth that assumption and are an insult to the people, as they are a disgrace to the country.

We believe, as it is always darkest just before dawn, so this present presidential canvass, the vilest in its personalities, the most senseless in its gabble, and the most indecent in its conduct that the country has yet seen, is the end of the old methods. Allow us at least to hope so. The matter, after all, is in the hands of the intelligence and decency of the country. People can, if they will, take this business out of the hands of the disreputable fellows who "run politics," and insist that a parcel of men without character or responsibility, and a set of newspapers without principle, shall not periodically make the face of every American citizen burn for shame at the unspeakable disgrace done to his country and to the cause of free institutions everywhere.

For ourselves, faith in the people is a foundation article of our creed. We do not believe them either stupid, besotted, or

unprincipled. We believe the land is safe, under God, in their hands. As a matter of fact, it makes no special difference whom they choose to put in the highest places. So healthy and strong and true is the national life that it can stand almost any kind of President, Congressman, or Senator, and not know it is hurt. That is the only explanation of our national existence to-day.

So much the more, therefore, are we indignant at a press and a demagogy that make a trade of patriotism for approaching such a people as if they were no whit wiser, no whit loftier-thoughted or more steadfast of heart, than a Paris mob, the tools of Louis Napoleon one day and of *la commune* the next.

The great, calm, long-suffering, patient American people, owning the land it lives on, with hostages given to fortune and pledges to heaven in every household over the broad land—is this the people, gentlemen politicians, to insult with your press and stump “blatherskite,” your blasphemous caricatures, and your lying personalities?

Has the time not nearly come, think you, when they will appreciate the grossness of the insults you stupidly put upon them periodically in your “campaigns,” when they will awake to your coarseness and insolence and demand that you and unsavory carrion-kites of your kind shall go to your own places?

PARROTS AND PHRASES.

SPEAKING of a book lately published, a reviewer writes: "They [the essays] are bright, straightforward, and telling, as Western writing and talking very often is."

We shall not stop to correct the grammar of this sentence from an Eastern quarterly, but take it with its sin upon its head as a text for a few words on the delusive power of phrases.

What does it mean? Does the writer intend to say that "bright, straightforward, and telling" writing and speaking are in any way a peculiar Western growth? that they are indigenous? that they come in the West by nature? that a man who would be dull, involved, and inefficient as a writer or speaker in New York has only to remove to Chicago to find himself at once the reverse of all these?

Unless the writer means something of this sort, he means nothing.

As a fact, we believe he *does* mean nothing; he is merely using a phrase, and uses it without any idea of a meaning. Thousands of people do so. They get a *formula* and they imagine they have got a *thing*. They find something with which they are unacquainted; they do not know what to make of it. Suddenly a happy thought comes into their bewildered brains: they have got a phrase by the tail (and what need of an idea?), and the phrase explains everything; they never pause to inquire whether the phrase is not nonsense.

A gentleman finds a book of "bright, straightforward," etc., writing. There is something in the style to which he is unac-

customed; he does not know what to make of it; but suddenly it occurs to him that the book was written by a man who lived some time in the West. He has his phrase. The book is "Western." The word "Western" accounts to him for all peculiarities.

Or a clergyman preaches a sermon. He has his own way of doing it; it is not the way to which the venerable Mr. or Mrs. Blank has been accustomed. What shall they say about it? They need a phrase; they ache for a word of sense or nonsense; so it occurs to one of them that the preacher was in the South a few years, or in the West, or in New England. The phrase is found. "His style is too Western" or "too Southern" or "too Eastern," as the case may be, and the wise old gentleman or old lady has exhausted the subject and explained everything.

Years ago in England the reviewers invented a phrase, "the Lake School," and honestly went on with their nonsensical phrase, repeating it as parrots would, and applying it to men as widely different as Coleridge and Wordsworth, Southey and Lamb. They talked this babble for years.

The imitation of it, as quoted above, will be talked as long, perhaps, but not without protest against its stupidity.

Are there no "bright, straightforward," or effective writers or speakers in the East? does the West monopolize them all? What is meant by "Western style" or "Western oratory" or "Western preaching"? Can anybody tell us the *supposed* meaning that lurks under these parrot phrases?

Just consider. The entire "West" has been peopled in a lifetime. The great mass of speaking and writing men in the West were educated in the East. The leaders in all enterprises in the West are men from the East. And yet the eloquence of one distinguished Western Senator has been called, within a week, in our hearing "Western eloquence," and its vigor, dash, and brilliancy accounted for by that phrase. And this Senator was educated in Boston and came to the West a man of thirty.

We have seen a like phrase, "Western originality," etc., ap-

plied to the writing of a distinguished professor of divinity at Nashotah, a man born and educated in Europe, graduated at one of its famous universities, and in theology at the General Seminary in New York.

Graduates of Harvard or Yale, of Columbia, Dublin, Leipsic, or Jena, owe, it seems, when they talk or write, all their peculiar power or personal gifts to the fact that they are living in the West; and whenever we criticize them and praise, the accepted formula is "Western brightness" or "Western straightforwardness," and when we blame, "Western lack of culture," "Western roughness."

We submit that it is about time this sort of parrot chatter were ended. Brightness and straightforwardness belong to no section. Rudeness and lack of culture are found everywhere—vastly more in the East proportionally than in the West, inasmuch as the better portion of our foreign immigration and a large share of the most bright, cultured, and enterprising of our home youth have made, and continue to make, the population of the West.

The people of the West were all Eastern people originally, and in the newest West within a score of years. They are brothers, sisters, sons, and daughters of those who dwell in the old nests, generally the flower of the flock, too, those to whom the best advantages of education and independence had been given. Their education is Eastern education, their culture Eastern culture, their manners and their language the language and the manners learned at home. Chicago is only a bit of Manhattan Island planted on the shore of Michigan; Cleveland only a larger and broader New Haven, elms and all, shining across the fresh waves of Erie instead of the salt waters of the Sound.

A book may be "bright, straightforward, and telling"; it is not therefore a Western book. Saying "Western" does not explain its brightness or the rest.

And a book may be dull, roundabout, and good for nothing; it is not therefore Eastern. Saying "Eastern" does not account

for the book's stupidity. (Western critics should remember this.) There are bright books written in the East, and stupid books written in the West. There are cultivated, eloquent, and brilliant speakers in the West ; there are the same sort of speakers in the East. There are coarse, uncultivated people East and West alike, and stupid people in both sections in too great abundance.

We protest against the use of empty phrases, which propagate false conceptions and misunderstandings between brethren of the same household. If critics are too lazy or too dull to criticize, we beg they will not cloak their laziness or dullness by parrot formulas which mean nothing, and which, as far as they effect anything, do harm.

We have met people who actually seem to imagine that the man of Chicago is a rude, trampling, loud-talking savage—the man of Chicago who ten years ago was doing business on Broadway.

We have met others who talked as if the man of San Francisco was a half-Spanish, half-Mexican barbarian—he having graduated at Harvard and practised law in Boston within six years past.

We ask the critics whether it is worth their while to go on with a shallow twaddle which confirms the ignorant in such absurdities, and which to sensible people has no meaning at all?

A DUTY SHIRKED.

WE have received several letters lately from brother clergymen, in which, incidentally or formally, they complain of the lack of consideration in the laity—wardens and vestrymen, notably—in providing for the support of the ministry. Salaries are ridiculously small or they are not paid promptly. The clergyman is allowed to go on for months and years, struggling with poverty, want, and disappointment. His energy is destroyed; his elasticity of mind is gone. He is anxious to find bread and butter for his family, and that pressing anxiety absorbs his thought. The color is washed out of his life; he is a prematurely broken-down old man; and this, too, among a people where his work is prospering, where he is useful, honored, and even loved.

There are cases of this kind, to our knowledge, in scores. Able men—zealous, active, successful laborers—are allowed to lie in the Slough of Despond, under a load of anxiety and poverty, by the pure thoughtlessness and carelessness of a people who honor and even love them, who would be very sorry indeed to part from them. And these men for their work's sake toil on in this hopeless and sad way, year in and out, and make no sign.

It is indeed something to complain of, and bitterly; but at the same time we express our honest opinion when we say this is a matter where the fault lies entirely with the sufferers themselves; they shirk a plain duty.

We look back with a good deal of quiet amusement to our own first experience. We were sent to a thriving town, where the people welcomed us gladly. The parish was a growing one; it had outgrown its church building and worshiped meanwhile in a public hall, renting the little chapel (which had, of course, never been consecrated) as a school-house. It expected to build soon and had already a flourishing subscription for the purpose.

Under our charge the congregation increased. There were a number of adult baptisms, quite a number confirmed, and we had the best reasons for believing that we had the personal regard, and even affection, of the mass of the people.

The little chapel mentioned was rented for *twelve dollars* a month. The net rent was *ten dollars*. This was paid over by the treasurer to ourself, the "rector elect," with commendable promptness, on the 1st of every month; and this was all we heard from the parish and the vestry in a money way for twelve months. It came within about *eighty dollars* of paying our board. This thriving congregation in a thriving Western city had the Gospel preached one year without costing it a cent.

Whose fault was it? *Ours*, of course. We were very young and very modest; we never opened our lips on the subject. When we resigned at the end of twelve months the good people expressed great sorrow and astonishment at our leaving "a field of so much usefulness," where our ministry was "so greatly blessed." We never even enlightened them or our bishop on the cause; we could not bring ourselves to speak of money or our own wants in connection with our duty; but meanwhile it was hardly fair to expect the father at home to be paying the board of his grown-up eldest, and so we "resigned."

Again we say, it was our own fault; we can see that clearly enough now; we wronged ourself and wronged the people; we kept back a part of the truth of the Gospel.

And this is precisely what scores of our brethren are doing from a mistaken delicacy like our own. They do not speak out

the whole message to the people; they do not tell them their plain duty.

And the people are busy, occupied with their own outdoor work, especially in the West. They do not *think*, that is all; it does not occur to them to inquire about their pastor's wants. We may say it *ought* to, but we are taking things as they are; and, as a matter of fact, it does not occur to them often to consider anybody's business but their own. They are ready enough if they once think of it—liberal enough and able enough; but they simply *do not think*.

Now here comes in the pastor's duty. He is there to teach them what they ought to do—to bring forgotten duties to remembrance, to see that they neglect nothing.

The duty of supporting the Gospel ministry is about as clear a duty as the Gospel reveals. What right has the pastor to give that duty the go-by? If it is an irksome thing to preach it, because of his own sensitiveness and delicacy, so much the more is he bound not to let it slip. Personal considerations, in this as in all cases, should be put out of sight. The preacher is not to shun to declare the *whole* counsel of God. He has no right to proclaim a mutilated Gospel. He is doing grievous wrong to be dumb on a plain, straightforward duty out of morbid delicacy or weak regard for his own sensitiveness.

And we say here that hundreds of our clergy are utterly unfaithful in this very matter. They do not preach the whole truth; they are temporizing with an evil and compromising with a wrong; they let people rob God and rob men out of sheer cowardice; they make an idol of their morbid refinement.

The matter goes beyond the suffering of this or that clergyman; it goes to the very root of Christian duty and life. Our people are asleep over a grievous wrong and sin all over the land; starved in soul, narrow-hearted and narrow-thoughted; ignorant of the work and its needs, ignorant of its means and ends; doling out pittance to their own parish, and meaner pittance still to any good work beyond; living in luxury and

extravagance, flaunting vanity and self-indulgence; and, we honestly and sadly say it, all because the Church clergyman is such a sensitive and highly organized, proud gentleman that he fears that to preach the plain God's truth to these people will compromise his dignity or lower his self-respect!

There are no clergy in the world more poorly supported than our own. And who shall say they do not deserve it, for their hiding of a plain truth? If it were a merely personal matter, they might still do so, and pay the penalty; but it is not a personal matter. They and their families do not pay the penalty. The wrong is done to the Church and to the world—to thousands far and wide beyond their small circle. The whole Church is faithless by their shameful neglect.

We speak strongly here, and plainly. We confess our own cowardice, to begin with. We have shown a specimen of that; but we have improved considerably since that day.

To the clergy we say: Preach plainly, four times a year at least, when the fit texts occur in the Scriptures of the day, the plain Gospel duty of giving, and giving freely, for the support of the ministry and the Church. Put self out of the question in this matter as in all. Do your duty—*all of it*—honestly and with singleness of heart.

To the laity we say: We have given you here a small revelation. You will find scores of clergymen suffering, who are too sensitive to give you a hint on the subject. Perhaps your own rector is one of them. He has not told you your duty, because he fears you might misapprehend him, and think he sought *yours* and not *you*. We trust he will do better hereafter; but meanwhile *we* have no such fear. We tell it you here plainly: see that you are not *robbing God*; see, too, that you are not robbing the laborer who is worthy of his hire.

BUILDING AND ARMING FORTS.

A FRIEND mentions in one of his letters the gratifying fact that a certain church "has been built by one gentleman and *endowed* by another."

We are glad to see a spasm of sense coming over our people in this matter.

The building of a church is a good work, and ordinarily a congregation may be trusted to keep the church open and sustain divine service within its walls. And when a congregation builds a church for itself it will be pretty certain for a time to keep the building open for church uses.

But there are exceptions even to this; there are exceptions all the time. We have in our mind at this moment two cases of late occurrence, where church buildings have been sold because there were no rich people close about them to keep them open by paying the necessary expenses. The changes of the city had left surrounding them a poor and neglected population—a denser population by far than was around them when the buildings were erected, but a poor population and one not given to church-going.

In both cases the congregations "pulled up stakes," sold the consecrated church and the ground, and packed off "up-town" with the proceeds to build another church, where the rich and nice people are at present more plentiful.

Such cases make one feel a little indignant. They rather disgusted us at the time. It seemed a very odd proceeding for a church to run away from the poor, when we considered who

is understood to have founded the Church, and for what he founded it, and what he sent it out into this world to do. But things get dreadfully mixed in these last days, and there are extraordinary performances done by churches and vestries, which bewilder one's sense of fitness if that sense is at all influenced by the New Testament.

We expressed ourselves about one of the cases to a friend from the city where the operation was performed, and, accustomed as he was to the great city's tone about things in general, our astonishment seemed quite uncalled for. He thought the performance of selling a church and running away with the money, and the Gospel too, as soon as the rich and respectable people had moved up-town, was the most natural thing in the world to do. The new-comers were not able to sustain the expenses, it seemed, and there was no choice.

Our friend put an entirely new face on the thing. He was a practical man and looked at the matter in a practical way, and we were enlightened by his airy business way of stating the facts.

It takes, as we learned from him, a certain number of thousand dollars to sustain a church and keep it open with proper services, etc., in New York, let us say. These thousands must be raised by the congregation. It is the business of a congregation to take care of its religious expenses and be "self-supporting." But in the lower part of the city tenement-house people live; working-men, laborers, mechanics, and their families, sewing-girls, etc., are the only inhabitants. They are poor and, worse, they are careless church-goers; they will not or cannot raise the money to support the Gospel and keep the church open and served. The well-to-do people have all gone away; it is inconvenient for them to come so far to church.

There is nothing left, then, but to close the church, or else to utilize it by selling it and building another in a neighborhood where people are able to rent pews.

It is a sad result, but apparently, as our friend thought, inevitable. More and more the enormous mass of untouched

heathenism in the lower part of the city is increasing ; more and more congregations are flying upon its advance, pulling down the churches, packing up their Prayer-books, and retreating before the resistless tide. Now and then they make a rally and put a little mission chapel in some alley or on some back street, and support a missionary in more or less poverty, as a relief to conscience ; but on the whole the attempt is felt to be almost hopeless, and the next church prepares itself, with as good a grace as possible, to be swept away up-town in its turn.

There is no security, it appears from what we learned from our practical city friend, that any church in a city, no matter how solemnly consecrated, will not in due time, as the city grows and as its heathenism and poverty as well as its wealth increase, be sold for a storehouse or worse.

To those who build churches as memorials or as a work of charity and godliness, and who wish these works to remain, this is not in the highest degree encouraging.

A church building is of no special use without church services, and it is the fact that church services cannot be sustained without some money. We wish they could be. Our bishops would like it, and both our missionary boards ; it would make their work easy comparatively. We have no doubt our *laymen* would like it too. But the hard fact stands that it cannot be done. Coal, gas, sexton's wages, repairs, etc., to say nothing of some small support for a clergyman, all require money ; and in the changes of the years it comes to pass that around the church gathers a population which, more than any other, needs the church,—needs it all the more because it does not feel the need and cares nothing about supplying it,—a population which will give nothing as yet to support the ordinances of religion, and yet to whom these ordinances are the one means of salvation from utter degradation.

To make the church building useful to this population it must have services provided by others, at least in some considerable degree.

And here comes in the wisdom of endowing as well as building the church; here comes in the very sensible course pursued in the mother Church of England, where no church is consecrated without some small endowment sufficient to secure its use and occupancy for divine service, let populations change as they may.

At present, taking facts as we find them, we cannot depend on "parishes," as we call them, to keep churches open for their holy uses. Our congregations go on the Congregational theory that people are to provide the Gospel for themselves. The church is *theirs*, and all its furniture; it is a provision, better or worse, for themselves and their families, and when the interests of themselves and families require it they carry it off. It is not felt that they owe any obligations to the general community which has gathered under the shadow of their church spire. That general community may need the Gospel quite as much as any community of Chinamen to whom they send missionaries, but the American "parish" feels no local responsibility. It will keep its church open when it can do so most conveniently to the families that compose it, and where the money for expenses is most readily procured.

We are not complaining or finding fault; we are but taking existing facts, under which we are all working, and asking what is the wisest and most sensible course, the facts being as they are.

And we say we see no practical and sensible way out, except to encourage the endowment as well as the building of churches.

There is certainly no other way for those who wish to make a church building a permanent memorial of their faith and charity. Having erected it, they must go a step further and make it certain, let population and business change as they may, that there will be some modest income sufficient to eke out deficiencies and thus sustain the ministrations of religion inside the consecrated walls when they are surrounded, as they may be, by a very poor and needy community—a community which,

because it is poor and needy and perhaps vicious, has therefore special need of the Gospel and its influences.

We are steadily drifting in this country into the condition of all rich and prosperous nations. Our small variations in governmental forms are proving themselves no barriers against the inevitable tendencies of a mercantile civilization—the collection of wealth in a few hands, and the increased poverty and dependence of large and increasing masses of the population. We, like other nations, must pay the penalties of modern civilization, and they are something our universal suffrage, if it were extended to all the children as well as all the women, could neither stop nor stay.

In truth, its tendency, more fully accepted among ourselves than among others, is to recognize life as a battle, where each man's hand is against his neighbor, and where the weak must go to the wall; to recognize the fact that all must have fair play and an even chance, and then succeed or fail, as they may make it.

More rapidly here than anywhere (because here we remove all obstacles to the working out of the law of individual freedom in the fight) will the result be reached and the power be in the hands of capital.

It is the business of Christianity to insist that that power shall not be a selfish power. The State recognizes it as such alone, thinks it wise so to do, leaves wealth free to grasp and grind and multiply and gather itself into few hands, if so be, and considers that wise political economy.

Doubly strong, then, is the responsibility of religion to insist that it is but a trust, that it must be used nobly for the good of the many, not merely for the pride or power of the few.

It is time that this duty was pressed home, that the individualism of social and business life was met by the strong corporate and brotherly life of Christianity, which is its only sufficient correction.

The theory that a man is to provide religious advantages for

himself, his own family, his own time, is but the individual theory introduced into the Church ; it is poisoning her at the very heart. An isolated Congregationalism is the most antichristian, because the most antibrotherly, thing existing.

It is a sign of better things that men are building and endowing churches ; it is a sign that men believe themselves responsible for their brethren, responsible for the land and the ages to come.

We have little faith that anything we can say here will arouse Christian men to the danger and the remedy. It must become more pressing and more patent to the dullest sight first, we fear. But it is really time that our imbecile method of fighting the devil's kingdom was changed to something more strenuous and determined.

We must begin to plant outposts that shall not be driven in, to build fortresses that shall not be dismantled, in one generation. Every parsonage-house provided is a step in that direction ; every school-house built under the shadow of the church is another. These things add to the permanence and stability of the parish or the church, and give assurance that it can stand amid changes.

It only needs that we begin to see the necessity of putting this permanence and stability beyond question by making provision in this line still further, and securing by some property given, some endowment made over into safe hands, that, even should the respectable and well-to-do go and only the poor and neglected be left around the church we have helped to build, there may yet be for them the ministrations of the Gospel in its hallowed walls and a priest to break to them the bread of life.

Whenever a church is built, it should be put beyond question that that ground should never be yielded, that there while time lasts the offering of prayer and praise should regularly ascend to heaven.

And setting fine-spun theories aside, and "plans" and "systems" for raising revenues, which, unhappily, are only plans and systems and never were acted upon in this world, the only direct,

practical, and straightforward way to secure that result is not only to *build*, but *endow* the church.

Very early in the history of the Church that method was found necessary. It has been found so in all lands hitherto, and we do not think that we are about to prove in this country any exception to the universal rule.

RECOVERY.

WE have said that repentance cannot change the past ; that the act done once is done forever ; that no tears can wash it out, and that ordinarily no amount of endeavor can stop its evil consequences ; that these will go on widening and deepening often after the doer is cold in his grave.

And this is the most terrible experience about sin : that a whole life of repentance and amendment cannot make it as if it had not been ; that the scars remain to mark the sinner, and the deed remains to condemn him, while time lasts at least.

What shall a man do, then ? What can he do ? And what is the meaning of deliverance ? The strong cry of the penitent soul is for freedom from the *stain* as well as the *guilt*. It is not enough that the last go ; the first must go also. Indeed, the sense of *stain* must be bitterer pain to many natures than the sense of guilt ; it is somehow nearer and more personal ; it abides more permanently ; there is less chance of forgetting it ; it burns and blisters all the time.

Deliverance from the penalty is not deliverance from the stain. Though all punishment be foregone, though the wrong-doer be assured that there shall be no infliction for his wrongdoing, that does not remove this horrible sense of defilement—it does not wash out the stain, which pollutes and degrades.

How shall one be rid of *that* ? How again shall the old lost sense of innocence come back ?

Not, surely, by the annihilation of the past ; we see that that is not possible. Nevertheless, the sense and feeling of innocence

may be restored, and many, by God's blessing, have found it restored.

The method is not hard, after all, of understanding.

There is a relation between a man and his acts. It is not unchangeable; it may vary from day to day. The acts, indeed, remain the same, but the man may change his position toward them by changing himself. He need not remain the same, though his past acts do. The mountain does not move, but my relation to the mountain may change every moment, because I can move. So with a man's completed acts: they are completed and remain, but from day to day the man's relation to them may be changed, because the man himself may change.

Sincere repentance, embracing confession, satisfaction, and a permanent amendment and a change of life, removes on this account not only the guilt, but the stain, in that it puts the man into a relation toward his sins entirely different from his old one. His position toward them is changed because he is changed himself.

Sorrow is not in itself the measure of repentance. It is not necessary that one should dwell upon his sin, and weep over it, and make unavailing efforts to wipe it out. The measure of true repentance is the degree in which a man gets away from his sin and from the possibility of repeating it. His deliverance lies in the future, not in the past; he must look forward, and not backward. The hope is that he shall so turn and so live that in the time to come, when memory looks back over a blackened past, he shall be unable to connect his present self with what memory shows him; that the things which shock and shame him shall be things which he can in no way associate with his life or feeling.

On the ruins of the past one may build the palaces of the future. Outgrowing sin, temptation, and failure, on his old self, changed and penitent, a man by God's grace may build a new self which forgets or repudiates the old. He may thus stand to-day and look back upon a former life, astonished that it could

ever have had any connection with *him*. He sees himself in it nowhere. It appears to be another being altogether who is living that life and doing those deeds; there is nothing in either akin to him. He has so risen, has been so lifted out of all that—placed so far beyond and above it—that it is to him an unknown land, which he remembers only as if he had seen it in troubled dreams. And when conscience accuses, as it may at times, and claims him as guilty of the things his soul abhors, he justifies himself before its bar as he is justified before God's. He can to himself declare himself innocent. He, being what he is, cannot be guilty of the crimes that are impossible to him, of sins which such as he, living in the whiteness and warmth of God's grace, *cannot* commit.

For there can be no recovery from sin which shall merely lift one back to the old level. When the soul cries out of the depths it must cry for more than a mere help to reach the surface. If it rise at all, it must, in the nature of things, rise beyond the point from which it fell. The power that lifts it, if it be lifted, is a power which will carry it far up. Out of the depths must mean up to the white heights; out of the darkness must mean into the light, where there is no shadow; out of the mire must mean away to the clear summits, where the sunlight and the moonlight flash and glow forevermore. There is no safety in anything short of this. A real recovery from sin means a loftier ascent into holiness. They who never fall are they alone who never need to rise.

Among the heroes of holiness the names of wonder are those of men who have so risen upon their former selves. From St. Paul down, the most bitter opposers have been changed again and again into the most dauntless heroes of the faith. From St. Mary Magdalene downward, those who have touched the pit's bottom have been not unfrequently those who have risen to breathe the purest airs of holiness and live the saintliest lives. Miracles of God's grace we call them, these lives that have been taken from among the hoofs of the swine and set among

the stars of God. And yet this miracle, like all miracles, is but a law of God, reasonable and regular. It is no encouragement to sin to say it ("Shall we sin, then, that grace may abound?"), yet it is a fact in the nature of men of which God's grace makes high uses that he only knows the horror and the shame of sin who has himself sinned; that no soul can turn from evil with such loathing as the soul that has drunk from the vile fountain; that none will flee so fast and so far from the blackened and horrible pit as he who knows all the blackness and all the horror. If there be genuine repentance and a true root conversion, it is in the nature of things that the chiefest of sinners should become the chiefest of saints.

The mass of ordinary respectable people, whose position exempts them from strong temptations, whose tempers are equable and whose self-control is equal to the small amount of service it is called to do, live lives which startle nobody either by their wrong-doing or their right. The level on which they live is not a high one; it leads to no self-denial, to no heroism of virtue. But it is a respectable enough level; it does not take them into any degradation or any shame. They are full of faults and weaknesses, but they do no great sins. They do not shock themselves nor shock anybody else. They are always the people who are most shocked, however, at any out-of-the-way sin in others, and who have the least faith in any possibility of recovery. They fail to understand how Christ came with any message for publicans and sinners. Their own watery, colorless lives are taken as the measure of Christian perfection. To lead men to live such lives—neither good nor bad, neither hot nor cold, but in all things respectable in the eyes of society—was, they suppose, the purpose of the Gospel.

To such lives there is no fall, for there is nothing from which to fall except respectability. From such lives the ascent to any lofty height is not frequent, as they are supposed to be already as high as man can expect or God require. To a man living such a life the first change toward anything loftier or nobler is

often a fall. Overcome by some temptation, shocked out of the proprieties, discovering the paper crust on which it was living over the abyss, outraged in all its respectabilities, filled with loathing and shame—for the first time the soul gets a glimpse of the overarching heavens from which it is so far away, as a man must descend into a deep well to see the stars at noonday.

And then, with strong crying and a penitence that goes to the roots of being, it may turn to God and seek deliverance from the depths of sorrow, sin, and shame in which it lies. But in rising out of these its movement is not stopped when it reaches the old level. The mighty power of grace that has raised it so far is a power that will raise it farther. For this soul there is no hope on the old levels—for it no safety at all in the old weak defenses. Saved if it be at all, it must be saved by dwelling from henceforth on *the heights*. It knows this and accepts it. The fall has made the soul know itself better, and its life better, and the weaknesses of the common poor protections, which are of use only when no trial comes. It now plants itself on the rocks of faith and knowledge—faith in God and knowledge of itself—and accepts holiness as for it henceforth, as for all men, the only sure protection against sin. It must go as far up as it went down.

So in God's strange miracles of grace and from the wonderful nature of man it comes to pass that the first impulse to a high and holy life may come from a moral fall; that sin may be the actual beginning of righteousness, because it first reveals the man to himself and tells him his need of righteousness. In the highest as well as the most literal sense, Christ came "not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," and for a man to find himself before himself, not in lip profession, but in honest knowledge and conviction, a *sinner*, confessed and unconcealed, is the preparation for hearing the call. "Content to dwell in decencies forever," he hears no word from the heavens. Flimsy pretenses and concealments all gone, among the publicans, the sinners, and the magdalens, condemned by his own conscience

as well as by God's law, the call of pity and of hope comes to his unstopped ears where he lies, and he is saved as a sinner who would have been damned as a saint.

We are walking among mysteries here, and yet all religion is a mystery, a moral as well as an intellectual mystery; and these are familiar mysteries, which grow out of our own nature as well as out of God's grace. We are generally too timid to speak of them, because we fear what even the apostle seemed to have felt needed to be warned against, the danger of turning "the grace of God into lasciviousness," of making God's grace an excuse for man's sin.

But the mystery is clear enough for our guidance, and melts out of mystery into hope and trust.

Let the sinner who feels the stain of his sin, who knows how it burns and eats into his nature, who loathes himself as polluted and tainted with the vile pollution and taint of hell, let him take heart and hope. The law of recovery is, after all, a plain law enough. He can be so changed that there shall be no taint or stain. He can become so altered that he can stand up and deny, in the power of Christ, the sins that claim him to their face, as Christ will deny them for him at the final bar. He can say, "Between me—the man I am now—and these vile things there is no bond of relation. I am not guilty, and could not be guilty, of these. They were done some time, but not by me; a man did them who bore my name and personated me, but that man is dead—utterly gone out of life into oblivion, buried out of man's sight and God's. And I here am a new man created by the Lord Christ, and these foul things when they claim me are *lying*."

That is the *new man's* defense before his own accusing conscience, and it justifies him; it is his defense presented by the Lord before God, and God justifies him and challenges earth and hell to condemn him.

That is to say, the stain of sin is utterly washed out, the entail of sin is utterly cut off and ended, because there is such a

thing as a new creation possible ; because the guilty and stained manhood may be buried, and a new man out of it may be created in righteousness and true holiness. Recovery from sin is not the amending of manner, not the sorrow for a fault, but an actual recreation, so that a man can stand before earth and heaven and deny his own past.

RELIGION AND GODLINESS.

RELIGION is not godliness. It is not necessarily piety, not even honesty, righteousness, cleanliness, or decency.

A man may be a very religious man, busily engaged about religion, careful in the duties of religion, and yet be a very bad and vile man.

"It depends upon the religion" somewhat, but not altogether. There are religions which are plainly bad, which require their devotee to be vile or cruel or lying; so that the more religious a man is, the worse he is. There are religions which demand impurity, for instance. There are others which consecrate cruelty. In some monastic "religions" dirt was elevated into sacredness, and the greatest saint was the man who washed himself the least and was most overrun with vermin. The lives of the saints are filled with the achievements of these wonderful beings who measured their holiness by their filthiness and esteemed a bath a temptation of the devil.

But it does not depend altogether on the religion. The Pharisees were very religious, the most religious class among the Jews, the most careful, conscientious, and painstaking in all religious duties; and yet they are just the people condemned over and over again, and denounced by our Lord, in the bitterness of divine wrath and indignation, as the worst people in the nation.

It actually seems that a man may be religious even in a religion that is true, in a religion ordained minutely by God himself, carefully and conscientiously religious in it, and yet be a scoundrel.

For religion is a set of observances, forms, ceremonies, acts of worship more or less elaborate, which, if the religion be a true one, are intended to bring a man into contact with eternal verities, with the everlasting laws of God and the everlasting duties of God's rational creatures, which are to keep the sense and consciousness of these present in his mind and heart and powerful in his life, and help him to their fulfilment.

And yet it is possible that religious observances may become to him, under certain circumstances, the *whole*. They may end with themselves; they may blind him to their purpose; they may hide from him the very things they were given to reveal and intensify. He may stop in the semblance and forget the reality. He may be intensely religious, and yet utterly unrighteous, as were the Pharisees.

This, we say, may be the case when the religion is even true and divine.

"Thou desirest no sacrifice; else would I give it thee: but thou delightest not in burnt offerings. The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit." Here the psalmist distinguishes between the two, which men so often confound—religion and godliness. The religion, too, was a divine one, a true one. God himself established the burnt offering, and yet the inspired singer dares to say that he delighted not in that which he himself had commanded. Inspired by the Spirit, he saw the difference between the reality and its shadow, between the arbitrary institution of a religion and the godliness that religion was given to teach and sustain.

There could be no more minutely ordered religion than that of the Hebrews; none could be more uncompromisingly bound on conscience. It was ordered and bound by God himself. And yet the burden of our Lord's teaching is that this religion had been so wrested from its purpose, so taken to be all, so dwelt in as a finality in itself, that the men who were most religious among the Hebrews were the men who were the worst; that the very outcasts, the professed and acknowledged irreligious, were nearer the kingdom of heaven than they! Their

religion in our Lord's day had actually become a barrier between them and God. They had settled down in it as the sum of human duty, and being *religious* men, they were content to be godless and unrighteous men.

In view of common opinion it is startling to read the New Testament. For the tendency is a perpetual one to confound religion and godliness; to mistake certain arbitrary and symbolic duties for the real duties they are intended to teach and press and keep alive; to accept the doing of them as a sort of compromise for the neglect of plain moralities.

We are not even, as Christians, free from the danger of confounding religion with righteousness and godliness. We are ready to acknowledge they are confounded by some who are called Christians. We are ready to point to devout Romanists, very careful in the performance of their religious duties, regular at mass and devoted to the saints, who are profane drunken ruffians nevertheless, who are just as "religious," and hate heretics just as bitterly in the State-prison as out of it; but we are apt possibly to pass by the fact that we are ourselves exposed to the same danger of mistaking religiousness for righteousness.

And yet it is one of the world's charges against the Church that this mistake is common, that a man's religiousness is no necessary proof of his integrity or his uprightness. The charge may be made too broadly, too recklessly, and yet, we must confess, it is not a charge which has no show of reason.

Christianity is less of a religion and more of a godliness than any religion given to men or devised by men. The only positive institutions of a religion established by its founder are Baptism and the Lord's Supper. Beyond these the whole as a religion was left to the Church of each age. It differs in this respect broadly from the minute and careful institutions of Judaism. It seems as if the purpose were godliness and righteousness, clear and plain, and *religiousness* were to be kept in the background; as if, at all events, religiousness were hereafter to be kept as the handmaid and helper, distinctly and confessedly, of these.

How much of ceremonial, how much of symbolic teaching, how much of arbitrary observance, may be wise as helps to godliness and righteousness—how much of *religiousness* may be profitable—seems to have been left to the wisdom of the living body actually at work in every age. But because it is much more easy to be religious than to be godly, because man is naturally religious and by no means naturally godly, it has come to pass, as some have thought, that in certain times religiousness has been exaggerated to take the place of godliness almost as much as it did in the old Judaism.

Therefore there have been rebellions against religion. We should be very unfair to say they were rebellions against godliness. It has been claimed that they were in the interests of godliness, against an arbitrary religion which overlaid godliness. The very communion to which we belong made its own protest, and made it in the interest, as it claimed, of godliness.

That England before the Reformation was more *religious* than England since is a thing that cannot be questioned. The question whether it was more *godly*, more *righteous*, is quite a different question. Constantinople is vastly more religious than New York. Paris is much more religious than London. Rome, at least before Victor Emmanuel came, was the most *religious* city in Christendom. By all accounts it was also the dirtiest, the most wicked, and the most criminal city. Mexico is a much more *religious* city than Philadelphia, and Naples vastly more devoted to its religious duties than Brooklyn.

The Reformation, among other things, was a protest against a religion which had taken the place of godliness, righteousness, and clean living. Christianity is too clearly a teaching of godliness to allow men to be satisfied long with a religiousness that claims its place; and therefore, more or less wisely, Christian men protested against a sham and a delusion which under the name of religion was destroying the purposes of religion, denying the only reason that any religion has to exist on earth.

In some cases the protest was made to the extent of scouting

all religion whatever. The Puritan went far on the road, but the consistent Quaker went to the end, and in his love for godliness and righteousness left himself no "religion" but a broad-brimmed hat, a comical coat, and an outrage on the English language.

The Church, we claim, was wiser. She recognized the wants of human nature, and provided, as she had the right to do, a "religion" for men,—observances, forms, symbols, worship,—because man is naturally religious, and through his religious instincts godliness, righteousness, and truth may be taught him.

We have not lived up to our "religion"; that is very true. There is scarce a parish in the land that comes up to the measure of the "religion" laid down in the Prayer-book. Generally three fourths of our "religion," as laid down in that book, is quietly passed by.

It is a question whether we have not thereby lost power in teaching *godliness*. The "religion" itself is of no consequence. Its value depends on the results it reaches. The purpose of the whole is to get men to keep the Ten Commandments—"to live quiet and peaceable lives, in all godliness and honesty."

If we are doing this it makes small difference whether our saints' days are all observed or not. We have close examples of a religion that keeps all the saints' days by the dozen and yet fails in "the quiet and peaceable lives," in "the godliness and honesty." But if we are not doing this—and there is good ground to believe we should succeed better by being more strictly religious,—then we have good reason for trying.

But one thing we should not, we churchmen, at this late day forget. We should not make the blunder of supposing that religion is godliness; that devotion to religious duties necessarily means honesty, uprightness, and piety; that the temptation of all ages has ceased to be a temptation in ours; and that there is no danger of *our* eagerly grasping the *means* and, having once possessed them, being utterly forgetful of the *end*.

COMMON SENSE NEEDED.

WE have just been reading a sketch of the history of a prominent parish eastward. Among other matters, we noticed that at one time this parish had "a glebe of one hundred acres." It was given it by some large-minded Christian gentleman who had common sense, and who also believed that common sense is a very desirable quality in religious matters. He used his common sense as well as his liberality, and either gave or secured a good tract of land for the church.

But the church was a "parish," a corporation of individuals, that is, who wished to provide for themselves and their children the ministrations of religion according to the rites and ceremonies of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The property of the parish was entirely in the hands of these people, to use for their own convenience in making such provision. Consequently one day it seemed to these people convenient to sell the glebe, and they sold it. The parish has now ground enough for its church to stand on, and possibly a parsonage with a few square feet in the rear which the house does not cover, and its glebe could not now be bought for as many thousands as the tens it sold for.

This sort of thing is occurring, more or less regularly, all the time, and one wonders whether the common sense and business sagacity of men desert them at once as soon as they set about dealing with church property and religious interests.

Again and again we see such absolute lack of foresight, such shiftless imprudence, such utter absence of common sense, in

our management in this respect, as sets us in despair. Look at it in a new city. The church building covers every square inch that belongs to the parish! There is not a foot of ground to extend upon. When a new church is built the parish will have to pay perhaps twenty thousand dollars for a site. And yet when the present church was erected an acre might have been secured for one or two hundred dollars! There is no parsonage, and no ground on which to build one; no parish school-house, and no place to erect one. The parish has allowed its opportunities to drift by. It has never exercised common sense or decent business discretion. It has secured no property for any future. It has lived from hand to mouth, so to speak; has been content if it had a roof to cover its congregation on Sundays; and has been utterly faithless to its stewardship in making any provision for church growth in the time to come.

The experience is the same in all cities in the country, but it is a more present and mortifying experience in our new Western towns.

In many of them to-day a committee may go to inquire the price of a desirable site for a church which is to be erected, and when the price is mentioned, in any sum from one thousand to fifty thousand dollars, more than one member of the committee can say, "I remember when I could have purchased a block here for one hundred dollars!" Meanwhile, the church building sits on its narrow little strip of earth. There was an empty world about it when it was built. A few dollars more would have secured an entire block. A few hundred more would have secured ground for parsonage, for school, for chapel, and for an enlarged church, for some neat grounds and tree space, also, about the whole. But shiftlessness ruled the management. "Hand to mouth" was the principle; and now to get this room would cost, not by the tens, but by the tens of thousands.

The curious thing about the whole matter is that the men who have used so little foresight and common sense in church business have showed no lack of those qualities in their own.

They are not left, by any means, without ground to stand on. They did not fail to pick out and secure a desirable corner lot here and a choice building site there. Some of them have picked the city over with a good deal of shrewdness. When land was going a-begging they were by no means asleep, and to-day they enjoy the rewards of foresight and business enterprise, and are happy to pay taxes for some of the most desirable property in a thriving city.

It is well understood that, as a rule, in all Western cities, villages, and country, land is yearly increasing in value. At the start in an empty country there is plenty of room and land is cheap; to buy, then, in the beginning, is, as a rule, a good investment. There are exceptions, but we state the rule.

Now, the clear duty of a parish in such a new city or village is to secure land enough for its needs; not for its present needs only, but for its future. It should look for the time when it will have a much larger church, when it will have a parsonage house, and when it will need a school. For all these, at least, if common sense is used in its management, it will try to provide room. Ground enough merely for its church will not satisfy it. A lot or two, more or less, will cost very little. Indeed, half the time they will be given for the asking; a few hundred feet in the beginning is a matter of small consequence. In the whole vast spaces which are empty there is no need of being crowded.

This, we say, would seem to be common sense and ordinary discretion. It would be the sort of sense and discretion used by a man in his private affairs. Why should he not bring them to bear also in church affairs when he comes to act in them? In many cases, in most, indeed, when a few years pass away the exercise of such foresight reveals its wisdom. The parish has a valuable property; it has room for growth; its church site is made attractive and stands prominent in a rapidly spreading city. If its site is a good one for a church, it is more than good if it is beautiful and delightful, a bit of greenery, peace, and

quiet and shade in the crowded streets. If it is not a good site longer for a church, if business streets are encroaching on it, and it is necessary or desirable to remove, it is a large and valuable property, whose sale makes removal and purchase elsewhere very easy.

We wish anything we could say would have effect in the new parishes which are setting to work in our new cities. We could call their attention to nothing more important than this matter in regard to their temporal prosperity. We would warn them by the sad blindness and short-sightedness of our older parishes. A little forethought, a little effort, will secure them now a permanent position. Narrow-mindedness, shiftlessness, at the present will embarrass them in the time to come. Breathing room is what they want—room to grow, ground on which to spread. Let them be content with a less costly church; let them spare something in ornament or show now, and secure *ground*,—another hundred feet on this side or that, a whole block, if possible,—which will tell when they come hereafter to build a church which will be permanent.

We confess, however, to little faith that our parishes will use common sense in this matter. The experience of the past is not encouraging. Parishes as they are organized among us are only *congregations*, and their tendency is to look after themselves and leave the questions of the future to the men of the future. The congregation, or, as we call it still, the parish, has no interest in doing more than providing for the wants of the day. Consequently lands in the hands of our vestries have generally been got rid of as fast as possible. There is little encouragement for the vestry of to-day to secure “a glebe of one hundred acres,” or even a block of ground, where the vestry of ten years hereafter may sell it to buy a melodeon or pay the organ-blower!

It is evident that common sense in this business must be introduced by the bishops and conventions. The bishop can advise parishes; the convention can call attention to this matter. Some diocesan corporation can be formed to obtain, if possible,

and hold, lands in city or country for church purposes and for church endowment. To such a corporation, acting for the diocese, a man could pass over a lot here or an acre there with some reasonable assurance that it would not be sold out to pay the salary of Mademoiselle Squallina, the soprano singer, in some collapse in the parish treasury.

But however it may be brought about and by whatever agency, it is a very desirable thing that this piece of common sense should be introduced into the Church, and that at the present day, when lands are so cheap and so easily procured in the country everywhere, and especially in the West, there should be room secured for future needs.

This wretched, poverty-stricken way in which we act in taking possession of the country open before us is a shame and disgrace to us as a Church, and is treason to the Lord's cause committed to our hands. The Church is embarrassed, hampered, and her growth retarded because there is no faith and no foresight to lay foundations for the future. Grand churches may be safely left to the future. Land on which to build them is what should be secured in the present.

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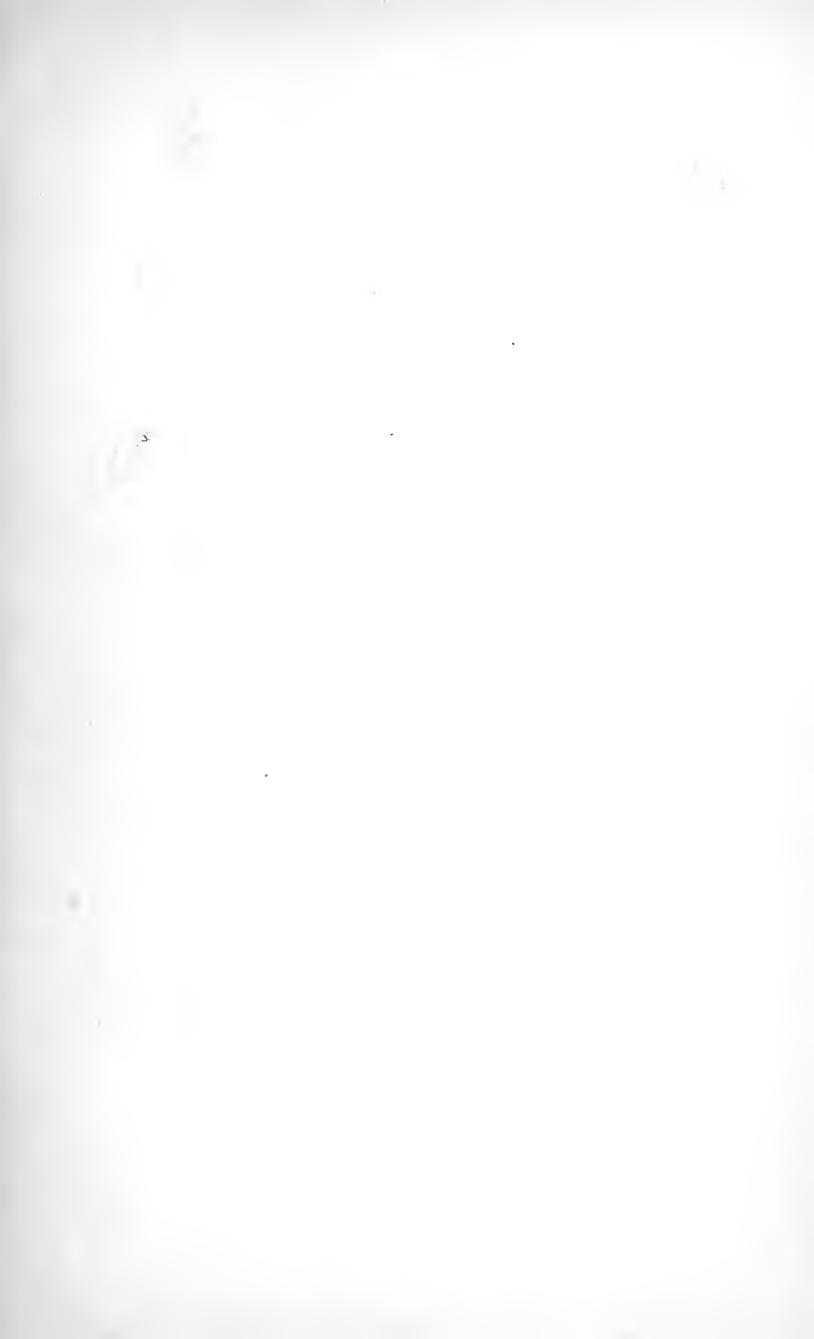
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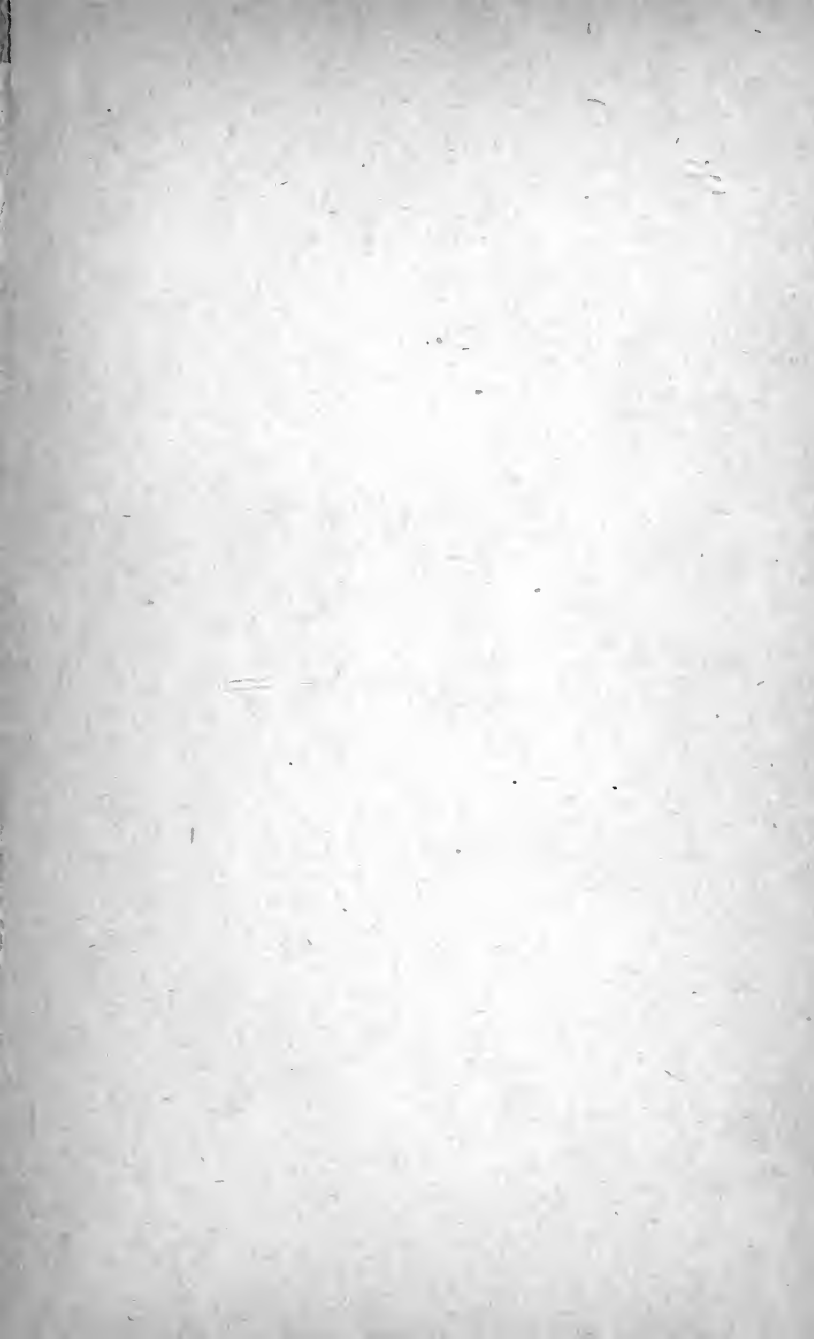
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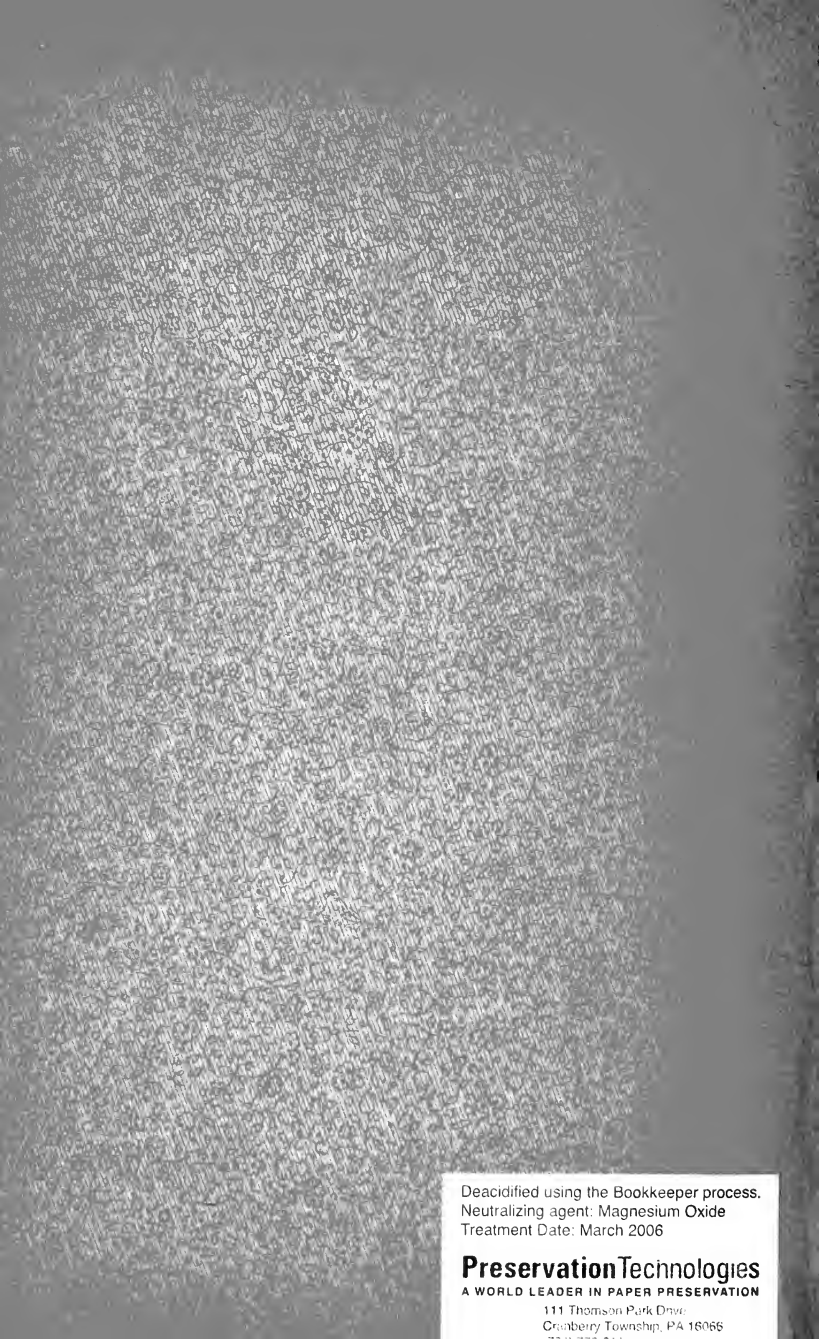
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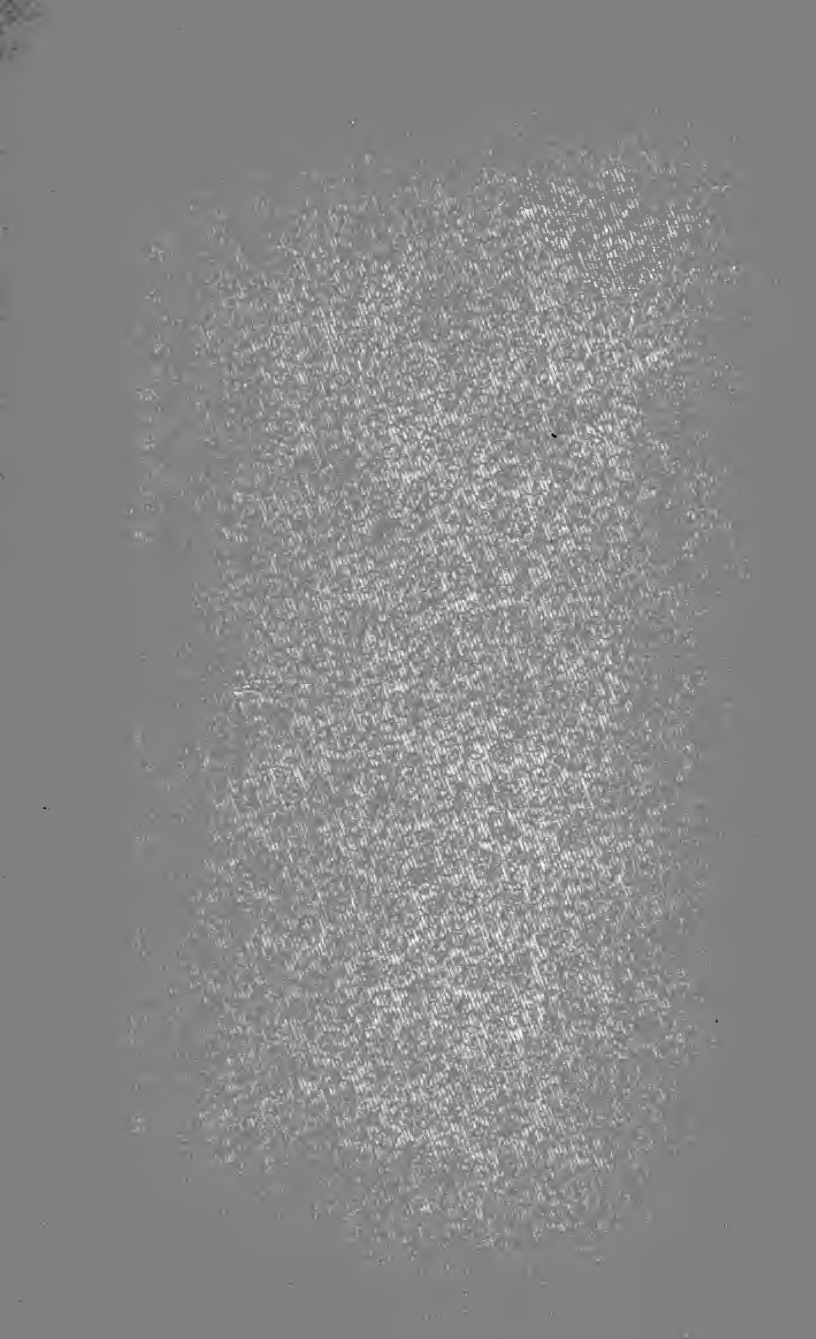




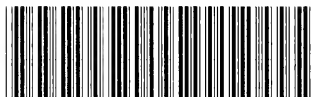
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